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THE CAPTURE OF CHARLEVILLE

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

THE GERMANS seem to become worse as they go on. What they really do is to reveal themselves more. They were as bad before as they are now. Bombing hospitals is not much worse than the things done in Belgium in the first days of the war; but when it is *our* hospitals that are bombed, and *our* nurses and doctors and wounded men who are killed, we can all realize how bad it is. The Belgians have realized German possibilities from the beginning.

With time and stress the veneer wears thinner and cracks more widely. All of us have some bad in us, and some of us have much bad in us. But it takes time and special conditions to show just what our make-up is. Four years of war are very revealing. So that we of America know much more about German make-up now, than we did before. But, as I said, the Belgians got their understanding quickly; as also did the French. An incident will illustrate this. It will also show something of the method in the German madness.

This incident may be called the story of how Charleville was captured by one German soldier with a gun on his shoulder. That was the way Monsieur X——, who told it, always referred to it. He was the only witness of this in-

teresting military operation. I had the story from him in the captured town itself, several months after the event. But it was all very clear in his mind, and it remains very clear in mine. To both of us the story has a significance which it may not have for you, but I think it will.

The town, Charleville, which was captured by the one German soldier with a gun on his shoulder, is in German-occupied France and on the Meuse, some distance up the river from Dinant. It was for a time the Great Headquarters, or seat of the General Staff, of the German armies. It was also the headquarters in occupied France of the American Relief Commission. As chief representative of the Commission, I had to live there for several months, in one of the Headquarters houses, in close companionship with my German escort officer and his staff-officer friends.

Monsieur X—— was one of the members of the French Relief Committee for Charleville district. The French Committee took care of the details of the allotment and distribution of the food and clothing brought in by the American Commission. So that the American representative and the French Committee members had to be much together, although presumably always

under the eyes and in the hearing of the American's escort officer. As a matter of fact, because the German and Frenchman and American had to be together so much, they came to know each other very well; and as the Frenchman and American were men of honor, and the German officer soon learned this, he sometimes tolerated conversations between the Frenchman and American beyond his hearing. In none of these was the tacit understanding broken that no military information should pass from one to the other; but certain brief stories were told by the Frenchman which would have had little interest for the German officer, or let us say, would have had a different interest for him from that which they had for the American.

Rather than try to keep these stories unknown to my escort officer, I made up my mind to have one of them, at least, told him by the Frenchman himself. Only I wanted the telling to be under special circumstances, and to have a larger audience than just my officer, who was not specially susceptible to the finer points and less apparent implications of stories. His own tales left nothing to be explained. They never suggested things; they just simply and very plainly told them.

Monsieur X—— was a very intelligent, quick-witted, and adaptable man. He had to be, to maintain successfully his delicate and important position as representative of the unfortunate imprisoned French at the local court of the conquerors, and to retain the confidence, and to such extent as was possible, the sympathy, of his German masters, and yet to surrender none of his position, either from his own point of view or that of his compatriots, as an enemy of Germany. When a visit of inspection was to be made to some local centre in the district, the American representative had to go with his escort

officer in a German military motor. The Frenchman would go in his little pony-cart, the German authorities having allowed him to retain the animal for this necessary purpose. But that made difficulties, especially if the centre were far from Charleville. So we came finally to going all together in the officer's car, the German, the Frenchman, and the neutral American. It was not too easy a situation, but as I said before, Monsieur X—— is an adaptable man, and he was helping to keep his people alive. *C'est la guerre!*

Also, each morning he had to come to our house to go over the figures of incoming food quantities and their distribution, and there he occasionally met other German officers of Headquarters, who had business with the escort officer. Altogether Monsieur X—— had arrived at a footing that made it not impossible for me to get him invited for dinner one night in our house, when a number of higher staff officers were to be present, including one who had great authority in all matters concerning the relations of the occupying army and the civil population, and who was of high intelligence and — more to the point, considering what I had especially in mind — more capable of looking at things from a point of view less rigidly all-German, than most of the other Headquarters men.

I not only got Monsieur X—— invited, but got him to accept. I pointed out the advantage that might come from a better acquaintanceship between him and Major von Z——, the officer of larger understanding. Also I told Monsieur X—— that, if things were propitious, I should ask him, at what seemed to me a suitable moment, to tell the story of the capture of Charleville by the single German soldier with a gun over his shoulder.

Now, I should say right here, that there may be no false hopes raised of

an exciting or seizing tale, that it was really no story at all: just a bare statement of simple fact. But it had, as I have said, a burning significance to me, and I wanted to find out if it also had to any of the German officers, especially to Major von Z—. My intentions in the matter were not vicious, not even mischievous. They were indeed quite amiable. I thought it highly possible that some good, to both French and Germans, might come out of the evening — if things were propitious.

The dinner went off very well. Some of the officers stared a little as Monsieur X— was presented to them; but the cue was given by those two or three who had especially to do with the relations of the Headquarters Staff with the civilian population. These exhibited a complaisant politeness toward the Frenchman.

As for Monsieur X—, he was simply perfect. He was there as invited guest of the house; there could, therefore, be no question of his welcome. That, at least, was his attitude. He was quiet and dignified, but easy. He answered questions simply and directly, avoiding complaint, but not hesitating to make plain statements about the difficulties of the people, especially as to the *ravitaillement*, which was, as all knew, his special interest and business. I admired him immensely. Ah, how the French do sense things!

When the chance came, which was when the dinner had reached the exclusively smoking and drinking stage, I asked him to tell us something of his experiences at the time of the invasion of the country — that is, at the time when Charleville was occupied by the Germans. My officer had just finished saying something, in a large way, about the general friendly attitude of the Germans toward the helpless civilians, and how this attitude gave the lie to the world-talk of German barbarism.

He said that, if the people in the occupied regions could talk and be heard outside, they would be the first to refute the lying Paris and London governmental propaganda. It seemed a suitable moment for Monsieur X—'s little tale.

II

'*Alors*, those were exciting days,' said Monsieur X—, with a little smile. 'You gentlemen,' — and he waved his hand toward Major von Z—, 'were coming on pretty fast. Here in Charleville we had no real news, no reliable news. We had *much* news, of course, but it was, well, of all kinds. Finally we did begin to hear pretty definitely how things were going on the lower Meuse. We heard what seemed to be quite certain news of' — he hesitated ever so little — '*Dinant*.'

My officer moved uneasily, and, turning his face from the Frenchman, he fixed me with his monocled eye. But Monsieur X— went on smoothly.

'Some of our people got restless; a few went away. I urged them to stay. There were no French soldiers in our town; there would be no fighting here. Charleville could not be defended to any advantage, because it lay in a broad open space which could be easily dominated by guns from the wooded hills on the east which rose sharply from the river. The Germans, that is, you gentlemen, as you came on from the east would meet no resistance here, and hence' — he hesitated again for a moment — 'everything would be all right. I mean, you know, if you got this far, you could simply take the town without need of any fighting or bombardment, or, well, any shooting at all. You would simply occupy Charleville, and things would go on about as before. All the men of military age were away in the French army. We were all non-combatants

'But one day we heard the big guns. It was probably when you were bombarding Les Ayvelles,' — a small, old-fashioned fort lying between Sedan and Charleville, — 'and on that same day some refugees from down the river, from Hastières and Dinant' — he did not hesitate at all this time, but spoke on rapidly and evenly, — 'came into Charleville and told their stories. Well, everybody went away.'

Major von Z—— broke in sharply. 'What do you mean? You could n't all go away. How about the children? And there are always some sick and the very old and infirm. And your animals: you could n't let them starve. You could n't all go. How absurd!'

'Well, we did,' responded Monsieur X—— simply. 'We all went away. You see, the stories of the people from Hastières and Dinant, exaggerated, I suppose —'

'Of course,' broke in my officer, loudly, and almost threateningly.

Major von Z—— was leaning forward, staring at the Frenchman.

'My God!' he muttered. And again, 'My God!'

A young officer spoke up from the foot of the table. 'Where did you go?' he asked. 'How did you go?'

'We went to the west. Some of us got as far as various villages and towns west of here, and some just got back into the country. It was not easy to go. If we had horses and carts, we took them. Others had hand-carts and wheelbarrows. We put the sick and the babies and the very old into them. We took some bedding and food. Many of the people had to carry their things. We all started together but scattered as we went along. Some could go faster than others. Some had relatives or friends in various villages or farms. But we all went. Nobody was left in Charleville.'

He stopped speaking, with his eyes

fixed on something far away. The table was silent.

He began again. 'Some of us did not go very far. It seemed hard to give up everything — our homes, our little factories and shops; all that we owned. So some of us camped in the low hills to the west, only a few miles away, where we could see the town dimly here in the valley. And we waited there, and watched. Nothing happened. We heard no bombardment; we saw no conflagration. We were too far away to see if there were soldiers in the town, but there were no signs of anything happening. Finally, I could n't stand it any longer, especially as there was much suffering among the people camping around me. It was cold, and we were getting hungry. So I came toward the town. I watched carefully. As I got nearer, I could see more distinctly. The town seemed absolutely empty. I came on, and finally entered the town. There was nobody there. Absolutely nobody. And then, as I was walking about, I saw coming along the road by the river a man. As he came closer I saw he was a German soldier. He had his gun over his shoulder. I waited and he came up to me. He could speak a little French.

"Where am I?" he asked. "I am lost. Are the French soldiers here? I will surrender to them."

'I told him there were no French soldiers in the town.

"Well, are there any Germans?"

'I said, "No, there are no German soldiers. There is nobody at all in Charleville — except you and I."

'He stared at me curiously.

"Oh, this is Charleville, is it?" Then he smiled. "Well," he said, "I call on Charleville to surrender. I will take the town. I suppose our army will be along pretty soon. I am hungry. Can I have something to eat?"

'We went together to my house and

found some food and drink. I told him to sleep there that night. I tramped back to my family in camp. And the next day some of us came back. We could n't stand it any longer out there. And a few days after, more came back. And then your soldiers came marching in by the river. And you have been in Charleville ever since. About half the people who went away came back gradually. But the other half are still away. I don't know where they are.'

He stopped. An officer or two laughed shortly. My officer spoke up.

'Well, you see, nothing happened to Charleville. There is n't a pane of glass broken in the town.'

Major von Z—— looked hard at him. 'No,' he said slowly, 'nothing happened to Charleville.'

III

If one thinks about the matter, it is not difficult to list a number of probable practical advantages of military frightfulness. Undoubtedly the Germans have thought about the matter and have seen these probable advantages of doing what they did at Visé, Louvain, and Dinant. It is great military economy to be able to have a town of twenty thousand inhabitants captured by a single soldier with a gun over his shoulder. What was done at Dinant, however uncomfortable it may have been for any German officers and soldiers with squeamish stomachs, — you remember the massacred six hundred, — made possible this impressive military economy in the capture of Charleville. Any military policy that leads all the people of one town to 'go away' simply as a result of hearing what has happened in another town, has its apparent immediate advantage. It is this, of course, that determines the method in the German madness.

The method is not limited to effect-

ing an economy in captures: it extends to ease and economy in occupation. Even though half the population of Charleville finally returned to the town and now lives in it, how much of a German garrison do you think is required to hold such a town in order? As my officer and I traveled in our gray military motor up and down and across and back over occupied France, it was very obvious to both of us how few soldiers were used to occupy all the territory back of the actual fighting zone. And these occupying soldiers were not real fightingmen; they were elderly Landsturmiers, long beyond front-line usefulness, although still able to wear uniforms and carry guns. Thus frightfulness had made for economy, not only in numbers, but in quality.

The example of Dinant was a rather early one, and it was an example of what would happen and did happen in case of alleged resistance to capture. But for the sake of economy in occupation, some examples of what would happen in cases of resistance to the occupation and control of the few elderly Landsturmiers had to be arranged, and these had to come along at later times so as to keep things fresh in the minds of the conquered people. There was Orchies, for example, a town of 6000, perhaps, lying between Valenciennes and Lille. I say, 'There *was* Orchies,' advisedly. For after the Germans got through punishing that town for an alleged planned resistance to continued peaceful Landsturmier occupation, there was only a small fraction of it left; certainly more than three quarters of its buildings were burned down or blown up.

Just as Visé, the first impressive example in Belgium of the method in the German madness, was easily in sight of the much larger city, Liège, and the example Louvain was in sight of Brussels, so the example Orchies was where

it could be easily appreciated by Valenciennes and Lille, as well as by a score of smaller towns in the northern part of occupied France.

Judiciously scattered about over the rest of the occupied territory were other cases like Orchies. I remember having one day passed though a small farming village very badly burned and shattered, not by shells, but by explosions from inside the houses. I was just about to ask my officer why this village had been so punished, when, as we came outside, my attention was attracted to a conspicuous little flat-topped hill, with its level summit quite clear of the low woods that covered the hill's sides. The top had been cleared and smoothed so that it could be planted in grain, and it stood out a vivid and beautiful green, in contrast with the dark tree-covered slopes. I spoke of the hill and its conspicuous top to my officer.

'Yes,' he replied angrily, 'the last French spy to be landed from an airplane was put down right there on that flat top. We could not catch him. We think he hid in this village.'

My unuttered question about the village was already answered.

The punished farms, villages, and towns of Belgium and Northeast France make a long, long list. But of course the list of those that have not been punished is still longer, and all of them in this second lot were economically captured and are economically held. This is the justification, in the thoughtful and reasoning German mind, for the method in what has often been called the German madness. And if there are no disadvantages about this method which offset its apparent advantages, — looking at these advantages and disadvantages as strictly military ones, without allowing any consideration of the dictates of heart or soul or humanity to mix in, which is precisely

the way the Germans do look at the matter, — then the German madness is not madness at all, but shrewd military method. Thus it is not simply that there is method in their madness, but that this madness is all method.

But, to my mind, — and two or three German officers at Headquarters and on Von Bissing's Staff shared this feeling, — there are also serious disadvantages in this method.

In striving for economy in the use of soldiers, not only must the element of numbers be taken into account, but also the element of time of their need. The terrible treatment given the civilian population of Belgium and occupied France has undoubtedly had the effect of making possible a present economical military occupation of the country. But it has also had the effect of producing such a feeling among the people that the only way any Germans can ever remain there, for a long time to come, is by rigid military occupation.

Germany does not know whether she is going to continue to occupy Belgium or not. She, once, as a government, thought she was, and many Germans still think she is. Now, it was, and still is, part of the duty and plan of the quasi-civil German government of Belgium to manage things so that the Belgians, or as many of them as possible, should be won over to a *rapprochement* with their German masters, and be willing, of their own accord, to unite their political and commercial and social destiny with that of Germany. When Belgium is incorporated as a German province, it is not to be another thorny Alsace-Lorraine. All Von Bissing's, and his successor Von Falkenhausen's, coddling of the Flemings is part of this plan.

Well, the German method making for immediate military economy has forever settled that possibility, or illusion of possibility. So long as Germans are

in Belgium, even if the war should come to an end with the Germans to remain in Belgium indefinitely, there will have to be German soldiers there; which is not good economy, for soldiers are never economical.

But the war is not going to end with the Germans indefinitely in Belgium. One of the most important reasons for this is the presence of America in the war, and one of the most important reasons why America is in the war is the existence of method in the German madness. It is not only that this method has achieved such horrible things in Belgium and France, but that it has revealed such a horrible state of mind and soul of the German nation, such a dangerous and world-threatening fundamental attitude and philosophy concerning international relations on the part of the whole German nation, the people as well as their rulers. For even if a distinction may sometimes be made between the ruler and the people in relation to this matter, just so long as the German people tolerate and support their rulers, the court and the military command, this distinction is of little validity and no practical importance.

My officer always carefully called my attention to the occasional old Landsturmer who might be seen walking along a village street in France, leading a little French child by the hand. My officer himself used to go to the front door of our house on the Place Condé in Charleville, with some bits of chocolate in his hand, and cluck to the urchins playing in the Place to come and cluster round his feet and scramble for the tidbits he tossed to them. But I knew too well the sentiments of my officer regarding the military advantage of another kind of treatment of children, to be much impressed by the chocolate performance; and I knew, and the world knows, that if that kindly elderly Landsturmer was

told the next day to join his comrades in punishing the village he lived in, because some half-crazed woman or old man had thrown a pot of hot water on some other less kindly Landsturmer, he would join heartily in burning the house in which the child lived, and he might even outrage the child's mother and spear the child itself on his bayonet, and toss it into the flames. For such is the power and the glory of the German military method.

These are difficult things for me to write, for I, like so many others, have seen and known the kindly Landsturmer at home in the Bier-Tunnel or Volks-Restaurant of his town, enjoying with his family the simple but satisfactory pleasures of Wurst and Schwarzbrot with Münchener or Pilsener, to the orchestral accompaniment of 'Ein Fester Burg ist unser Gott.' And I have known the Conservatory-Abend and passionate Schwärmerei of the music students, and the all-night Kommers of the university students devoted to science, song, art, and Weiss-bier. I have sat at the tables of professorial Abend-Essen, with their interminable discussion of the higher criticism and the Kantian and Hegelian philosophies, and their interminable succession of Mosel and Rhine wines. I have tramped in the Harz and Thüringen hills, and spent nights in the simple little inns, with simple-minded hosts and families. It is amazing to see in these people the burning, torturing, and murdering animals of the invading hordes in Belgium and France. But they are the same students and professors and simple-minded Landsturmern.

The German is a double character: he is one thing as a part of German culture and home-life, another as part of German *Kultur* and military machine. It is this second thing which has meant martyrdom to the unfortunate people of Belgium and France, which

is an ever-menacing danger to England and America, and which means everything to the whole world. As for the first thing, even predatory animals have a pleasant way with their mates and children, and indulge in play and social relations of sorts at home.

It is because of the reality of this extraordinary atavistic attitude of the German nation as regards national and international morals, most clearly revealed in the behavior of its armies and in its rules in occupied Belgium and France, that America is in the war. And it is not good military economy for Germany to have America in the war. It will cost her, many times over, more soldiers than she has saved by being able to capture Charleville by means of a single soldier with a gun on his shoulder. The German method does, after all, seem to be madness.

There are Germans who know this now. Even at the time when America broke diplomatic relations with Germany and was obviously on the sure way to war, some less all-German-thinking Germans saw that this was not well. My officer talked about it with me in Brussels. His principal remark was just 'Stupid, stupid.' He would not say exactly who was stupid or what was stupid; but whenever the American-German situation was referred to, he would get red in the face, shoot the monocle out of his eye, and explode into 'Stupid, stupid.' And I knew very well from long experience with him, that he was not expressing his own feeling alone. He always got his attitude from certain higher staff officers. So that some of them must have had the same thought about America being at war with Germany.

But these men could find some relief for their vexation by imagining things. One type of these imaginings is illustrated by a remark made to me on the last afternoon I was in Brussels. It

was in the course of a conversation on Relief Commission affairs with Governor General von Bissing's principal political adviser, the titular head of one of the most important departments in the German government of Belgium.

'What a great pity,' he said, 'that America and Germany are going to fight! For, of course, that is what it is coming to. It is a great mistake. We have been such good friends for so long a time. Somebody should have prevented this. But, anyway, I cannot believe that there will ever be — there really must not be — such feeling and such a warfare between America and Germany as between England and Germany. *We may hope, may we not, for a more platonic war?*'

With this official, who stands high in German diplomatic circles, the wish would be father to some endeavor and action. He saw that the German method of military economy was not proving as economical as could be wished.

As a matter of fact the 'politeness' of the young commander of one of the submarines that sank a dozen ships off our shores recently, may be a feeble attempt along the line of the pious wish. And it may be remembered that there was very little of the expected vigorous activity by the submarines against our passenger ships to Liverpool when there was still good opportunity for it.

However, even if some Germans are trying to make war between Germany and America of a 'platonic' character, there are others, too many others, who will do things in another way. Frightfulness as a German approved military method is too ingrained in the German military system. The recent threat to use reprisals against Americans in German hands if we do not send back the precious well-born scoundrel Von Rintelen is a perfect example of the old way. And there will be plenty of others as the war progresses.

There is a yellow streak in the German make-up that makes the argument of frightfulness, that is, of fear, the argument they best understand. And if it is good argument to them, it must be to all other peoples. That is the now all-too-familiar German psychology. There is only one kind of understandable human make-up—the one they understand by knowing themselves.

IV

Lille has been a difficult city ever since the beginning of the war: difficult for the Germans, difficult for the American relief workers, difficult for the Lillois themselves. It is, for one thing, the largest city in occupied France: a city of factory-workers, situated in a region given over to industry, not agriculture, and hence with no surrounding food-producing farms and gardens. It has had to live almost exclusively on the monotonous and meagre, and sometimes irregular, relief ration of concentrated dry foodstuffs, brought overseas to Rotterdam, and thence by canal-boats through Holland and Belgium.

For another thing, it is very close to the battle-line. Its people have heard each day the English cannon and seen each day the English scouting fliers. They have felt always close to freedom. These two things, the difficulty about food and the feeling of the nearness of rescue, have kept them in a more restless and perhaps intractable state than the inhabitants of other parts of the occupied territory.

Finally, for a third thing, Lille has been occupied by a particularly large and particularly brutal army, the Bavarians under Prince Rupprecht. There has long been a popular belief that the Bavarians are gentler Germans. They do not like Prussians; hence they must be unlike them. Well, whether the royal Bavarian commander is a partic-

ularly brutal man, or has a particularly brutal staff, or Bavarians as soldiers are particularly brutal,—which ever is true and is the explanation of the fact,—it is notorious that the French in the Lille district, including Roubaix, Tourcoing, and some other lesser neighboring factory-towns, have suffered a constantly and mercilessly cruel treatment at the hands of their masters. Perhaps these masters have all along been a little afraid of their slaves. If so, that would account for their maltreatment. It was necessary to put the fear of Germany's God into them.

The food situation was really very difficult. The American Relief Commission representative for Lille district was not permitted, by the army authorities, to live in Lille. He had to live fifty kilometres away, at Valenciennes, with his escort officer, and could visit his district with his officer but twice a week, sometimes but once. Yet his was the most populous and least well-supplied with local supplies of all the six French *ravitaillement* districts. Nor was the Commission's chief representative for occupied France allowed to get often to Lille on his general inspecting trips. It was only after much insistence, innumerable postponements, and long delay, that he ever got there at all.

I remember one trip, with my officer, that I insisted on making after hearing most alarming reports of the bread situation. The people were said to be dying, not because we had not been able to get flour in (or wheat, which was milled there), but because of the quality of the flour, or rather, of the bread made from it.

When the count (my officer) and I came into the room of the head of the local French Relief Committee, we were assailed by a penetrating odor of something evidently 'gone bad.' I sniffed a little, and the count sniffed, not to say snorted, a great deal, and

most vigorously and audibly. The sad-faced Frenchman looked hesitantly at us as we stood staring about the room for the source of the trouble, then moved slowly from his desk across the room, saying as he walked, 'Perhaps if we put the bread outside, we can talk about it with less discomfort.' And with his last word he lifted a window and placed on the ledge outside a flat black lump of something that had been on the broad inner sill. The trouble, I should hasten to say, was more with the bakers than with the flour. They had not yet learned how to make good bread out of the high-extraction gray flour with its included roughage, which, in order to 'stretch' the wheat, we had the mills turn out.

But at best the food situation was always more difficult in Lille than anywhere else in occupied France, and this finally led the Germans — at least they claimed this as the reason — to a bright thought, whose outcome was a further martyrdom of the people. I refer to the notorious 'Lille deportations.'

These should not be confused with the 'Belgian deportations,' or with the seizure and forcing to military labor of many French women and boys and old men — there are almost no French men of military age and fitness in all occupied France — at various times all along through the period of occupation. These 'Lille deportations' were a special atrocity meted out to the citizens of a restless and difficult city, for an alleged reason of paternal interest in the welfare of the people; just as the deportation of Belgian workmen into German war-factories — there to make the things which meant death to their brothers and sons on the West Front, and to release German workmen who could put on uniforms and go with these things to sow this death — was justified on the basis of a pious wish to prevent the moral degradation of idle-

ness among these workmen, thrown out of work because their factories had been gutted of their raw materials and machines by the benevolent conquerors.

It was in Holy Week of 1916 that the Lille deportations were made: a peculiarly fitting time to impress a Catholic people with a sense of the intimate relation between the German All-Highest and his friendly God of Battle and Frightfulness.

There had been suggestive placards put up occasionally before this, announcing the need of additional labor in the regions of the occupied territory farther south, where the German army was trying to raise crops for its support, and offering inducements to volunteers. But no Lillois were inclined to accept these invitations. They were not getting enough food; why should they help the German soldiers to get enough?

So the placards were suddenly changed. New ones went up, which curtly announced that the people of Lille were to hold themselves in readiness to leave their homes on *one and a half hours'* notice. They were all to be in their houses between the hours of 9 P.M. and 8 A.M. The doors of the houses must be left open. When the officer who is to make the selections — that is, seizures — calls, all in the house must assemble in front of the house, or, in case of bad weather, in its front passage. The only persons who will not be subject to selection for deportation are children under fourteen and their mothers. No protest will be listened to. Each person must provide himself or herself with eating and drinking utensils and a blanket. Any person endeavoring to avoid transportation will be punished without mercy. These are quotations from the placard.

The seizures were made during the successive days and nights of Holy Week by officers accompanied by squads of soldiers. Mostly they came

to the houses at night, especially in the last hours before dawn. They did not take whole families. They did worse. They tore away the father alone, or the older sons and daughters, mothers, children of fifteen and up, girls as well as boys: one from this family, two from that, three from another, and so on. They tore families apart, they wrecked families. And with one and a half hours' notice, they carried off their selected slaves.

Twenty thousand were taken from families of all grades, piled into cattle-trains, and transported from their homes to flimsy barracks hastily flung up in the concentration camps and fields of the southern districts. There they were put at work, strong and frail, workingman and office-clerk, sturdy woman and frail girl, adolescent youth and child of fifteen, from dawn till dark, with spade and hoe and cart, in the fields of France — to make German crops; housed together at night promiscuously, like cattle, in long sheds; worked by day in groups under overseers, not with whips, but with loaded guns with fixed bayonets.

I saw many of these deportees from Lille in the fields about Charleville, and along the Meuse and its tributaries; beautiful fields of the Ardennes made ugly by German 'efficiency.' Bending women and girls in groups of twenty, each pathetic group with its armed slave-driver in the field-gray uniform that is to bring *Kultur* to all the world!

There were other groups, without slave-drivers, in the Ardennes fields. These were the native women and old men and children of the region, working in the little potato-plots assigned to them *out of their own fields*. These little patches they were allowed to work *on shares*, half of the crop to help keep them from starvation, half to help keep alive and strong the field-gray apostles of civilization who were killing their

absent husbands and elder sons in the trench-lines a score or two of miles farther west and south.

This human slavery is—or was—believed by the Germans to make for military economy; I doubt if they are so convinced in their belief now. For it is because of this, also, that America is sending its hundreds of thousands of men in khaki to France to-day.

I have heard Ambassador Gerard criticized for speaking so 'viciously' of the Germans. Ambassador Gerard happened, by the necessities of his duty, to be at the Great Headquarters in Charleville in Holy Week of 1916, the week of the Lille deportations. Perhaps his 'viciousness' finds some explanation in the coincidence of his personal visit to the Kaiser at the time and on the spot where the Kaiser's missionaries were saving the Lillois from the dangers of too close crowding in their home city, and teaching them the simple joys of work on the land. Perhaps it was this method of military economy that has led him to help so vigorously in proving the madness of it. For Mr. Gerard's crusade has helped in sending those hundreds of thousands of khaki-clad Americans to France.

The capture of Charleville by the single German soldier with a gun over his shoulder was a triumph of military economy—for the moment. But, as with laughing, he triumphs best who triumphs last—and whose triumph lasts. Charleville will be returned to its citizens, its citizens of France. And although no German soldiers were lost in taking it, many will be lost in giving it up. Frightfulness and beastliness do not make for military economy: in that method lies madness. And so, what is called German madness is rightly so called. Some of Germany sees this already; more of Germany is learning it; and before the end comes, all of Germany will know it.

A LETTER TO AMERICAN WORKERS

BY ARTHUR HENDERSON

MORE than a year ago the American people, true to their faith in the great and enduring principles which govern human life, intervened in the world-conflict which has proved to be the Calvary of humanity. To-day the British and American working classes are united in a common task; and whatever may be the result of the war, I am convinced that the new spirit of comradeship and coöperation fostered under its dark shadow will survive in the happier days of peace that are to come. We have laid the foundations of a new fellowship of peoples that will not be dissolved when the treaty of peace is signed.

At no period in its history as a free people has the American nation occupied a more outstanding and influential position in world-politics than it occupies to-day. No people ever accepted the enormous burdens, the terrible sacrifices, of war with more purely disinterested motives. America seeks nothing for herself: her people are fighting for the birthright of all peoples—justice, freedom, and security. Her government cherishes no secret designs of aggression, annexation, or domination. Its aims are unselfish. The sanction of its military action is the common benefit of the whole race.

Herein lies the secret of President Wilson's preëminence in international affairs. He has the faculty of expressing, in language of classical simplicity, the thoughts and purposes of democracy. He is not simply the chief spokesman of the American people: he

is the recognized diplomatic leader of the free democracies, and he commands the support of the Allied peoples, not merely because of his own remarkable personal qualities as a statesman, but because the policy which he advocates is more nearly the policy of the Allied working classes than is the official policy of any of the Allied governments.

A good deal of misapprehension exists in America with regard to the policy which the working-class parties in the Allied countries have formulated in the Memorandum on War-Aims adopted at the recent Inter-Allied Conference in London. I have no doubt that there are many American working people who do not fully comprehend the policy to which we are committed. It unfortunately happens only too often, when nations are at war, that a public man who uses the word 'peace' is willfully and unscrupulously misrepresented; and a party which speaks of its peace-aims rather than of war-aims is frequently accused of wanting peace at any price. Such an accusation, so far as the British Labor movement is concerned, is utterly devoid of truth. No section of the British people has been more loyal or patriotic throughout the war than the working classes. The value of their contributions in life and labor, in money and time, and in the sacrifice of dearly-bought liberties and rights, both political and industrial, cannot be overestimated. In war, the cumulative burden of sacrifice and loss which falls upon

the working classes far exceeds that which is borne by any other section of the community. British Labor has borne this enormous burden, not only without complaint, but with a degree of willingness which the nation's leaders have frankly and cordially recognized. Surely, then, Labor has a right to define its war-aims, and to state clearly what it is ready to fight for, without being libeled as a party that seeks peace at any price.

British Labor is fighting — to use President Wilson's own famous declaration — 'to make the world safe for democracy.' Its first condition of peace is the restoration of Belgium to unrestricted independence, with adequate compensation for the losses she has suffered as a consequence of Germany's military aggression. On this point there is no room for compromise. We claim for Belgium the same freedom, independence, and security which we desire for ourselves and which we demand for the other nations that have been destroyed by the invading armies. To all the territorial and political questions that the war has raised, British Labor seeks to apply the principle of national self-determination which underlies the policy of the Allied working classes as a whole. We desire neither forcible annexation of territory, economic dominion, nor political supremacy. We are opposed to the infliction of punitive indemnities and the inauguration of a policy of commercial and economic boycott after the war. We seek to destroy the spirit of militarist imperialism, not only in Germany, but in all other countries; and we want to put an end to the costly burden of competitive armaments and the system of compulsory military service, which are in themselves a menace to peace.

Equally important are the constructive proposals put forward by organized

Labor for the purpose of maintaining the peace of the world. We advocate the establishment of a league of nations as the only practicable suggestion which has been made which will guarantee the security of people and promote unity among them. We realize that the final guaranty of peace does not lie in the machinery of arbitration and conciliation, however cunningly devised, but in the spirit of international good-will of which the League of Nations will be the embodiment. Its establishment will be a dramatic declaration of the fact that the nations of the world have learned that they form one family, and that war is a family quarrel which humiliates every member of it and destroys the happiness and prosperity of the whole. It will keep before the eyes of all peoples the truth that peace is the greatest of human blessings, and that a government or a dynasty bent on war is the enemy of the human race and must be restrained by the common will.

Between the war-aims of the British Labor movement and those of the American workers there is little or no substantial difference; but there does appear to be a measure of difference between them regarding the methods by which these aims shall be attained. American Labor, in the first flush of enthusiasm, has apparently determined to concentrate all its efforts solely on the aim of securing a decisive military victory in the field. British Labor, on the other hand, is not prepared to forego the real conditions that may accrue from a wise and discriminating use of the political and diplomatic weapons to supplement the efforts of the armies in the field. We do not advocate a substitution of political activity for military operations, but we do say that no method of influencing popular opinion in the enemy countries ought to be neglected; and we be-

lieve that, if by direct appeal to the reason and conscience of the German people it is possible to shorten the war by a single day, the attempt is well worth making. We seek an opportunity to convince the German people that they are as much interested in the defeat and destruction of militarism and imperialism as the peoples of the Allied countries, and that the early establishment of an enduring peace, based upon the principles of international right and essential justice, is as much their concern as ours. Our aim is to prove to the German people, through the German Socialist leaders, that the Allies are fighting, not for selfish aims, but for the common rights and common interests of all the nations; that the grasping policy and lust for dominion of their government prolong the war; that the annexationist peace terms imposed on Russia have deepened the hostility of the Allied democracies and postponed the conclusion of peace; and that upon the vital principles of national self-determination and no annexation there can be no compromise. We seek an opportunity to show the German people that we are concerned, not merely with the rights and interests of the western democracies, but also with those of revolutionary Russia and the democracies of the Central Empires.

While the working classes in the Allied countries refuse to lend their countenance to any imperialist designs on the part of their governments, they are equally resolved to continue the struggle until Prussian militarism is destroyed, and will not sacrifice the rights of mankind to satisfy German imperialism. What we aim at is a new international system, in which all the nations can dwell together in freedom and peace, without fear of molestation or spoliation. We want to appeal to German social democracy to-day to do

its part in the great work of reconstruction, the corner-stone of which is a righteous and enduring peace.

In pursuit of this policy, British Labor, in conjunction with the working-class parties of the Allied countries, advocates the holding, under proper conditions, of an international congress of Labor and Socialist organizations at the earliest possible moment. The purpose of this congress is to assist in removing misunderstandings which block the path to peace. It is an essential condition of such a congress that all the organizations to be represented therein shall put in precise form, by a published declaration, their peace terms, in conformity with the principles, 'no annexations or punitive indemnities, and the right of all peoples to self-determination'; and that they shall work with all their power to obtain from their governments the necessary guaranties to apply these principles, honestly and unreservedly, to all questions to be dealt with at any official peace conference.

These conditions are clearly laid down in the Inter-Allied Memorandum on War-Aims. They as clearly show that Allied Labor is not weakening in its determination to secure a just and lasting peace. It does not seek a peace based upon compromises and concessions on one side or the other. It does not advocate a policy of surrender. It stands for a policy of peace by conciliation. Labor believes that the cause to which it has dedicated itself in service and sacrifice can be advanced by political effort and discussion supplementing military operations. It remains true to its faith in the principles and ideals of democracy. It believes that the attainment of a speedy international peace is the common aim of all real democrats.

I therefore urge the American working-class movement to join with the

other Allied Labor and Socialist movements in supporting this policy of international conciliation. It is perfectly true that a barrier has been erected between the democracies of the Central Empires and those of the Allied countries. This barrier must be broken

down. On both sides, efforts are being made to remove it. In Germany and in Austria a new political consciousness is slowly but surely finding definite expression. It is our duty to stimulate rather than to destroy the nascent peace-spirit in the German people.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS AND THE WAR

BY L. B. R. BRIGGS

WHEN America declared war on Germany, nothing, not even our money, disappeared faster than our college athletic teams. This is a war of which students are quick to see the meaning; and while certain mechanics seize the opportunity for an increased pay that shall allow their comforts to remain undiminished and shall strengthen their hold on political power, thousands of young men, with everything that would seem to promise worldly comfort, stake instantly, and as a matter of course, their hopes and their lives at the first call of the 'voice without reply.' And this they do for a war in which the part played by romance — as the word is commonly understood — seems unprecedentedly small. An athlete would be expected to accept, out of hand, the sporting challenge of old-fashioned warfare — to lead mad cavalry charges, to match himself like a knight of old with every newcomer as man against man; but outside of certain naval activities and aviation, that supreme test of sportsmanship in life and death, the call of this war is a call, first to the unrelieved monotony of the camp, and next, to the unrelieved horror

of the machine-gun and the gas-bomb. These pampered boys, who insisted on special training-tables, who craved special or limited trains, who had to be kept good-natured and happy before big games by automobile rides and musical comedies, and who, if victorious, would have felt slighted without complimentary dinners; boys coached by men who scorned street cars and scarcely used their legs except on the field; boys waited on by a series of stewards called managers, and supported by second teams who required eatable and drinkable rewards of a service which they struggled for the honor of performing — these boys gave proof unmistakable that they were not spoiled, that they still were men, or, rather, were men at last; that they could leave all and follow an ideal which some of us saw in only a few of them, which probably only a few of them saw in themselves. This war has come nearer justifying our methods in intercollegiate athletics than we had thought possible.

Nevertheless, our methods had tremendous faults of which we were aware, — some of us dimly, some of us

plainly, — and of which we seemed unable to rid them. Reforming athletics is about as hard as reforming society. A convulsion may reform either; and a convulsion has come. What seemed to coaches and players the biggest thing in life — so vital that every smallest part of it was of almost sacred import — is, for the time being, scarcely important enough for its own health. Coaches once moved heaven and earth to prove eligible a man whom nothing but the annihilation of four or five other candidates for the same position would tempt them to use in a big game. Now, — with every need of every man who can play at all, — eligibility has taken a back seat, where it belongs. Now, such undergraduates and coaches as remain may be conceived of as studying economy. Once, nobody was surprised if a manager contended that it was squabs and victory or chickens and crushing defeat. Now, a team is lucky if it gets the necessities of life, lucky in being a team at all, and is grateful for mere existence.

Fevers used to be treated by bleeding; if the patient survived, he had to be built up. Our patient is so reduced that he needs building up; it is for us, and for those whom we represent, to prescribe the nature and the amount of his nourishment. Some years ago, just as I was leaving Cambridge to discuss at New Haven the dates for certain games, a misguided enthusiast chased me into the street to say, 'We've licked 'em; and you can get any date you want.' Not we, but events, have 'licked' intercollegiate athletics. We, — that is to say, our colleges, — acting together, may do with them almost as we please.

'Acting together' I have said, not in every detail, but in spirit. If we fail to learn from the war, if the great moments of the great world paralyze us, and we do nothing with the opportu-

nities, infinitely smaller yet great in their kind, of the college athletic world, we shall join the crowded ranks of those who, whether too inert to act or too blind to see, have 'lost their chance.'

What is our chance? Those of us — and this should mean all of us — who have not lost the interests of youth love sport for sport's sake, and victory as the crown of sport; we love also that personified ideal which is intensely real, the college which, either by tradition or by accident, has become our Alma Mater; and we love to see our Alma Mater upheld, not merely as an institution of learning where mature scholars may prosecute research, but as a school where boys become men through all things that fitly minister to their physical, mental, moral, and spiritual life.

Among these things is manly sport, which at college finds its supreme expression in upholding the supremacy of the Alma Mater. In the right kind of game between Yale and Harvard, for example, every player wears his college colors much as a knight in tourney wore the colors of his lady. This high and simple truth has been put out of sight, — and almost out of life, — by the parasites that have overgrown it. 'Our chance' is to keep it clear in the eyes and strong in the hearts of our students, to associate athletics with honor in the best sense of the word, with honor and not with notoriety. Against us are the quick transiency of college generations, the lopsidedness of a boy's growth to manhood, the more vulgar of human ambitions, the desire of the public for excitement, and what Matthew Arnold would call the 'ignobleness' of the American newspaper. All these hostile forces have united to some extent in our present coaching system, even when that system is intelligent, disciplinary, and in divers ways morally strong.

The important attacks on intercollegiate sport have come from earnest men who fail to see its meaning: rightly disgusted with its commercial aspects, feeling little sympathy with athletics except for health, they are naturally irritated by what seems to them a colossal substitution of sham for reality, prostituting what should be a means to health by making it an end in itself, and an end that defeats the end to which it should be a means, by endangering rather than insuring the health for which alone it exists. Meanwhile, they allege, it robs study, scamps the performance of daily duty, magnifies physical prowess, nurses luxury, and is at best only an intermittent check on vice, which between periods of training rides triumphant. The very thought of thousands who squander money for tickets to games, the very sight of thousands who find games of absorbing interest in a world 'so full of a number of things,' bears annoying witness to the mad folly of the American public and to the pusillanimous irresponsibility of American institutions of learning that cater to this folly. Such is the feeling of those to whom the inner light of intercollegiate athletics burns dim at best, and not at all when obscured by outward circumstances. Moreover, even if these persons are, as I believe them, in great part wrong, they speak some patent truths that every responsible lover of his college cannot but deplore.

Met one by one, the obstacles that I have named seem surmountable. Though by the time one set of students is half educated, it gives place to another, this is no more the law of the athletic field than of the classroom. In the classroom also we must adapt ourselves to the lopsidedness of a boy's development. There too we see, if we have eyes, the meaner and the more vulgar ambitions in their aggressive cam-

paign for mastery. The only athletic difficulties not familiar to college teachers are what may be called the public difficulties, the difficulties that arise from the exploiting of skill and personal qualities until football stars have as little privacy as stars of musical comedy or the film, with whom publicity means money and position. Is it strange that the possibilities of publicity in money and position should penetrate the minds of football stars?

The chief evils of athletic publicity are, as everybody knows, extravagant expenditures, dishonest proselyting, the upsetting of relative values, and the kind of lionizing that turns the heads of boys, not to speak of those girls with whom football heroes are socially superior *matinée* idols. Some honorable means of abolishing or greatly decreasing these evils must be found if intercollegiate athletics are to be a thoroughly wholesome part of our academic life.

A pretty good case may be argued for publicity. In place of brawls between town and gown, we now have college feeling spread for miles about. Boys get interested in the college whose teams they see, and aspire to attend it. College games for college students only would be snobbish. College games are good recreation for any spectator; and spectators are harmless and lucrative. Privacy nobody expects in these days. Any girl who announces her engagement sees her photograph in the public prints; any society girl who sells cake at a fair for charity or bathes at Palm Beach, any young drummer who manages the floor at a lodge dance, may read all about it (with illustrations). Why should college athletes, who do skilfully what people love to see, be treated with a delicate consideration which few of them or of their friends would appreciate?

Moreover, if the corporation of a

university accepts a gift for a stadium that costs three times the amount of the gift, and expects the athletic association to pay two or three hundred thousand dollars for the completion of the sum, and interest on every dollar of the principal until it can pay the dollar, the athletic association is obliged to get money. It must get money also for keeping in condition fields, buildings, and boats, and for supporting crews that cost much and bring in nothing. Given a building like the Yale Bowl, — or even like the Harvard Stadium, — with nothing to take care of it, the athletic association cannot rise wholly superior to commercial standards. You may beg, you may tax the students, and blackmail the faculty, in support of your team; or you may charge for admission and sell a great many tickets.

The responsibilities of structures designed for from five to fifteen times as many spectators as there are men in the university, are varied and great. You cannot live a cottage life in a hotel. Once in pursuit of money, you are tempted by all the devices of business. It pays to advertise; it pays to pay enough for securing coaches who will turn out teams that people will pay to see. Then, as militarism makes nations outbid one another in armament, football makes colleges outbid one another in coaching, until the various positions on the gridiron are parceled out among specialists in football, much as the various organs of the body are parceled out among specialists in medicine.

Professor Corwin reminds us that it has cost two or three thousand dollars a boy to put an eleven on the field for a Yale-Harvard game. Even so, if seventy-five thousand tickets are sold at two dollars each, the game is good business; and at a Yale-Harvard game, the spectator sees more for two dollars than

he usually sees at the theatre. But whoever is in New Haven on the eve of the game and attempts roughly to calculate the total amount of money spent in getting to the game and living near it, is appalled, if not temporarily sickened. I name New Haven because the Bowl is so big; obviously the responsibility is no more Yale's than Harvard's. All the evils of publicity feed one another. The crowd needs the Bowl, and the Bowl needs the crowd. Notoriety brings good gate-receipts, and gate-receipts bring notoriety. Notoriety also begets proselyting, open or disguised. Reputable alumni of colleges often half deceive themselves when, by free tuition and pleasant perquisites, they persuade a schoolboy to honor their Alma Mater among all the venerable suitors for his athletic hand; nor is it easy for a poor and ambitious boy to put Satan behind him, when Satan assumes the guise of a reputable alumnus paying tribute of flattery and of money to his skill.

Finally, some students get better discipline and more education from athletics than from any other academic experience, thus furnishing a new argument for our methods in football, baseball, and rowing. On this singular reversal of propriety, the coach's natural comment is, 'Brace up the Faculty, or I shall continue to do what it can't.' No doubt the Faculty needs bracing; but, as the late Professor Royce remarked, 'When the band is playing for a procession to the last open practice, it is difficult to interest Freshmen in the syllogism.' The fault is not wholly the Faculty's; still less is it the boys'. All of us — Faculty, alumni, and American public — had nourished a young giant until he made a grown giant's demands. Now he has suddenly shrunk; and nobody believes in overfeeding him again. Not merely the Faculty, but the great body of serious under-

graduates, — even the athletes themselves, with their new light on relative values, — do not hesitate to say that things should never again be as they have been.

Yet, if this war is ever over and reasonable peace is ours, relative values may soon be upset again. One false start in one large college may knock over our new and unsteady structure like a house of cards. No captain with money in the treasury likes to accept the danger of defeat; expert help is scarce and, according to the law of demand and supply, no coach of the first rank is paid too much. 'It is a crucial season. Can't we have X. Y. for just this year?' Here begins anew the coaching system. Or, 'The men cannot find room together at the big dining-halls; and some of them are irregular in their meals. Can't we have an eating-place where we can all meet?' Here revives the training-table.

It is easy to reduce income and thus to find a ready reply to such petitions. Whether we get an income from admission tickets or from solicited subscriptions, we can readily cut it down; but whether or not we cut down our income, we can and should cut down our expenses. We at Harvard, who have probably been among the worst offenders, have in late years checked the lavish and foolish multiplication of gift sweaters at the close of the season, and have been less unthrifty in certain other matters. Yet in preparing teams and crews we have spent money like water.

In reconstruction, the first obvious reform is the abolition of the training-table. In some colleges it was abolished years ago, with no obvious loss of success and with much saving of money. It used to be maintained, first as a means of furnishing suitable diet to men in training, next, as a stimulant to *esprit de corps*. Men play concertedly, it was argued, if they eat concertedly,

if at table they become intimate with each other's ways of talking and thinking. The interpsychological communion thus established seems too carnal to amount to much. It is probably worth something; yet not thinking of the great ordeal every minute, not taking your shop to all your meals, is also worth something; and as for food, the evidence, I understand, is in favor of a more natural diet, a diet more like other men's than that of the old training-table.

I take the training-table as an example merely. The primary need of reform is in the cost and the character of coaching. Lest you think me personal, I wish to make clear that, so far as an inexperienced lover of the game may judge, Harvard has had in Mr. Haughton a coach second to nobody in skill, wise in not exacting so much work of the players as to kill all their pleasure in the game, sound in teaching hard fierce play but never foul play, and generally wholesome in his discipline. 'Is he not a little sulphurous in his talk to you now and then?' said a professor to a hard-working member of the squad. And the boy's answer would have warmed any coach's heart: with all the ardor of hero-worship he exclaimed, 'Never, unless it is good for your character!' It is not of Mr. Haughton that I speak; it is of the system which he ably, and in no way meanly, represents, and for which neither he nor any other coach is responsible.

After the manner of the proposed League to Enforce Peace, rival colleges must agree to limit the cost of coaching, must stick to the agreement, and must not annually suspect their rivals of not sticking to it. Reduction in cost would probably mean reduction to one coach for each of the major sports, perhaps to one coach for baseball and football. Some persons favor strictly amateur coaching. Theoreti-

cally we all favor it, just as, theoretically, we all favor peace; practically, you get better results with a coach who, being paid for certain work, performs it, and, being responsible to certain persons, is ultimately controlled by them. Few suitable amateurs have both the means and the time. There is no objection to a professional as such, if he is a clean professional and knows his profession; there are many objections to transient amateurs, who, doing the college a favor, feel responsible to nobody; who may be tempted under 'expenses paid' to all kinds of graft; who may entertain their friends, mentionable and unmentionable, at hotels, and send unanalyzable bills to the athletic association. Year in and year out, the amateur who has his expenses paid is more demoralizing than the professional responsible to his employers and to his job. The right kind of amateur with leisure is the best coach of all, and may from time to time be found in any one sport at any one college; but the right kind of amateur — the right kind of anything — is rarely a man of leisure; and careful direction of athletic sport takes time.

It is a sort of purple dream with some enthusiasts that a director of athletics belongs in the Faculty. I am one of these purple dreamers. In the West we should not be dreamers at all; for the dream has become a reality. So it has here and there in the East; but elsewhere in the East the suggestion of it is derided. No first-rate man, we are told, would go into such a business as coaching for an indefinite period; nobody in the Faculty would regard a coach as belonging there. Getting used to the idea may take time; but there are men, potential coaches, who might expedite the process; and there are other men, potential Faculties, to whom the doctrine that mind and body should be trained together, each helping the

other, is neither startling nor novel. These men understand that no minister and no dean begins to have the opportunity of the coach in the higher education for life, if not for learning; and they can at least conceive of an educated man, preferably with medical training, whose interest in youth and in those things to which spirited youth responds most eagerly will never die till he himself shall die; of a man who sees in the position of athletic director an opportunity, constant and far-reaching, a career of absorbing responsibility and fascinating hard work.

Such a conceivable man in such a conceivable Faculty will be a professional in the sense in which other professors are professional. He will be an educated man, working for money and for something better than money, at an institution of enlightened learning. He will not pit athletics against study or students against Faculty. For some detailed work he will hire subordinates, responsible to him and through him to the Faculty. If he is regarded as socially inferior, he will bide his time until all sensible persons see that he is not, and that there is no sufficient reason why he should be.

This idea, as I have said, is not original or even new; it is newer in the East than in the West. Eventually something like it will come to stay. A position of incomparable influence, a position that it is a high honor to fill, will not remain inferior in everything but salary. It waits only for the right man and for that recognition from the higher powers which is the first step toward getting him.

Again, this war should teach us to stop petty bickerings and to treat each other as honest gentlemen. Colleges whose boys fight side by side for the mightiest cause that ever shook the world, can we live again in constant fear that some one will take advantage

of us in a game unless we take advantage of him first? When we play again, can we afford to begin except as friend and friend, as host and guest?

As to students — let us not forget that, after two or three years of a certain policy, they will gravely tell their elders that 'it has always been so.' Alumni are harder to convince, some even objecting to pleasant social relations between rival teams before a game as what never would have been tolerated in their day, in the golden era of bad feeling. Newspapers may be incorrigible; but reporters are human, and nearly always respond to frankness and courtesy. College teams will not play so finished a game as they played once;

admission fees may be reduced for the public, possibly abolished for the students; but, with the world at peace, the time will never come when a game between such rivals as Yale and Princeton, or Yale and Harvard, or Princeton and Harvard, will not warm the blood of any graduate who has not quite forgotten what it was to be young.

Intercollegiate athletics are brought face to face with the problem that confronts America, and by the same tremendous force, the war for the mastery or the liberation of the world. Like America, they will stand or fall according as they choose between luxury and simplicity, trickery and integrity, the senses and the spirit.

THE MIRACLE

BY V. H. FRIEDLANDER

I

FROM the first they were always tinglingly, electrically aware of each other; yet from the first he knew that he must never speak to her, and she knew that he knew it. To strike up (on any excuse whatever) an informal acquaintanceship in the train, or on the platform where they met daily, would be to put themselves on the level of those other daily travelers — those girls, for instance, who giggled and nudged each other and glanced over their shoulders at young men; those young men who set their hats at dashing angles, and looked conscious, and got into conversation with the girls who glanced. Whereas it was just their dif-

ference from these others that formed the wordless, magic link between them; to sever it would be to brush the bloom off romance — that romance which, owing to the cruel prohibitions of their joint social law, was such an unconscionable time beginning.

All this they knew without the exchange of a single word, because they had the subtle freemasonry of youth to help them, as well as a dozen visible signs — the clothes they wore, the books and papers they read, the way that neither would join in the jostling scramble for seats in the train, the way that both held aloof from the casual, platitudinous observations of fellow travelers.

In the country, indeed, they might

have weakened — might have contrived to evade the social law in some manner not too vulgarian; but on crowded platforms and in suburban trains, each sickened and shrank from the thought of doing any one of the things that Toms, Dicks, and Harrys did daily before their eyes, in order to achieve acquaintance with dreadfully over-willing Mordies Violets, or Gerts. And so it happened that they were immutably stranded, for lack of the one social necessity — a common acquaintance to effect an introduction between them.

It added to the cruelty of their fate that they not only entered but left the train together, morning and evening, and that they were nevertheless prevented, by this same code which they had to hold high above the heads of contaminating hordes, from discovering or seeking to discover each other's place of residence or work.

The situation, to minds more mellowed by maturity, might have had its humor, but they were both suffering the first violent assaults of desperately serious youth, and saw no mitigating circumstance to their dilemma. Six months of secret dreams and disappointments, hopes and despairs, passed over their heads. The most that he could achieve on any day was an opportunity to offer her his seat; then, standing above her, it was possible to watch her bent head and thrill over the flowerlike way in which her white neck thrust slenderly upward out of the soft sheath of her collar. And sometimes (crowning thrill!) a flame would run along that whiteness, flushing it for a minute, as she felt above her the gaze that she could not — and would not — meet. Because of that touchingly tender effect of her youth, and because he did not know her name, he thought of her at first as 'the Greuze girl'; yet he realized joyfully, too, that the

Greuze in her was only skin-deep, that she had character as well as that soft, dewy beauty.

And the most that *she* could hope for on any day was even less: a glimpse of him before he saw her, an opportunity to study the generous lines of his face, the frank carriage of his dark head, the something indefinable of breeding and distinction that was to her like water in the desert of her humdrum days. Nothing more was possible; for as soon as he caught sight of her, she had to become unaware of his existence.

That was the standard she set; the standard in which, ruefully yet proudly, he acquiesced. For was she not right? What protection had either of them against being engulfed in this maelstrom of commonness, this welter of crowded, third-class carriages and Cockney accents, and general ugliness of spirit, except the standard of conduct that they brought with them out of the shining past of a gentle upbringing? Their abstention from haphazard acquaintanceship became to them as the 'dressing-for-dinner' rite to which in outposts of empire exiles cling for protection against the call of the slovenly wild.

But because he was a man (or almost), and therefore a romantic dreamer, he said to himself hopefully day by day, 'There will be a miracle.'

And because she was a woman (or almost), and therefore soberly practical, she told herself firmly, 'There will be no miracle.'

Yet it was he who was right.

The miracle occurred on a spring evening. He was standing, as he often did to look out for her, at the top of one of the flights of stairs in the station, a point of vantage from which he could not miss her, whether she went toward their train by way of a staircase, or slipped through the crowd on the level below.

On this evening she came along the

high wooden gallery on which he was standing, but for once she did not go straight down the nearest stairs without appearing to notice him. Instead, she stopped when she was about ten yards away, glanced uncertainly, first at him, then at a letter she held open in her hand, and finally — with more confidence — at him again. After that, she walked steadily toward him, and their eyes held each other.

Yet even then he did not grasp that she was going to *speak*. So that, when she halted within two paces of him, and said nervously, but at the same time without any doubt, 'You *are* Mr. Kenley, aren't you?' he did not deny it, simply because at that moment he could neither have denied nor affirmed anything whatever — for joy.

But she did not wait for his answer; she was too nervous for that, and went on at once, 'I am so sorry to have kept you waiting. I was early, really, but there are two tea-rooms, and I could n't be sure from your letter which one it would be, and whether you would be outside or inside. Perhaps it was stupid of me — I'm sorry —'

Her voice gave a frightened catch and failed her; in place of it, she made a tentative movement of the letter toward him.

And then he understood what had happened: this was the miracle in which he had hoped and trusted. She was speaking to him because she mistook him for someone else, someone with whom she had an appointment. And as soon as he understood that, he was passionately resolved to miss no scrap of advantage that the miracle might put in his way. He saw in a flash that, if he told her his name was not Kenley, he would lose her at once; whereas if he let her think it was, there was at any rate a sporting chance for him. Instead, therefore, of a young man tongue-tied with astonishment and overwhelmed with

happiness, he became in an instant a cool, wary soldier of fortune, playing for time and taking every inch of cover that offered.

The first and obvious cover was, of course, the letter. 'Not at all,' he replied, with vague courtesy, and took the open, typewritten sheet out of her hand. There immediately he found more cover in the printed heading, 'Kenley and Hutton, Publishers,' so that he could add easily and almost without a hiatus, 'No doubt the mistake was ours'; and at the same time tear a sort of telegraphic heart out of the typewritten lines that followed.

'Madam — obliged — letter — 20th inst. — answer — advertisement — secretary — possible — come — some arrangement. Note — you are engaged — daytime — interview — this office — impracticable. Suggest — meet Mr. Kenley, Jr. — Wednesday, 5.30 p.m. — station tea-room — recognize Mr. Kenley — dispatch-case marked "K".' And then, correctly and formally, at the foot of the page, 'Miss Gisela Mornington,' and some address that swam meaninglessly before his eyes because of the ecstatic fitness of that name. 'Gisela! Gisela!' — He had her now, the very essence of her, in those flowing, melting syllables of her name. And the words that clamored absurdly (and quite inaccurately) to be said were,

'I have caught you fast for ever in a tangle of sweet rhymes.'

What, however, he did say, with a very decent impersonation of some credible Mr. Kenley, Jr., was, 'Yes — our fault, I see. The directions are not clear, and I must apologize for the misunderstanding, Miss — er —' (he pretended to consult the letter again) 'Mornington.'

At the same time he unobtrusively turned his dispatch-case 'K' side inward, lest the authentic Mr. Kenley, Jr., should arrive. For there was really

nothing, he found, with which the soldier of fortune whom he had so surprisingly become was incapable of dealing.

The next step was even simpler, if possible, than the first: the letter itself fairly shrieked it at him.

'Well, we can hardly talk here, of course,' he said, with what he hoped was just enough authority for 'Kenley' and just enough friendliness for the 'Junior,' who might set her at her ease. 'Our idea was that, if you would join me over a cup of tea, it would give us an opportunity to go into the business. Thank you!'

She had made a murmur that might have been construed as dissent, but he ignored it and settled the matter high-handedly by swinging open the tea-room door and motioning her to enter.

It answered: with bent head she preceded him submissively. So far, then, she had not the least suspicion, he reflected; already she was yielding him the obedience due to an employer. He felt the exultation of success.

II

In the tea-room there was a pleasant, soothing buzz of talk, and they had a little green-tiled table to themselves in a quiet corner; yet he found that he had not succeeded in setting her at her ease; her nervousness had actually increased, and he saw that she was afraid to lift her cup because of the trembling of her hands.

At once in a rush of tenderness, he decided to drop the least suggestion of the 'Junior' whom he was longing to be, if only it would charm away her preposterous, adorable terror.

'You must n't be frightened, you know, Miss Mornington,' he assured her on a note of quite elderly encouragement. 'I expect you are new to ap-

plying for posts and so on, but really there's nothing to be afraid of. I only want to ask you a few questions.'

'But that's just it,' she answered, with a sort of desperate, hunted misery. 'You'll be angry; you've a right to be angry. I'm wasting your time. I ought to have told you at once that I sh-shan't suit you. I—' She pushed back her chair, evidently intending precipitate flight.

'Sit down, please!' he said, with a sharp return to authority; and once more she yielded delicious obedience. 'Now,' he ordered slowly and impressively, 'tell me what you mean.'

'Yes. I'm sorry. Of course I must. I won't keep you long.' She twisted her fingers in her lap and spoke in a low voice, not looking at him. 'I saw your advertisement and applied for the post because it is just what I should like, and I wanted to see what chance I had of getting it. But I had no right to do it. I'm a teacher; I teach in an elementary school — and hate it. So I'm having lessons in typewriting and shorthand, and as soon as I know enough, I shall take a post as secretary. Only, I don't know enough, yet. My typing is all right, but my shorthand can't possibly be good enough for another two or three months. So you see —'

'Yes, I see,' he agreed gravely. 'Your application for a post has been a little premature.' Then — lest they should never get further — he ventured on a bold stroke. 'Why do you hate teaching?' he demanded.

As he had hoped, the unexpectedness — the very irrelevance of the question brought her eyes up to meet his. And when once it had done that, he put his whole soul into making her remember that, whereas to-day he was Mr. Kenley, Jr., to her, and her prospective employer, for six months he had been the nameless fellow traveler who had established a secret kinship with her.

And he succeeded; she did remember. He saw the misery and the fright recede from her eyes and a glint of laughter take their place; he saw the flame he loved sweep over her face and neck, like a brief sunset flush on snow. She leaned forward the confidential fraction of an inch.

'It's not so much the teaching I hate,' she answered, and treated him for the first time as an equal, 'as the taught — *and the teachers!*'

'The teachers?'

'Yes. Don't you know?' She seemed to despair, if he did n't know, of telling him, but suddenly decided that illustration would do. 'The head mistress,' she explained, still with those dancing eyes, 'says "*interesting*" and "*municipal*". And the other teachers — oh, well, for instance, they never say "Good-bye," you know; they say "Bye-bye," or "ta-ta," or "So long."'

He did know, and laughed; and they hung together over the moment of lovely sympathy that that gave them. Then she took fright again.

'But I'm keeping you,' she stammered. 'I shall make you miss your train. And of course I know I ought n't to have dreamed you could wait till my shorthand' — Again there came that nervous catch that engulfed her voice.

So that had been her hope — that she might be waited for by Kenley and Hutton. It threw a ray of light for him on the next of his precarious steps as Mr. Kenley, Jr. And then that unguarded admission that she knew which *was* his train! Surely he could also reap some advantage from that?

He glanced out of the tea-room window at the great station-clock. 'Five minutes more before — *our* train,' he informed her with a little gesture of apology. 'You will forgive my knowing that we catch the same one?' He smiled. 'And now, if we had any gift of

tongues, one or both of us would remark, "It's a small world, is n't it?"'

This daring allusion, not only to their previous dumb understanding, but also to one of the causes of it, — the wearisome parrot-talk of their fellow passengers, — swept the last of her composure away on the flood of a flush. It was the effect for which he had hoped, so that, before she was able to think again with any clearness, he might propound and carry his next point.

'As to the possibility of the firm waiting for your services, Miss Mornington, it would obviously be inconvenient; but, after seeing you, I won't say off-hand that it is entirely out of the question. I should need, however, to explain this point to you a little more in detail. And, as you remind me' ('Oh, base advantage, Mr. Kenley, Jr!' his heart cried out on him, even as he took it), 'our train will not wait. It is fortunate, therefore, that we can continue our talk on the journey. If you have finished — ?'

He had her now, bewildered and snared; she went with him docilely out of the tea-room, down the stairs, on to the platform. There his original project — to secure by bribery a first-class carriage for the two of them — gave place to an inspiration far more cunning: they would travel third, as usual. He perceived anew, with critical detachment, that under this spur of love and danger he was easily outrivaling the serpent in subtlety.

And again the result was just what he had anticipated. Having a matter — however businesslike — to discuss in private, and being wedged in among a dozen people, all of a kind to be unblushingly agape with curiosity about any private matter whatsoever, they were driven to speak practically in whispers. And thereupon they became subject to that law of nature whereby any two persons conducting a conver-

sation in whispers are at once involved in an element of quite astonishing intimacy, with or without their knowledge and consent.

'Perhaps I ought to make rather clearer my own standing in the firm,' was his first murmur; for he was anxious to secure himself against any suspicious reflections on her part later, over the fact that he habitually traveled in third-class carriages. 'The fact is, I am not yet in a position of authority at all.' He smiled modestly, and she made an answering murmur of surprise. 'I am my father's son, of course,' he elucidated further, 'but Mr. Hutton wishes to be assured of my qualifications before I am given a junior partnership or anything of that sort. So I am undergoing a year's trial — rather severe trial — at the office, you know, just like any clerk, and am not really in a position to treat with you or anyone except as my father's mouthpiece and Mr. Hutton's — very much Mr. Hutton's. My father, you see, Miss Mornington, is the literary partner in the firm, and Mr. Hutton the business one, and literature is apt to be a trifle — bullied by business, is n't it? Perhaps you think it strange that I refer to things of this sort; but it is necessary because it affects this rather delicate question of the secretaryship.'

'Yes, of course — I see,' she rejoined gratefully. 'Thank you for telling me.'

He might look at her now, and did. How serious she was over it all, and with what a repressed, delicious excitement shining through the seriousness. She was really keen on Kenley and Hutton, then? — wanted the job tremendously? And all he had done had been to deprive her of her chance of getting it. But his twinge of remorse was swiftly forgotten in the anxiety of a new thought: Kenley and Hutton might *write* to her, of course, as she had missed her appointment; and then

where would he be? Not even the subtlety of serpents would avail then to save him from exposure.

The thought made him desperate. If he had only the present moment, at any rate he would make the most of it. She wanted more about Kenley and Hutton? — She should have it! Heaven knew, it had suddenly become easy enough to supply. Why, he could positively *see* the pair of them, and so should she.

'Our present secretary,' he went on, still with that smoothness that he found a continuous incitement to new departures in lying, 'who does the more confidential work both for my father and Mr. Hutton, is leaving us in a month, because she is getting married this summer. She is an excellent secretary, and Mr. Hutton will mourn her wholeheartedly; but my father — well, Miss Mornington, *will* you forgive my being perfectly frank with you? Thank you! — Then I will say that she has certain little mannerisms which do not affect Mr. Hutton, but which harass my father, and sometimes distract his attention to the detriment of his work. I should like to secure for him in future the services of someone free from such mannerisms — someone, may I put it, who is less violently a lady than most secretaries, and more securely a gentlewoman? So you will, I hope, forgive my saying that I recognized you at once as *personally* the right secretary for my father, whatever you may, so far, be professionally. Which brings us, does n't it, to the professional point you have mentioned. You require three months longer, I understand —'

'No, I would make two do — I *would!*' she broke in with a sort of anguished eagerness.

'Very well, let us say two, then. And, deducting the time for the present secretary's notice to expire, the gap is,

in fact, reduced to *one* month, is n't it?'

She hung on his words with an effect of breathlessness. 'One month — yes.'

'So that if I could induce our present secretary to stay that one month longer, you would be ready to take her place?'

'Yes — oh, yes!'

'Well, Miss Mornington, I don't say I can do it, but I do say I will try. I know my father's character, and I am sure he would like to have you, so I shall do my best to keep the post open for you. And I shall hope to tell you the result in a day or two.'

He might, he reflected, have opened the gates of paradise rather than of a publisher's office to her, judging by her dazzled expression. She thanked him in an awed way, and then they were at their destination. Lest he should rouse her suspicions, he forced himself to let her go home, as usual, alone; for he would be lucky, he realized, if after such a yarn he escaped detection even until the shattering communication from Kenley and Hutton reached her.

The next morning on the platform he felt himself rewarded for his restraint. She acknowledged his salutation with a smile, so that he knew the seismic letter had not yet arrived. But, in view of the desperate fact that it might so soon arrive, he permitted his promised 'day or two' to elapse no later than that evening.

'Well, I'm glad to be able to tell you,' he said, as he joined her on the platform as a matter of course, 'that our little difficulty is overcome. My father has had a talk with the secretary, and she has agreed to stay on until June instead of May. Mr. Hutton, of course, knows nothing except that she finds she can be with us for another month, and is pleased to hear it, while my father is looking forward to your coming to us at the end of it. May we take it, therefore, that the matter is settled?'

'Yes, please!' she responded; and her moment of delight and thanks tided him neatly over the delicate process of establishing himself for the second time beside her in the train.

After the second time the process somehow lost its delicacy (though not its glory), for it had developed safely into a habit. Each day he saw, with growing confidence in his luck, that Kenley and Hutton had not written; each day he had only to begin by making some inquiry about her shorthand, and then they could both slip happily from everyday moorings and down enchanted streams of youth. For two months they did it; for two months he (knowing that there were only two) battled successfully with the demon that would have seduced him from his one remaining principle — a determination not to ask her to marry him until she knew the truth; for two months she was content to wait, as if they had all eternity for drifting together down those streams. Twice every day they met; on Saturday afternoons and Sundays they walked together in woods, or climbed together to hilltops, or drifted together down actual as well as metaphorical streams.

It was on a Saturday afternoon in a wood that she told him she had passed her final tests and was ready for Kenley and Hutton; and after a moment's pause, he asked her to be at the office on Tuesday morning. That gave him his last week-end with her, and Monday for telling her the truth.

III

He told it. With a youthfully dramatic sense of fitness, he expiated his crime on the spot where it had been committed. Once more he waited for her at the top of the station stairs, and once more they went into the tea-room together.

At the first words of his confession she gave him a strange, wistful look; after that, she dropped her eyes and twisted the fingers on her lap, as once before.

He did not spare himself. He had a feeling that to make any excuses would only harden her righteous judgment. Once or twice, when she made a low sound, as of pain, it strung him up afresh to self-flagellation. At the end they both sat for a while over their pretty tea-cups and their gay, green-tiled table as over the grave of the beloved.

She was the one to break the heavy silence. 'So it's over,' she said hopelessly, and lifted her eyes with an effort.

It was only what he had expected — what he had really known that her sentence would be; yet at that knell of finality, something blurred his eyes so that he could no longer see her.

'Ah, no, no!' she cried, and her voice suddenly sharpened to a note of passionate protection. 'Not because of what *you've* done! But — if you feel so badly about that, what will you think of me — of me? You only took advantage of an opportunity. I made it.'

'You — ?'

'Yes — *made* it — manufactured it carefully, deliberately, shamelessly,' she told him with the bitterness of intolerable misery. 'Oh, of course I knew you — *liked* me; and I knew all through those first months what you were thinking: that something would happen to bring us together — a miracle. And I knew it would n't — ever! In books there are miracles; in books heroines are rescued from fires by heroes; but in real life the hero gets hold of the housemaid — if anybody; in books heroes meet their mates and marry them; in real life they meet after they have each married someone else; in books heroes go to war and come back to be nursed well from nice tidy leg or arm wounds;

in real life there is nothing to come back — or worse than nothing. It *is* so! — it *is* so! You can't deny it. And so I knew nothing would ever happen to help *us*. You would just go on hoping for a miracle, and I would just go on knowing there would n't be one. And then, one day, you would n't be there, and I should n't know even your name or where to look for you, and it would all be over before it was begun. Or else I would get ill — or even just have to catch a different train, or — Oh, it — it was driving me mad. And so at last I *did* it!'

'But what? What did you do?' he asked, conscious of a new and riotous hope.

'I had lunch one day with a friend who is at Kenley and Hutton's,' she said colorlessly. 'She had some of their printed note-paper in her case, and I managed to take a sheet. Then I typed the letter to myself that I showed to you. All the rest was true. I *am* an elementary schoolteacher, and I *do* hate it, and I *have* been learning shorthand and typewriting, and now I am ready to take a post. But there was never any advertisement; never any appointment to meet Mr. Kenley, Junior. I made it up to go with the "K" on your dispatch-case.'

She was not even going to ask his name! That, as an indication of how entirely she felt it all to be 'over,' was what struck him first. Then another of the manifold aspects of what she had said staggered him.

'Well, but then — if you knew there was no appointment — what on earth did you make of *me* — of my pretending to be Kenley Junior?'

'I know,' she acknowledged, and her eyes shrank away from him. 'It did nearly finish it. I almost gave myself away. Don't you remember how nervous I was? All I'd planned was just a start, something we could use in place

of an introduction. But then, when it *went on*, it — it was like having recited some ancient spell and finding it work. For a minute I even thought that by some wild chance your name really must be Kenley. Then — I saw.'

'What did you see?'

His eyes were alight now with his new hope. Hers were still shamed and desperate, but she forced herself bravely to tell him the truth — at last.

'I saw that, at any rate, we did — both care, or you would n't have done it; you would n't have jumped at the chance like that, or have found a way to carry it through. And that made me — happy. I could n't tell then. It was only for two months at the most — and I could n't. I did take off one month to punish myself. Do you remember?'

'Rather!' His relief bubbled over into a laugh. 'It's simply stupendous luck, is n't it? We're quits, don't you see, because we're both in it, and now we've both told. We're pot and kettle, and can never mention the word black. Why, it's simply the only thing that could put us right, our both having lied like — well, like each other!'

She shook her head. 'Not like each other. I — wish it were. But I was the worst. I did an awful thing, and I shall be ashamed all my life. And so I will never see you again, because you'd never be able to forget that I did it — that I began it —'

'*Darling!*' He stopped her boldly with the word that he had hitherto forbidden himself. 'What rot! Why, don't you see that I've got my miracle, in spite of both our lies, and in spite of your frightfully elderly cynicism about books and real life?'

'Got it? A miracle?'

'Well, is n't it? — that a girl — not any girl, but a girl gently born, educated, sensitive — a girl like *you* — should risk so much, dare so much — for *me*?'

'Oh!' she despaired, 'you're kind and chivalrous, but it's no good. It does bring me down to the dust. And besides, can't you see that we *must* part? It would spoil everything, vulgarize everything now. That's my punishment for doing it. I might have known! Of course one can't do a thing like that and not suffer for it.'

He weighed the new argument with sudden gravity. And before he spoke, that priceless gift of maturity — the sense of humor that can pillory not only other people but one's self — had descended upon him.

'No,' he agreed, with a kind of cheerful grimness, 'we've both got to suffer for it all right, I expect. But not in the way *you* mean.'

'Not — ? How, then?'

He leaned over the table, looking her steadily in the eyes — not lover to lover now, but comrade to comrade.

'We've both got to *get off our high horse*,' he said with crisp conviction. 'That's what's the matter with us, don't you see? We've been putting on the most sickening airs of superiority, and now Nature has — has just walloped us down a peg. We've been sticking our cultured noses in the air and despising the people we work with and travel with, all because we've got two-penn' orth more education than they. We've passed by, with our well-bred shudders, on the other side from all those poor young devils who want a spice of romance and adventure, and take the simplest way to get it. Well, now, look at us! What have *we* done? Why have we both lied and schemed and smothered our consciences for two months? For exactly the same reason that they giggle and glance and nudge: because we wanted each other so badly that we had to find a way. There's not a pin to choose between us and them, and we have got to be honest with ourselves and acknowledge it. It's

humiliating; it's almost incredible; but that's our particularly nasty medicine, I'm afraid: *that we're just ordinary*. We're being trounced into admitting that

'Soul and body are one,
God alone knows which is which;
The soul squats down in the flesh,
Like a tinker drunk in a ditch.

'Aren't we?'

It was a hard saying and he knew it; yet he was unreasoningly disappointed because she did not immediately testify to its truth.

Instead, she glanced at the station-clock.

'We shall miss the train if we don't go now,' she observed in a cool voice.

He said nothing more, and they went. But in spite of their going together as usual, he could not find the enchanted stream of the last two months. He had offered her hard truth (as he had offered it to himself) and it had proved too hard for her. He tasted the anguish of loving and of having to stoop to the beloved.

In the train, for once, by an ironic chance, there were seats for both of them — seats side by side. Yet they were further apart than in the days before the sham miracle.

He looked drearily out of the window. Though it was June, rain was falling in a hopeless drizzle.

'Puts you in mind of the autumn, don't it?' remarked a young woman next to Gisela, and he observed with astonishment that she was speaking to Gisela. 'And what I always say,' pursued the young woman, with an air of being both profound and original, 'is that there's something *sad*-like about the autumn. Ever noticed it yerself?'

His lips curled in weariness and scorn. Then he saw with surprise that Gisela was looking at the speaker.

'Yes,' she answered, 'I have. I've often noticed how sad the autumn is.'

And her tone was gentle, sympathetic, even — his heart leaped — *humble*. As she finished speaking, she bent her head abruptly, and over the slim column of her neck swept a revealing flame —

So she had beaten him, after all! He, indeed, had stumbled upon a truth and communicated it to her, but she had done infinitely more: already she had put it into practice. And this, he realized, was her way of telling him that she acknowledged their hard truth; this — in a crowded, third-class railway-carriage — was her acceptance of the proposal of marriage that he had (or good heavens! *had n't* he?) made.

Well, if he had n't, it was evident that for the moment the omission could not be rectified. Yet something had to be done to mark the sudden glory of the world — to celebrate the fact that once again the morning stars sang together. For now he understood what her temporary coolness had meant: she had 'learned something. That always feels at first as if you had lost something.'

'I say,' he ventured; and could not speak below his breath because her head was turned away.

'Yes?' She looked at him.

But by then, of course, it was no good; half the carriage was comfortably listening.

For a moment he was confounded. Then he gave a gleeful young laugh: he had discovered the offspring of necessity. 'You've won,' he declared. 'You've pronounced it before I'd finished learning how to spell it.'

She was puzzled. 'Pronounced what?'

'Municipal.'

Then she saw — not only his meaning, but the baffled blankness to which he had successfully reduced their audience. Her eyes danced.

'Oh, but it was you,' she returned demurely, 'who made it so interesting.'

THE CONVICT TRAIL

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

AFTER creeping through slime-filled holes beneath the shrieking of swift metal; after splashing one's plane through companionable clouds three miles above the little jagged, hero-filled ditches, and dodging other sudden-born clouds of nauseous fumes and blasting heart of steel; after these, one craves thoughts of comfortable hens, sweet-apple orchards, or ineffable themes of opera. And when nerves have cried for a time, 'Enough,' and an unsteady hand threatens to turn a joystick into a sign-post to Charon, the mind seeks amelioration, — some symbol of worthy content and peace, — and, for my part, I turn with all desire to the jungles of the tropics.

If one looks the jungle straight in the face and transcribes what is seen, there is evolved technical science; and until this can be done with accuracy and discretion, one can never feel worthy, now and then, of stealing quietly up a side aisle of the great green wonderland, looking obliquely at all things, observing them as actors and companions rather than as species and varieties; softening facts with quiet meditation, leavening science with thoughts of the sheer joy of existence. It should be possible occasionally to achieve this, and yet to return to science enriched and with enthusiasm, and again to play some little part in the great physical struggle — that wonderful strife which must give to future peace and contentment new appreciation, a worthier enjoyment.

It is possible to enter a jungle and

become acutely aware of poison fang and rending claw, much as a pacifist considers the high adventure of righteous war. But it is infinitely more wonderful and altogether satisfying to slip quietly and receptively into the life of the jungle; to accept all things as worthy and reasonable; to feel the beauty, the joy, the majestic serenity of this age-old fraternity of nature, into whose sanctuary man's entrance is unnoticed, his absence unregretted. The peace of the jungle is beyond all telling.

I

I am thinking of a very wonderful thing and words come laggardly. For it is a thing which more easily rests quietly in the deep pool of memory than stirred up and crystallized into words and phrases. It is of the making of a new trail — of the need and the planning and the achievement, of the immediate effects and possible consequences. For the effects became manifest at once, myriad, unexpected, some sinister, others altogether thrilling and wholly delightful to the soul of a naturalist. And now, many months after, they are still spreading, like a forest fire which has passed beyond control. Only in this case the land was no worse and untold numbers of creatures were better off because of our new trail.

Of the still more distant consequences I cannot write, for the book of the future is tightly sealed. But we may recall that a trail once was cut through coarse, high grass and belts of cedar,

which in time became the Appian Way. And a herd of aurochs, breasting in single file dense shrubby oaks and heather toward a salt-lick, may well have foreshadowed Regent Street; the Place d'Étoile was perhaps first adumbrated by wild boars concentrating on a root-filled marsh. And why should not the Indian trail, which became a Dutch road and our Fifth Avenue, have had its first hint in a moose-track down the heart of a wooded island, leading to some hidden spring?

We left our boats stranded on the Mazaruni River bank and climbed the steep ascent to our new home in the heart of British Guiana. Our outfit was unpacked, and the laboratory and kitchen and bedrooms in the big Kalacoon house were at last more than names.

And now we surveyed our little kingdom. One path led down to our boats, another meandered eastward through the hills. But like the feathered end of the magnetic arrow, we drifted as with one will to the south. Here, at the edge of our cleared compound, we were confronted by a tangle. It was not very high, — twenty feet or so, — but dense and unbroken. Like newly trapped creatures we paced back and forth along it, looking for an opening. It was without a break. We examined it more closely, and saw a multitude of slender, graceful cane-stems hung with festoons of grass-like drapery. One of us seized a wisp of this climbing grass and pulled downward. When he dropped it, his hand dripped blood. He might as well have run a scroll-saw over his fingers. The jungle had shown its teeth.

We laughed and retreated to the upper floor for consultation. The sight we saw there decided us. In the distance, 'not too far,' to use the hopelessly indefinite Guiana vernacular, high over the tumbled lower growths, towered

the real jungle — the high bush. This was the edge of that mighty tropical ocean of foliage, that sea of life with its surface one hundred, two hundred feet above the earth, stretching unbroken to the Andes; leagues of unknown wonderland. And here we were, after thousands of miles of voyaging to study the life of this great jungle, to find our last few yards blocked by a mass of vegetation! There was no dissenting voice. We must cut a trail, and at once, straight to the jungle.

Before we begin our trail, it will be wise to try to understand this twenty-foot tangle, stretching almost a mile back from Kalacoon. Three years before, it was pure jungle. Then man came, with axe and saw and fire, and one by one the great giants were felled, — mora, greenheart, crabwood, — each crashing its way to earth after centuries of upward growth. The underbrush in the dark, high jungle is comparatively scanty. Light-starved and fungus-plagued, the shrubs and saplings are stunted and weak. So, when only the great stumps were left standing, the erstwhile jungle showed as a mere shambles of raw wood and shriveled foliage. After a time fire was applied; and quickly, as in the case of resinous trees, or with long, slow smolderings of half-rotted, hollow giants, the huge boles were consumed.

For a period, utter desolation reigned. Charcoal and gray ash covered everything. No life stirred. Birds had flown, reptiles and insects made their escape or succumbed. Only the saffron-faced vultures swung past, on the watch for some half-charred creature. Almost at once, however, the marvelous vitality of the tropical vegetation asserted itself. Phoenix-like, from the very heart of the ashes, appeared leaves of strange shape and color. Stumps whose tissues seemed wholly turned to charcoal sent forth adventitious shoots,

and splintered boughs blossomed from their wounds. Now was the lowest ebb of the jungle's life, when man, for the success of his commercial aims, should take instant advantage. But plans miscarried, and the ruin wrought was left to Nature.

The destruction of the jungle had been complete, and the searing flames had destroyed all forest seeds. In their place, by some magic, there sprang up at once a maze of weeds, vines, and woody shrubs, reeds, ferns, and grasses, all foreign to the dark jungle, their nearest congeners miles away. Yet here were their seeds and spores, baffling all attempts at tracing their migration or the time they had lain dormant.

When we had begun to penetrate this new-born tangle, we found it possible, by comparing various spots, to follow its growth in past time. The first things to appear in the burned jungle area were grasses or grass-like plants and prostrate vines. These latter climbed over the fallen tree-trunks, and covered the charred stumps with a glory of blossoms — white convolvulus gleaming everywhere, then pale yellow allamandas, and later, orchid-like, violet, butterfly peas, which at first flowered among the ashes, but climbed as soon as they found support. Little by little, a five-finger vine flung whole chains of bloom over stumps, logs, and bushes — a beautiful, blood-red passion flower, whose buds looked like strings of tiny Chinese lanterns.

Soon another type of plant appeared, with hollow and jointed stems, pushing out fans of fingered leaves, swiftly, wasting no time in branching, but content with a single spike piercing up through strata of grass and reeds, through shrubs and bushes, until it won to the open sky. This was the cecropia, or trumpet tree, falsely appearing firm and solid-stemmed, but quite dominant in the neglected tangle.

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II

We started early one morning, with small axes and sharp machetes, and in single file began to cut and hew and tear a narrow trail southward. For some distance we found almost a pure culture of the cecropia trees, through which we made rapid progress which aroused entirely false hopes. It was a joy to crash obliquely through the crisp hollow stems at one blow from our great knives. The second man cut again at the base, and the rest took the severed stems and threw or pushed them to one side, cutting away any smaller growths. We soon learned to be careful in handling the stems, for they were sanctuary for scores of a small stinging ant, whose race had practised preparedness for many generations, and which rushed out when the stem was split by cutlass or axe.

As we went on, we learned that differences in soil, which were not apparent when the great jungle covered everything, had now become of much importance. On high sandy spots the cecropias did not get that flying start which they needed for their vertical straightaway dash. Here a community of hollow reeds or bamboo grass appeared from no one knows where. They had grown and multiplied until their stems fairly touched one another, forming a dense, impenetrable thicket of green, silicious tubes eight to twelve feet in length. These were smooth and hard as glass, and tapered beautifully, making wonderfully light and strong arrows, with which our Akawai Indians shot fish. Slow indeed was our progress through this. The silica dulled and chipped our blades, and the points of the cut stems lamed us at a touch.

But whatever the character of the vegetation, whether a tangle of various thorny nightshades, a grove of cecropias, or a serried phalanx of reeds, the

terrible razor-grass overran all. Gracefully it hung in emerald loops from branch to branch, festooning living foliage and dead stump alike, with masses of slender fronds. It appeared soft and loose-hung, as if one could brush it away with a sweep of the hand. But it was the most punishing of all living things, insidiously cutting to the bone as we grasped it, and binding all this new growth together with bands more efficient than steel.

The age-old jungle is kind to the intruder; its floor is smooth and open, one's footsteps fall upon soft moss, the air is cooled and shadowed by the foliage high overhead. Here, in this mushroom growth of only three years, our progress became slower and ever more difficult. Our hands bled and were cut until we could barely keep them gripped about the cutlass handles; our trail opened up a lane down which poured the seething heat of the sun's direct rays; thorns penetrated our moccasins, and ants dropped down our necks, and bit and stung simultaneously with opposite ends of their anatomy. Five minutes' chopping and hacking was all that the leader could stand, who would then give way to another. Fifty yards of a narrow lane represented our combined efforts the first day.

Direction was a constant source of trouble. Every three or four feet we had to consult a compass, so confusing was the tangle. Sudden gullies blocked us; a barren, half-open, sandy slope cheered us for a few yards. It was Nature's defense, and excelled any barbed-wire entanglement I have ever seen since at the battle-front.

Once I came to a steep concealed gully. The razor-grass had been particularly bad, giving like elastic to blows of the cutlass, and then flying back across my face. I was adrip with perspiration, panting in the heat, when I slid part way down the bank, and,

chopping away a solid mass of huge elephant's ears, uncovered a tree-trunk bridging the swamp. It brought to mind the bridge from Bad to Worse in the terrible Dubious Land. Strange insects fled from the great leaves, lizards whisked past me, hummingbirds whirled close to my face — the very sound seeming to increase the heat. I slipped and fell off the log, splashing into the hot water and warm mud, and sat in it for a while, too fagged to move. Then the rest of the party came up, and we clambered slowly to the top of the next rise, and there caught sight of the jungle's edge; it seemed a trifle nearer, and we went on with renewed courage.

Shortly afterwards two of us were resting in a patch of reeds while the third worked some distance ahead, when there came a sudden low growl and rush. Instinctively we rose on the instant, just in time to see a jaguar swerve off to one side and disappear in a swish of swaying reed-stems. I have never known one of these animals to attack a man, and in this case he had undoubtedly heard but not scented us, and the attack ceased the moment we proved to be other than deer or similar prey. The incident came and passed too swiftly for thought: but now, when we realized that this was a bit of the real wild life of the jungle, our enthusiasm never flagged, and we kept steadily at the heartbreaking work, resting only now and then for our cuts to heal.

Then a government official, who was our guest, took pity on us, and for science' sake, obtained special dispensation. One morning we went out and found in our compound several huge, blue-uniformed policemen, who saluted, and with real black magic produced twenty convicts — negroes and coolies — armed with cutlasses. So began the second phase of what we now named the Convict Trail.

We had already fought our painful

way through a half mile of the terrible maze, and now we heartily welcomed this new aid, whether good-natured murderers and burglars, or, like Sippy, Slorg, and Slith, mere thieves. We watched them strip to their black skins and begin a real assault. On a front of ten to fifteen feet, the tangle fairly dissolved before our eyes, and their great tough palms and soles made little moment of the razor-grass and thorns.

With my friend Hope, an honest forger, I went on far ahead and laid the course for the jungle. In especially dense parts we climbed to the summit of great jungle-stumps and stretched a white sheet to guide the trail-cutters.

Day after day the score of convicts returned with their guards, and at last we saw the path unite with an old game and Indian trail in the cool shade of the jungle, and Kalacoon was in direct contact with the great tropical forest.

I have passed lightly over the really frightful pain and exhaustion which we experienced in the initial part of this work, and which emphasized the tremendous difference between the age-old jungle untouched by man, and the terrible tangle which springs after he has destroyed the primeval vegetation.

After this came our reward, and never a day passed but the trail yielded many wonderful facts. The wilderness creatures soon found this wide swath, and day and night used it, making it an exciting thing to peer around a corner, to see what strange beings were sitting or feeding in our little street.

Before the trail was quite completed, it yielded one of the most exciting hunts of our trip — the noosing of a giant bushmaster, the most deadly serpent of the Tropics. Nupee, my Akawai Indian hunter, two nestling trogons, and Easter eve — these things led to the capture of the Master of the Bush; for nothing in the Tropics is direct, premeditated.

My thoughts were far from poisonous serpents when Nupee came into our Kalacoon laboratory late on a Saturday afternoon. Outdoors he had deposited the coarser game intended for the mess, consisting, to-day, of a small deer, a tinamou or maam, and two agoutis. But now, with his quiet smile, he held out his lesser booty, which he always brought in to me, offering in his slender, effeminate hands his contribution to science. Usually this was a bird of brilliant plumage, or a nestful of maam's eggs, with shells like great spheres of burnished emeralds. These he would carry in a basket so cunningly woven from a single palm-frond, that it shared our interest in its contents. To-day he presented two nestling trogons, and this was against rules. For we desired only to know where such nests were, there to go and study and photograph.

'Nupee, listen! You sabe we no want bird here. Must go and show nest, eh?'

'Me sabe.'

Accompanied by one of us, off he started again, without a murmur. In the slanting rays of the sun he walked lightly down the trail from Kalacoon, as if he had not been hunting since early dawn. An hour passed, and the sun swung still lower, when a panting voice gasped out, —

'Huge labaria, yards long! Big as leg!'

The flight of queen bees and their swarms, the call to arms in a sleeping camp, create somewhat the commotion that the news of the bushmaster aroused with us. For he is really what his name implies. What the elephant is to the African jungles and the buffalo to Malaysia, this serpent is to the Guiana wilderness. He fears nothing, save one thing, hunting ants, before which all the world flees. And this was the first bushmaster of the rainy season.

Nupee had been left to mount guard over the serpent, which had been found

near the trogon tree. Already the light was failing; so we walked rapidly, with gun, snakepole, and canvas bag. Parakeets hurtled bamboowards to roost; doves scurried off, and small rails flew from our path and flopped into the reeds. Our route led from the open compound of Kalacoon, through the freshly cut Convict Trail, toward the edge of the high bush; and we did not slacken speed until we were in the dim light which filtered through the western branches.

At the top of the slope we heard a yell, — a veritable Red Indian yell, — and there our Akawai hunter was dancing excitedly about, shouting to us to come on. 'Snake, he move! Snake, he move!' We arrived, panting, and he tremblingly led me along a fallen tree and pointed to the dead leaves. I well knew the color and pattern of the bushmaster. I had had them brought to me dead, and had killed them myself, and I had seen them in their cage behind glass. But now, though I was thinking bushmaster and looking bushmaster, my eyes insisted on registering dead leaves. Eager as I was to begin operations before darkness closed down, it was a full three minutes before I could honestly say, 'This is leaf; that is snake.'

The pattern and pigment of the cunningly arranged coils were that of the jungle-floor, anywhere; a design of dead leaves, reddish-yellow, pinkish, dark-brown, etched with mould, fungus, and decay, and with all the shadows and high lights which the heaped-up plant tissues throw upon one another. In the centre of this dread plaque, this reptilian mirage, silent and motionless, rested the head. I knew it was triangular and flattened, because I had dissected such heads in times past; but now my senses revealed to me only an irregularity in the contour, a central focus in this jungle-mat the unraveling of which spelt death.

It was a big snake, seven or eight feet long, and heavy-bodied — by no means a one-man job. Again we carefully examined the screw-eyes on the pole, and each looked behind for a possible line of escape.

I quickly formed my method of attack. Nupee was sent to cut forked sticks; but his enthusiasm at having work to do away from the scene of immediate conflict was so sincere, that he vanished altogether and returned with the sticks only when our shouts announced the end of the struggle. An Indian will smilingly undergo any physical hardship, and he will face any creature in the jungle, except the bushmaster.

We approached from three sides, bringing snake-pole, free-noose, and gun to bear. Slowly the noose on the pole pushed nearer and nearer. I had no idea how he would react to the attack — whether he would receive it quietly, or, as I have seen the king cobra in Burma, become enraged and attack in turn.

The cord touched his nose, and he drew back close to some bushy stems. Again it dangled against his head, and his tongue played like lightning. And now he sent forth the warning of his mastership, — a sharp *whirrrrrr!* — and the tip of his tail became a blur, the rough scales rasping and vibrating against the dead leaves, and giving out a sound not less sharp and sinister than the instrumental rattling of his near relatives.

For a moment the head hung motionless, then the noose-man made a lunge and pulled his cord. The great serpent drew back like a flash, and turning, undulated slowly away toward the darker depths of the forest. There was no panic, no fear of pursuit in his movements. He had encountered something quite new to his experience, and the knowledge of his own power made it

easy for him to gauge that of an opponent. He feared neither deer nor tapir, yet at their approach he would sound his warning as a reciprocal precaution, poison against hoofs. And now, when his warning had no effect on this new disturbing thing, he chose dignifiedly to withdraw.

I crept quickly along on one side, and with the gun-barrel slightly deflected his course, so that he was headed toward an open space, free from brush and bush-ropes. Here the pole-man awaited him, the noose spread and swaying a few inches from the leaves. Steadily the snake held to his course, and without consciousness of danger, pushed his head cleanly into the circle of cord. A sudden snap of the line and pandemonium began. The snake lashed and curled and whipped up a whirlpool of débris, while one of us held grimly on to the noose and the rest tried to disentangle the whirling coils and make certain of a tight grip close behind the head, praying for the screw-eyes to hold fast. Even with the scant inch of neck ahead of the noose, the head had such play that I had to pin it down with the gun-barrel before we dared seize it. When our fingers gained their safe hold and pressed, the great mouth opened wide, a gaping expanse of snowy-white tissue, and the inch-long fangs appeared erect, each draped under the folds of its sheath like a rapier beneath a courtier's cloak.

When once the serpent felt himself conquered, he ceased to struggle; and this was fortunate, for in the dim light we stumbled more than once as we sidled and backed through the maze of lianas and over fallen logs.

Nupee now appeared, unashamed and wide-eyed with excitement. He followed and picked up the wreck of battle—gun, hats, and bags, which had been thrown aside or knocked off in the struggle. With locked step, so as not

to wrench the long body, we marched back to Kalacoon. Now and then a great shudder would pass through the hanging loops, and a spasm of muscular stress that tested our strength. It was no easy matter to hold the snake, for the scales on his back were as rough and hard as a file, and a sudden twist fairly took the skin off one's hand.

I cleaned his mouth of all dirt and débris, and then we laid him on the ground, and, without stretching, found that he measured a good eight feet and a half. With no relaxing of care, we slid him into the wired box which would be his home until he was liberated in his roomier quarters in the Zoölogical Park in New York.

III

Close to the very entrance of the Convict Trail, behind Kalacoon, stood four sentinel trees. Every day we passed and repassed them on the way to and from the jungle. For many days we paid very little attention to them, except to be grateful for the shade cast by their dense foliage of glossy leaves. Their trunks were their most striking feature, the bark almost concealed by a maze of beautifully colored lichens, different forms overlapping one another in many places, forming a palimpsest of gray, white, pink, mauve, and lilac. One day a streaked flycatcher chose the tip of a branch for her nest, and this we watched and photographed and robbed for science' sake, and again we thought no more of the four trees.

Late in April, however, there came a change. The leaves had been shed some time in January, and the fallen foliage formed a dry mass on the ground which crackled under foot. Now each branch and twig began to send out clusters of small buds, and one day—a week after Easter—these burst into indescribable glory. Every lichened bough

and branch and twig was lined with a soft mass of bloom, clear, bright *cérise*, which reflected its brilliance on the foliage itself. After two days a rain of stamens began, and soon the ground beneath the trees was solid *cérise*, a carpet of tens of thousands of fallen stamens. This is no exaggeration, for in each blossom there were more than four hundred stamens, and within the length of a foot, on one small branch, were often a score of blooms.

This feast of color was wonderful enough, and it made us want to know more of these trees. But all the information we could glean was that they were called French cashew. Yet they had not nearly finished with the surprises they had in store. A hummingbird or two was not an uncommon sight along the trail at any time; but now we began to notice an increase in numbers. Then it was observed that the tiny birds seemed to focus their flight upon one part of the clearing, and this proved to be the four cashew trees.

The next few days made the trees ever memorable: they were the Mecca of all the hummingbirds in the jungle. In early morning the air for many yards resounded with a dull droning, as of a swarming of giant bees. Standing or sitting beneath, we could detect the units of this host, and then the individuals forced themselves on our notice. Back and forth the hummers swooped and swung, now poising in front of a mass of blossom and probing deeply among the stamens, now dashing off at a tangent, squeaking or chattering their loudest. The magnitude of the total sound made by these feathered atoms was astounding: piercing squeaks, shrill insect-like tones, and now and then a real song, diminutive trills and warbles, as if from a flock of song-birds a very long distance away. Combats and encounters were fre-

quent — some mere sparring bouts, while, when two would go at it in earnest, their humming and squeaks and throb of wings were audible above the general noise.

This being an effect, I looked for the cause. The massed *cérise* bloom gave forth comparatively little perfume; but at the base of each flower, hidden and protected by the twenty-score densely ranked stamens, was a cup of honey; not a nectary, with one or two delicately distilled drops, but a good thimbleful, a veritable stein of liquor. No creature without a long proboscis or bill could penetrate the *chevaux-de-frise* of stamens, and to reach the honey the hummingbirds had to probe to their eyes. They came out with forehead well dusted with pollen, and carried it to the next blossom. The destiny of the flower was now fulfilled, the pot of honey might dry up, the stamens rain to the earth, and the glory of Tyrian rose pass into the dull hues of decay.

Day after day, as we watched this kaleidoscope of vegetable and avian hues, we came to know more intimately the units which formed the mass. There were at least fifteen species, and all had their peculiarities of flight and plumage so marked that they soon became recognizable at sight.

After our eyes had become accustomed to specific differences in these atoms of birds, we began to notice the eccentricities of individuals. This was made easy by the persistence with which certain birds usurped and clung to favorite perches. One tufted midget, clad in resplendent emerald armor, selected a bare twig on a nearby shrub, and from there challenged every hummer that came in sight, whether larger, smaller, or of his own kind. He considered the cashew trees as his own special property, and so far as his side of them went, he made good his claim. I have never seen such a concentration

of virile combative force in so condensed a form.

In some such way as vultures concentrate upon carrion, so news of the cashew sweets had passed through the jungle. Not by any altruistic agency we may be certain, as we watch the selfish, irritable little beings, but by subtle scent, or, as with the vultures, by the jealous watching of each other's actions. I observed closely for one hour, and counted one hundred and forty six hummingbirds coming to the tree. During the day at least one thousand must visit it.

They did not have a monopoly of the cashew manna, for now and then a honey-creeper or flower-pecker flew into the tree and took toll of the sweets. But these were scarcely noticeable. We had almost a pure culture of hummingbirds to watch and vainly to attempt to study, for more elusive creatures do not exist. The Convict Trail revealed no more beautiful sight than this concentration of the smallest, most active, and most gorgeous birds in the world.

Such treats — floral and avian — were all that might be expected of any tree, but the cashews had still more treasures in store. The weeks passed, and we had almost forgotten the flowers and hummingbirds, when a new odor greeted us — the sweet, intense smell of over-ripe fruit. We noticed a scattering of soft yellow cashews fallen here and there, and simultaneously there arrived the hosts of fruit-eating birds. From the most delicate of turquoise honey-creeper to great red and black grosbeaks, they thronged the trees. All day a perfect stream of tanagers — green, azure, and wine-colored — flew in and about the manna. And for a whole week we gloried in this new feast of color, before the last riddled cashew dropped, to be henceforth the prize of great wasps and gauze-winged flies, which guzzled its fermented juice and

helped in the general redistribution of its flesh — back to the elements of the tropic mould, to await the swarms of fingering rootlets, a renewed synthesis — to rise again for a time high in air, again to become part of blossom and bird and insect.

IV

It was along this Convict Trail that I sank the series of pits which trapped unwary walkers of the night; and half-way out, at pit number 5, the army ants waged their wonderful warfare.¹

In fact, it was while watching operations in another sector of this same battle-front, that I found myself all unintentionally in the sleeping chamber of the heliconias.

Tired from a long day's work in the laboratory, I wandered slowly along the Convict Trail, aimlessly, in that wholly relaxed state which always seems to invite small adventures. It is a mental condition wholly desirable, but not to be achieved consciously. One cannot say, 'Lo, I will now be relaxed, receptive.' It must come subconsciously, unnoticed, induced by a certain wearied content of body or mind; and then many secret doors stand ajar, any one of which may be opened and passed if the gods approve. My stroll was marked at first, however, by only one quaint happening. For several weeks the jolly little trail lizards had been carrying on most enthusiastic courtships, marked with much bowing and posing and a terrific amount of scrambling about. The previous day — that of the first rains — numbers of lizardlets appeared, and at the same time the brown tree-lizards initiated their season of love-making. I had often watched them battle with one another — combats wholly futile so far as any damage was concerned. But the

¹ See the *Atlantic* for April, 1917.

vanquished invariably gave up to his conquerer the last thing he had swallowed, the victor receiving it in a gluttonous rather than a gracious spirit, but allowing his captive to escape.

I surprised one of these dark brown chaps in the trail, and seized him well up toward the head, to preserve his tail intact. Hardly had I lifted him from the ground, when he turned his head, considered me calmly with his bright little eyes, and forthwith solemnly spat out a still living ant in my direction. The inquiring look he then gave me was exceedingly embarrassing. Who was I, not to be bound in chivalry by the quaint customs of his race!

With dignity and certainty of acceptance he had surrendered; calmly and without doubt he had proffered his little substitute of sword. It was, I felt, infinitely preferable to any guttural and cowardly 'Kamerad!' Feeling rather shamefaced, I accepted the weakly struggling ant, gently lowered the small saurian to the ground, and opened my fingers. He went as he had surrendered, with steadiness and without terror. From the summit of a fallen log he turned and watched me walk slowly out of sight, and I at least felt the better for the encounter.

Of all tropical butterflies heliconias seem the most casual and irresponsible. The background of the wings of many is jet-black, and on this sable canvas are splashed the boldest of yellow streaks and the most conspicuous of scarlet spots. Unquestionably protected by nauseous body-fluids, they flaunt their glaring colors in measured, impudent flight, weaving their way slowly through the jungle, in the face of lizard and bird. Warningly colored they assuredly are. One cannot think of them except as flitting aimlessly on their way, usually threading the densest part of the undergrowth. No butterflies are more conspicuous or easier to capture.

They must feed, they must pay court and mate, and they must stop long enough in their aimless wanderings to deposit their eggs on particular plants, by an instinct which we have never fathomed. But these are consummations hidden from the casual observer.

Now, however, I am prepared for any unexpected meaningful trait, for I have surprised them in a habit which presupposes memory, sociability, and caution, manifested at least subconsciously.

The late afternoon had worn on, and after leaving my lizard, I had squatted at the edge of a small glade. This glade was my private property, and the way by which one reached it from the nearby Convict Trail was a pressure trail, not a cut one. One pushed one's way through the reeds, which flew back into place and revealed nothing. Lifting my strained eyes from the tragedies of a hastening column of army ants, I saw that an unusual number of heliconias was flitting about the glade — both species, the Reds and the Yellows. All were fluttering slowly about, and as I watched, one by one they alighted on the very tips of bare twigs, upside down with closed wings. In this position they were almost invisible, even a side-view showing only the subdued underwing pigments, which blended with the pastel colors of twilight in the glade, reflected from variegated leaves and from the opening blossoms of the scarlet passion-vine. Perhaps the most significant fact of this sleeping posture was the very evident protection it afforded to butterflies, which in motion during their waking hours are undoubtedly warningly colored and advertised to the world as inedible. Hanging perpendicularly beneath the twig, although they were almost in the open, with little or no foliage overhead, they presented no surface to the rain of the night, and all faced northeast — the

certain direction of both rain and wind.

The first one or two roosting butterflies I thought must be due to accidental association; but I soon saw my error. I counted twelve of the Red-spots and eight Yellows on two small bushes, and a few minutes' search revealed forty-three more. All were swung invariably from the tips of bare twigs, and there was very evident segregation of the two kinds, one on each side of the glade.

When I disturbed them, they flew up in a colorful flurry, flapped about for a minute or less, and returned, each to its particular perch. After two or three gentle waves of the wings and a momentary shifting of feet, they settled again to perfect rest. This persistent choice of position was invariably the case, as I observed in a number of butterflies which had recognizable tears in their wings. No matter how often they were disturbed, they never made a mistake in the number of their cabin. A certain section of a particular twig on a definite branch was the resting place of some one heliconia, and he always claimed it.

Several were bright and fresh, newly emerged, but the remainder were somewhat faded and chipped at the edges. The delicate little beings slept soundly. I waited until dusk began finally to settle down, and crept gently toward a Red-spot. I brought my face close and aroused no sign of life. Then I reached up and slowly detached the butterfly from its resting-place. It moved its feet slightly, but soon became quiet. Then, as gently, I replaced it, and at the touch of the twig, its feet took new hold. When I released its wings, it did not fly but sank back into the same position as before.

I wondered if I was the first scientist to pluck a sleeping butterfly from a jungle-tree and replace it unawakened. At the time I was more impressed by

the romantic beauty of it all than by its psychological significance. I wondered if heliconias ever dreamed. I compared the peacefulness of this little company with the fierce ants which even now were just disappearing from view. These were my thoughts, rather than later meditations on whether this might not be a sort of atavistic social instinct, faintly reminiscent of the gregariousness of their caterpillar youth.

From any point of view I shall think better of all butterflies for this discovery: their desire for company, the instinctive wisdom of place and posture, the gentleness and silence of the little foregathering in the jungle. As I walked back along the trail, several late-comers passed me, vibrating softly through the twilight, headed for their glade of dreams.

Subsequent visits to this glade emphasized the strength of association of this little fraternity, by realization of its temporal brevity. Three weeks after I first discovered the glade, I returned in late afternoon, and waited silently. For a time I feared that the mariposal fellowship was a thing of the past. But a few minutes before five, the first Red-spot fluttered by, in and out among the twigs and leaves, as one slips an aeroplane through openings in drifting clouds. One by one, from all directions, the rest followed, until I counted twelve, twenty, thirty-four. Many of the twigs were now vacant, and most of the heliconias were tattered and forlorn, just able to keep at their fluttering level. There was something infinitely pathetic in this little company, which in less than a month had become so out-at-elbow, so aged, with death close ahead, yet with all their remaining strength making their way from north and from south, from dense and from open jungle, to keep tryst for this silent, somnolent communion.

I rose quietly and passed carefully

from the glade, disturbing none of the paper-thin silhouettes, so like the foliage in outward seeming, yet so individual, each perhaps with dim dreams of flowers and little meetings and wind-tossings; certainly with small adventures awaiting their awakening on the morrow, and a very certain kismet such a short way ahead.

Two weeks after this, only three butterflies came to the glade, one newly painted, freshly emerged, the other two old and tattered and very weary.

I loitered on my homeward way, and before I reached Kalacoon found myself in the Convict Trail in full moonlight. At one turn of the path a peculiar tinkling reached my ear. It was a veritable silver wire of sound—so high, so tenuous that one had to think as well as listen, to keep it in audible focus. I pushed through a growth of cecropias, and at once lost the sound, never to hear it again, but in its place

there appeared a very wonderful thing — a good-sized tree standing alone and exposed, bathed in full moonlight, and yet gleaming as brightly as if silhouetted against complete darkness, by the greenish light of numberless fireflies. After the first marvel of the sudden sight, I approached and pulled down a branch, and counted twenty-six glowing insects, as close together as the blossoms on a Japanese cherry-stem. There were hundreds upon hundreds, all clustered together in candelabra'd glory, hidden from the view of all the world, at the farther side of this dense thicket. As I left, I remembered with gratitude the silver wire of sound which had guided me, and in a far corner of my mind I stored a new memory — one which I could draw upon at need in times of pain, or intolerance, or perhaps in some lull of battle; the thought of a tree all aglow with living flames, in the moonlight of the Convict Trail.

THE OFFERING

BY OLIVE CECILIA JACKS

How have we fallen from our high estate,

O Lord! plunged down from heaven! *

In wanton pride, in lust for empires great,

For riches have we striven.

Are these not dust and ashes in thy sight,

Swept by thy wind and lost?

Have we not sinned against the Spirit's might,

Blasphemed the Holy Ghost?

What dost thou ask from all the sons of men?

Atonement for this wrong?

Behold, we lay upon thine altar, then,

A host twelve million strong:

Twelve million dead; they stand before thy face,

An offering for sin;

Their cry goes forth unto the bounds of space;

They crowd thy courts within.

Our dead are they, — friend, foe alike, — our dead;

On sodden battlefield

They laid them down; for us their blood was shed;

By their stripes were we healed:

For our transgressions were they smitten sore;

Slaughtered with shot and shell;

For us the chastisement of peace they bore,

Descending into hell.

Not theirs alone the atoning sacrifice:

Wives, mothers, at the call,

In unity of sorrow paid the price,

Gave of their best, their all:

One was the heartache, one the darkened home;

And one the company

Of living dead, who wait to see God come:

A mighty company.

WHAT AND HOW MUCH SHOULD WE EAT?

BY THOMAS B. OSBORNE

I

UNDER normal conditions of supply and normal conditions of health, little attention is given by the great mass of mankind to the question what or how much should be eaten. They simply eat what they want and as much as they want, and then stop and go about other business. They know nothing of the dietary elements which the nutrition expert tells them are so essential for their well-being, and even for their very existence.

How can they long survive in such ignorance? Why does the community allow them to endanger, not only their own lives, but those of posterity? The only possible answer is that they are endowed with instincts which guide them so well, that under normal conditions of life they escape the many dangers that until recently they were unconscious of.

In view of the successful part played by instinct in dealing with the problems of nutrition, — which modern science is beginning to show are among the most complex that the human mind has ever yet undertaken to investigate, — perhaps it might be well to pay a little more respect to instinct than has lately been the fashion, and at the same time see if by observation some useful hint may be obtained which will help in interpreting the results of investigations in the laboratory.

Even the pig knows how to protect himself against dangers arising from indiscretions in eating, not only as to quantity, but as to the proportion of

the various food-constituents. This is shown by Evvard's experiments. He allowed pigs to feed themselves *ad libitum* with corn, meat-meal, oil-meal, salts, and the like, from separate hoppers. During early growth, when new tissues were being made rapidly, these pigs ate much larger proportions of protein than when growth became slower. Later, when smaller amounts of corn were eaten, the protein deficiency thus caused was met by an increase in the amount of meat-meal eaten. Under these conditions of free-choice feeding the pigs grew faster than any previously recorded which had been fed on mixtures made for them by the combined talent of agricultural experts, trained both in the science of nutrition and in the practice of the art of feeding.

Similar experiments made in my laboratory with albino rats gave much the same results. These animals were given their choice between two food-mixtures, one adequate for growth, the other inadequate, owing to the deficiency, or absence, of some one factor essential for growth. Although these foods were alike in physical properties, and so nearly alike in their constituents that it was difficult to believe that the rats could distinguish between them by any of their senses, nevertheless, all but one of the several rats so chose their food as to make practically normal growth. How they did this is one of the wonders of nature.

Considered solely from the standpoint of a supply of energy, — that is, of fuel for the maintenance of the body

as a running machine, — the food-problem has long been the subject of very carefully and accurately controlled experiments. These have shown that, for the expenditure of a given amount of energy in the performance of physical work, a corresponding amount of potential energy in the form of food is required. In other words, the law of conservation of energy applies to the animal machine as strictly as it does to the machine in the factory.

The practical conclusion to be drawn from this is that the animal body must be supplied with enough energy, not only to keep it running, but to perform the work done by it. Recently we had an illustration of what happens to the machinery of our industries when the supply of energy in the form of coal runs short; and we may soon have an illustration of what will happen to the labor employed in these industries if the supply of energy in the form of food suffers similarly.

Let us first consider the question how much energy is really needed; or, to put it the other way, how little food can we get along on and still do the work necessary for the successful conduct of the war. As already stated, the relation of food eaten to the energy expended has been very carefully established by exact experiments which, under the conditions studied, are beyond criticism. How can these studies be applied to the needs of daily life? It is obviously impossible to determine the energy expended by a blacksmith working on a battleship, or an engineer running a locomotive, or a horse ploughing a field. None of these can be put to work in a calorimeter and the heat value of their work measured, nor can any imitation of such working conditions be reproduced whereby even an approximate estimate might be made. Nevertheless, authorities on nutrition furnish us with tables showing how

much energy must be supplied in the form of food for those who are engaged in a very wide variety of occupations, and these tables are largely used in determining suitable rations under different conditions.

It may fairly be asked, if it is impossible to measure the energy expended, how have such tables been made? They have been made by carefully studying the amount of food actually eaten by large numbers of people engaged in all sorts of occupations, and determining the calorific value of these foods. The energy expended in the various occupations was not measured directly by scientific methods, but indirectly, on the assumption that it is the habit of people, as well as of animals, to eat according to their calorific requirements. If men and animals were not endowed with instincts that enable them to adjust their food-intake to the energy expended in maintaining their bodies, as well as in doing their work, they would be constantly suffering from the ills of over-eating or of under-nutrition.

That nature provides protection against many misfortunes which may befall an individual in the course of life, has been pointed out most interestingly by Dr. Meltzer in a paper on 'The Factors of Safety in Animal Structure and Animal Economy.' From the numerous examples set forth by Meltzer it seems probable that the ills following over- or under-eating are, in some way, also provided against. It has long been recognized that under-feeding is temporarily guarded against by a conversion of sugar into a substance similar to starch, — glycogen, — and storage of this in the liver and muscles. The potential energy thus husbanded is readily drawn on or replenished according to the minor fluctuations in demands for more, or for less, energy, which may be made necessary by the daily variations in physical activity, or the daily

changes in external temperature. Larger demands, extending over longer times, are met by the reserve of fat and muscle-tissue, which in every normally nourished individual is sufficient to supply enough energy for a not inconsiderable time.

Are these the only means of dealing with inequalities in energy output, or food-supply? It is conceivable that, in addition, the speed at which chemical changes go on within the body may vary, to adjust consumption to requirements. Allen and DuBois state that the profound effect of confinement and under-nourishment on heat-production has never received the attention it deserves. If reducing the body weight, by lowering the food-intake below the amount which instinct prompts, reduces the rate of metabolism, — that is the sum of the chemical changes which are taking place within the body, — we should expect the converse to be true, and to find that increasing the food-intake above the amount that can be met by storing glycogen and fat is further met by an increase in the rate of metabolism. If it should turn out that a change in the rate of metabolism thus provides a hitherto unrecognized factor of safety, the whole question of over-eating will have to be considered from a new angle.

It has been generally held that over-eating, except within narrow bounds, is impossible, for the subject will either grow fat, which of course has its limits, or will feel badly and cease to eat in excess until a normal condition is reestablished, or will dispose of the surplus food by exercise. According to this view, those who cannot live in comfort without a game of golf or some other agreeable form of activity are habitually over-eating, in so far as fuel needs are concerned. There are other factors, however, involved in the exercise problem, which we will consider later.

If surplus food above that needed for the daily tasks of life can be disposed of by an increased rate of metabolism, we ought to know more about it than we now do if we are to deal with the problem of the most efficient use of our food-supply. Can any important amount of food be wasted in this way? A certain rate of metabolism is required to support the body functions and temperature, and a corresponding quantity of food is necessary to continue that metabolism, if body tissues are to be maintained. If more than this amount of food is eaten, it is wasted, if it serves no other purpose than to produce useless heat which must be gotten rid of in some way.

In my own case it has seemed that an unaccustomed plethora of food has been followed by a continued sensation of heat, and efforts to dispose of this extra heat by reducing my clothing below that habitually worn. If subjective sensations of this kind are to be trusted, it would seem that under such conditions surplus heat is being eliminated by radiation in consequence of dilation of the capillary blood-vessels. This agency is provided to rid us of the excess of heat incident to physical work; and it would seem not improbable that it might be called on to dispose of surplus heat produced by increased metabolism caused by an excess of food.

The extra heat eliminated after eating protein, which Lusk properly regards as a result of stimulated metabolism, is an example of wasted energy of the same kind that may result from a plethora of other kinds of food. Another example is the increased rate of metabolism caused by caffeine, which may explain the extensive use of coffee and tea. So long as carbohydrates or fats are assimilated only in amounts in excess of the maintenance and energy requirements which can be met by storage in the form of glycogen or fat,

no evolution of heat can be expected; but when the amount is greater than can be thus cared for, the plethora must be burned, if bodily health is to be maintained.

To what extent a surplus of food can be disposed of by such an increase in the rate of metabolism, or whether such a stimulation of the metabolism can be frequently endured without sensations of discomfort, are questions which have been so little studied that definite answers cannot be given to them. My own observations have led me to suspect that there may be a wider difference in the capacities of individuals thus to meet the dangers involved in occasional over-eating than has heretofore been supposed. Possibly those who are said to have 'good digestions' are those whose metabolism is easily stimulated, so that they are able to oxidize promptly whatever surplus food they may happen to eat. If such should prove to be the case, the ills commonly attributed to indigestion may in many cases not be due to a failure to digest food, but may, on the contrary, be the result of assimilating food which has been already digested in greater quantity than the body-cells are capable of oxidizing promptly.

Waste of food, if in fact there is any, from this source is doubtless small, and quite likely is fully compensated for, because a large proportion of the 'good feeders' are among the most efficient in every community. While many seem to think that high thinking and plain living are essential to good living, it does not by any means follow that a high plane of metabolism does not imply a high plane of both mental and bodily efficiency. Certainly, among cold-blooded animals the increased rate of metabolism which results from raising the temperature of their environment leads to marked evidences of increase in physical efficiency.

II

Leaving this question for future investigations to settle, let us consider whether we have at present any better means of determining how much food — how much energy — is needed under given conditions than our present one founded on observations of what people actually eat when guided solely by their instincts?

It is very generally assumed that those who are in a position to do so eat too much, probably because all of us are tempted to eat when confronted with an abundance of attractive food. Although many do yield to this temptation, few fail to eat less at subsequent meals, and soon reduce their consumption, even if enticing food is continually put before them. A millionaire could not possibly eat as much in a week as a coal-heaver, unless he engaged in exercise more severe than would be agreeable. How much more than is necessary can be eaten without discomfort? Does over-eating cause a waste of food sufficient to justify the efforts necessary to control it? Can a man over-eat habitually, without either growing very fat, or becoming a dyspeptic? Does not this evil usually cure itself? Here are questions which are difficult to answer positively. Plenty of people will answer them with assurance; but have they good reason for their answers?

It is difficult to fatten animals beyond a certain limited degree, and even then it takes a long time. If too much tempting food is supplied, they 'go off their feed.' Even pigs, as has already been stated, can successfully feed themselves from hoppers with concentrated foods. They apparently do not eat too much. Occasionally cattle or horses which by chance get access to the feed-bin will eat so much that they die; but such cases are probably nutritional accidents, where fermentations cause

decomposition of the food before it can be digested. During parts of the year almost all animals in a state of nature have the opportunity to eat too much, but we have no reason to believe that they do so. In a long experience, gained by feeding many hundreds of albino rats whose food-intake was limited only by their instincts, I have never suspected that any one of them ate too much. Successful stockmen make their animals eat all they will, in order to obtain maximum production and profit.

Excess of food results in accumulations of fat, but these form comparatively slowly. Chickens or Strasburg geese are fattened more rapidly by force-feeding than in the natural way, because thus they can be made to consume more food than their instincts will permit. Pigs can easily be made very fat; but these animals have been bred for generations with the purpose of developing a breed having a capacity for accumulating fat beyond the normal. Taking the country over, fat men are not very numerous, and most fat women have spent years in becoming so. There is probably far less over-eating, as measured by accumulations of fat above the normal, than is popularly supposed; but that there is some is evidenced by the not inconsiderable number of fat people, especially women, seen in our large cities.

Since the records of what people on the average actually do eat when left entirely to their instincts have been demonstrated to be on the average very nearly what they should eat for the proper maintenance of their bodies, it appears that in general there is not much, if any, over-eating. Such as may occur can be controlled by the scales; for if one is not obviously fat or gaining weight, he is presumably not over-eating. There is evidently little food saving to be expected from efforts directed to suppressing over-eating.

If the food-supply is to be conserved by reducing the amount of food below that now eaten under the direction of instinct, what will be the result? The first effect will obviously be a loss of weight and consequently a reduction in the amount of food needed to move the body, as in walking, getting out of bed, or rising from a chair—a very small fraction of the total needed for maintaining the bodily machine and performing the tasks of daily life. It will not reduce materially the amount of food needed to do the work of daily life; for, as Anderson and Lusk have recently shown, the energy requirement for work done is exactly the same whether the animal is well fed or starved. All that is saved by reducing weight is merely the fuel needed to do the mechanical work involved in moving the smaller load imposed by body weight. Experiments to show the reduction of energy resulting from reduction in weight have been made chiefly on men or animals whose work consisted in lifting the body, as in walking, or hill-climbing. Under such conditions a diminution of energy expenditure is involved which is almost proportional to the reduction in body weight. Under the conditions of activity of the great mass of our population, no corresponding saving can be expected, for few are engaged in occupations where lifting the body comprises more than a very small part of the mechanical work which they do.

Loss of weight involves loss of the factor of safety which nature provides in the form of fat; for even those who are not commonly regarded as 'fat' have a very considerable amount of fat in the various tissues of their bodies. It may also involve a loss of substance from the muscle-tissues, if the reduction in weight is carried far, or if the subject was at the outset supplied with fat below the normal. Just what effect

it has on the easily mobilized supply of glycogen which is needed to maintain uniformity in daily metabolism, I do not know. It would seem as if this too might be reduced to a minimum inconsistent with efficiency. There is no doubt that a certain amount of reduction in weight can be endured by the vigorous for a considerable time, but not without serious loss in efficiency, if long continued. In every community there are many men below the normal weight, and these are always looked upon with suspicion by insurance companies and enlistment officers, even though no pathological cause can be found for their underweight.

Restriction of the food-intake means the loss of a factor of safety other than that furnished by body fat — one that is in the food itself. Food furnishes more than fuel for the body: it supplies, in addition, the materials needed to renew the wear and tear incident to life, and also those mysterious substances called vitamins, the absence of which in a food renders it incapable of supporting life. No one knows what vitamins really are, for as yet they have not been isolated. Their presence is revealed only by the effect they produce upon nutrition. They are not uniformly distributed in the various parts of the plants and animals we use as foods; and in rejecting a part of an animal, or by over-refinement in milling, we may throw away these indispensable substances. The germs of wheat, rice, and other seeds, the liver and kidney of animals, — all of which are composed of highly active cells, — and the cells of yeast, contain a far larger proportion of vitamins than do the endosperm or berry of wheat and rice, or the muscle-tissue of the animal. Addition of a very small quantity of the germ of the wheat-kernel to a vitamin-free but otherwise adequate mixture of nutrients, renders it capable of sustaining life; whereas a

very large addition of white flour scarcely suffices.

Whenever the food-intake is cut down, the supply of vitamins is reduced, with how serious an effect no one as yet knows. That the need for vitamins is quantitative has been demonstrated within the last few months. The weight and health of animals fed on a diet free from vitamins, but otherwise fully adequate, can be maintained so long as they are supplied each day with a small but definite amount of yeast or wheat-germ or some other substance rich in vitamins. If the daily dosage is gradually reduced, a point is reached at which body weight begins to fall and the health of the animal is impaired. Further reductions in the amount of vitamins are followed more rapidly by these evidences of malnutrition. Body weight and health can be restored at once by increasing the daily supply. While in general, for the animals of a given species, the necessary amount of vitamin-containing material is nearly the same, there are individuals who require a larger or a smaller quantity. Vitamins seem to act as if they were stimulants to the metabolism, and individuals seem sensitive to this stimulus in different degrees. Do not vitamins play a part worthy of consideration in connection with restricted food-supplies?

An apparent example of the mysterious way in which instinct guides human beings to secure a supply of vitamins is shown by those tribes of Eskimos who eat the contents of reindeer stomachs as a delicacy. Doubtless the lack of this necessary element in the Eskimo dietary, which is largely made up of meat and fat, is the reason why the vegetable tissues gathered in their roamings by reindeer, and collected in their stomachs in an easily obtainable form, are regarded by the Eskimos as tidbits.

It is not at all improbable that many delicate people of sedentary habits, who eat but little, suffer chiefly from a deficient supply of vitamins, enough of which in the diet appears to impart physical vigor. Here we may have a clue to the reason for the benefit which exercise seems to confer upon people who otherwise lead physically inactive lives. The more these exercise, the more they eat; hence, the more vitamins they get, the better they feel. Those who never take exercise, but are always well, are perhaps persons so constituted that they react readily to a relatively small proportion of these life-giving substances.

III

How much protein should be included in the daily diet, is a question which has been the subject of contention among physiologists and nutrition experts for a long time, and as yet no agreement appears to be in sight. That those who can afford to buy the expensive foods which supply this element customarily eat more protein than they actually need to maintain their bodies in seemingly good condition, has been demonstrated by the well-known experiments of Chittenden, who showed that men can live for several months without apparent detriment on diets containing about one-half the amount of protein usually eaten. That similar low-protein diets can be used continuously, is shown by the fact that many eastern races habitually live on such.

The low-protein diets of the masses in Japan are unquestionably the result of necessity, for the more prosperous classes in that country provide themselves with foods very similar to those common in America. This change in habits is more likely to be the result of instinct than of a desire to imitate Europeans. It is a matter of common

experience that dietary habits which satisfy the promptings of instinct are among the most difficult to change; whereas those which do not satisfy instinct are very easily changed. That more protein should instinctively be eaten than is absolutely necessary, is in accord with the plan of nature of averting danger by providing a factor of safety. Too little protein leads to inevitable disaster, too much (within reasonable limits) can be disposed of without apparent harm.

Physical well-being can be maintained within very wide limits of protein-intake. Just where the minimum, and where the maximum lies, is not certain, but that these limits are avoided by normal persons is certain. I have known a number of individuals who lived with enthusiasm for quite a time on low-protein diets, and who thought that their health was thus improved. All but one of these are now eating the normal amount.

There is no denying the fact that mankind in general instinctively eats more protein than the physiologist tells us is needed for actual maintenance. Why should this be so? One reason has been discovered since the experiments were made on which this dictum was founded, and this is, that all proteins do not have the same nutritive value. A quantity which fully suffices for all the bodily needs when one kind of protein is eaten, may be insufficient if another is eaten in its stead. To guard against this danger, we all instinctively eat a variety of foods, hence a variety of proteins; and it is curious how the selection thus made agrees with what our new knowledge shows to be desirable. Experiments have demonstrated that combinations of the cereal proteins with those of milk, meat, or eggs are much more efficient for promoting the growth of young animals, and for renewing the tissues of adults, than are

the cereal proteins alone; and these are the very combinations which mankind eats whenever opportunity makes it possible.

Protein is decomposed in the process of digestion into fragments called amino-acids. Nearly all proteins yield in varying proportion eighteen different amino-acids. In some proteins one or more of these may be absent. When new protein is required by the body, for the growth of the young or for the replacement of broken-down tissue in the adult, amino-acids derived from food are recombined into the protein of the new tissue. As the proteins of our food do not contain the same proportion or amount of the different amino-acids needed to construct the new-tissue proteins, there easily may be available too much or too little of any one of them. If any one amino-acid is furnished in too small quantity, then growth or repair will be retarded. The greater the quantity of protein eaten, and the greater the variety, the less danger there is of running short of the necessary quantity of any one essential amino-acid. Whatever surplus may remain is easily disposed of; so that the danger lies on the side of too little protein rather than too much. We must avoid too near an approach to the protein minimum in our diet until we know more about the chemistry of proteins and their true value in nutrition. Our instinct assures us of a margin of safety which is doubtless wider than is necessary, but how much wider, no one knows.

It is not at all improbable that another feature is involved in the question of the protein minimum, for it may well be that the greater efficiency of the meat-eating nations, which has often been used as an argument against a low-protein regimen, may be thus explained. It has long been known that an increase in the amount of protein

consumed above that needed to protect the body-tissues from loss of nitrogen is accompanied by an increase in the amount of heat given off by the animal. This occurs only when the protein eaten is greater in quantity than can readily be stored in the body-cells. A similar increase in heat-output does not take place when carbohydrates or fats are eaten in quantities above those needed for maintenance. Rubner considered this extra production of heat to be peculiar to proteins, and called it their 'specific dynamic action.' He assumed that the activities of the body-cells as a whole were constant, and consequently required a constant supply of energy from the food to maintain their normal functions; and that any quantity of protein above what was needed for these normal functions was simply burned up with evolution of heat, but with no effect on the cellular metabolism.

Amino-acids resulting from the digestion of protein cause an extra evolution of heat when fed to animals. This has been interpreted by Lusk as due to a stimulation of metabolism, for the heat developed is greater than could be caused by combustion of the amino-acids supplied.

If protein stimulates metabolism, its effect on the well-being of an organism, especially of one so highly developed and sensitive as man, may well be very considerable. Under the influence of this stimulus the output of work, both physical and mental, may easily be increased. Certainly, the known relative efficiency of the meat-eating nations compared with the seed-eating nations of the Orient is not inconsistent with such a possibility. The efficiency frequently shown by men on experimental low-protein diets, which might be cited as evidence against this view, has often been attributed to psychological causes; for the enthusiasm of converts to new

cults often leads them to most remarkable accomplishments.

Whatever the truth may be, the instinct of the great majority leads them away from a low-protein diet; and, in view of the many wonderful ways in which instinct saves us from nutritional disasters of other kinds, attention certainly ought to be given to the amount of protein which man instinctively eats when not restricted by available supplies, or by poverty.

IV

Reviewing our recently gained knowledge from the standpoint of one seeking information by which to regulate his own dietary habits, we find that the chemical requirements of nutrition can be met only by the use of a variety of food-products, and that instinct, which impels man to crave this variety, saves him under normal conditions from the dangers involved in a too-restricted choice.

Those of us who habitually eat an unduly large or unduly small proportion of any particular kind of food will do well to alter our habits in this respect, and conform more nearly to the practice of the average American, whose daily ration consists of about three and a half ounces of sugar, four and a half ounces of fat, eight and a half ounces of flour, and three and a half ounces of protein.

The widely different sources that may be drawn on for the protein in this ration permit the needed variety. Protein is furnished by milk, eggs, meat (including poultry and all kinds of seafood), and, to a limited extent, by vegetables and fruits. Protein from these different sources does not have equal value in nutrition, but instinct leads the normal man to eat the very combinations which science proves to be the best. Young rats in my laboratory

grew very slowly when wheat-flour furnished all the protein of their diet; but when meat, milk, or eggs supplied one third and flour two thirds of the protein, they grew rapidly. Bread and milk, bread and meat (sandwiches), and eggs on toast are combinations evolved by human instinct long before science discovered a chemical explanation of their efficiency. Man's natural desire for a varied diet thus takes account of even the fine points of the chemistry of the proteins.

Lusk has recently published a long list of foods, natural and manufactured, with their retail prices, calculated on the basis of the amount of fuel they furnish to the body for the performance of its daily work. It is curious to see how uniform these prices are for the foods which are eaten chiefly for their fuel-value. A higher, but fairly uniform, price is paid when protein is the chief factor furnished by the food. Far more costly than either of these are the vegetables and fruits which furnish very little that formerly was considered essential for nutrition. This is an impressive demonstration of the accuracy of man's instinctive judgment as to the relative values of the food-products he buys; and when we see how he has learned through instinct to combine the things he eats, and realize the underlying necessity that prompts his apparent extravagance, we cannot fail to be impressed by the very high price that he is willing to pay for vegetables and fruit.

Flour and meat contain relatively little, and sugar and fat contain none, of the vitamins which must be in every ration in sufficient amount, if life is to be sustained. The amount of vitamins contained in milk and eggs is too small to render it probable that they alone will supply enough when consumed in the amounts ordinarily eaten. That man does live and, in general,

flourish on the kind of food he instinctively eats, demonstrates beyond question that the supply of vitamins in his usual diet is sufficient for his needs. The only conclusion to be drawn from this is that vegetables or fruits, probably both, supply this most important food-factor, and that for this vital need man is ready to pay a good round price.

At the present moment science can add very little definite information on this most important aspect of our food-problem. Until investigations now in progress are completed, we can give only general advice. In the meantime, I believe that instinct is a safe guide, that it is prompting us to eat the kinds of food we should.

In general, we eat very nearly the amount of food that we really need. He who does hard physical work needs to eat more than does the sedentary brain-worker whose labor involves no expenditure of energy that must be supplied by extra food; and so he who works with his brain instinctively eats less than he who works with his muscles. The old belief that different foods were of widely different digestibility has yielded place to the knowledge that what was formerly called indigestion really arises from a failure to completely assimilate the full amount that has been digested. Some foods — sugar, for instance — are so concentrated and so readily digested that it is easy to overload our metabolic processes with the products of their digestion. The muscle-worker can more easily oxidize and dispose of a surplus of food than can the brain-worker. Both need, how-

ever, the same kind of food in differing proportions. The sedentary man needs proportionately less sugar, fat, and cereal products than does the muscle-worker.

We are now confronted by restricted supplies, and nearly all of us have been compelled to modify our dietary habits so that we are no longer protected by instinct. While the war lasts, we shall have to adjust our habits to conditions more and more. Already, what and how much we shall eat has become a very practical problem.

Science can help much in meeting this emergency; but, like every other agent which is being employed to win the war, it has its limitations. Unless dietitians fully realize the limits imposed by our present imperfect knowledge, and heed the lessons to be learned from instinct, we shall encounter, not only nutritional difficulties, but serious social discontent.

Fortunately the United States has a Food Administrator, surrounded by a body of expert advisers who are not only alive to all that science can do to aid them in dealing with their serious problems, but are also awake to the necessity of carefully considering the part played by instinct in the food-habits of the individual. Hard times are ahead of us, but we may be sure that such advice as the Food Administrator gives will be the best that any nation has had. No one will suffer in health or efficiency by following his directions. During the war, we must trust him. After the war, we must learn more about this important subject.

REMINISCENCES OF LAFCADIO HEARN

BY SETSUKO KOIZUMI (MRS. HEARN)¹

I

HEARN came to Japan in the spring of the twenty-third year of Meiji (1891). He immediately discontinued his business relations with the publishing-house of Harper & Brothers. That is why he had great difficulty in earning a living after coming far away to a foreign land. He accepted a position in a school in Izumo, because Izumo was the oldest province, where many shadows of great historic events would remain. He did not mind the isolation or the inconveniences, and, as he was a bachelor, he did not care much about the salary. So he went there.

Passing through a succession of villages, the traveler suddenly comes to Matsué, which is a very clean city, and one that surprises and astonishes the visitor. By crossing the large bridge, it is possible to obtain, toward the east, a distant view of Mt. Oyama in Hoki province, called Izumo Fuji by the natives because its shape resembles the other Fuji. The Ohashi River slowly flows in that direction. On the western horizon, sky and lake meet and mingle; square white sails appear to hover above the tranquil waters. Near the shore is an islet bearing five or six pine trees, and on it is a shrine to the goddess Benten. It seemed to me that this was Hearn's favorite view.

When he first came to Matsué, he stopped for a while in a hotel in Zaimo-kucho, but soon hurried away to an-

other place. There might have been other reasons, but the main cause of his departure was a little girl who suffered from a disease of the eyes. He thought of her with sorrow, and begged the little one's relatives to let her go to be treated at the hospital; but the landlord only said, 'Yes, yes,' and postponed doing so indefinitely. Hearn was angered, and left the hotel with the words, 'Strange and unsympathetic man, who is without a parent's heart!' Then he moved to another place, and hired a *hanarézashiki* (detached dwelling in a garden). 'However,' said Hearn, 'the girl is not in the least to blame, only I am sorry for her.' So he had the doctor treat her and cure her.

He himself had weak eyes, and he always paid a great deal of attention to them. When his first son was born, he made a wish with great anxiety, saying, 'Come into this world with good eyes!' He had always a deep sympathy for those with poor eyes. At home, when Hearn saw *shosei-san* (young students given homes in private families) reading a newspaper or a book on the floor, he would say to them at once, 'Hold up the book when you read!'

I married him a short time after he had moved to his new quarters from the hotel. Hearn had a peculiar temperament, and it caused me much trouble. A man moved into our neighborhood and called on him. This man had been in the same hotel in Zaimo-kucho, and was a friend of the hotel-keeper. He came to borrow a cork-

¹ Translated from the Japanese by Paul Kiyoshi Hisada and Frederick Johnson.

screw. After greeting him, Hearn asked, 'Is it you who stayed at that hotel in Zaimokucho, and were a friend of the hotel-keeper's?' The man answered, 'Yes, I am his friend.' Hearn replied, 'I dislike you because you are that strange and unsympathetic fellow's friend. *Sayonara*. Good-bye!' and left him and went inside the house. This man naturally did not understand what the trouble was, so I tried to explain, but I was very much embarrassed.

We began our married life there, but suffered from many inconveniences. Early in the summer of the twenty-fourth year of Meiji (1892), we moved over to a *samurai* estate and kept house.

We moved with a maid and a pussycat. One evening in the early spring of that year, while the air was yet chill and penetrating, I was standing on the veranda admiring the sunset on the lake, when I saw, directly below the veranda along the shore, four or five naughty children ducking pussy up and down in the water and cruelly teasing her. I begged pussy of the children, brought her back to the house, and told the story to Hearn. 'Oh, poor puss!' he exclaimed. 'What cruel children they were!' And he held the shivering pussy right in his bosom to warm her. That time I felt a great admiration for him.

After we moved to our estate, Kitabori, we missed the view of the lake, but we had left the noise of the city. At the back were a hill and the garden, and this garden was a favorite spot where we enjoyed walking about in our *yukata* (light kimono for lounging), wearing garden clogs. The mountain pigeon coos, '*Te-te-pop, ka-ka-po-po!*' When he heard the mountain pigeon coo, Hearn used to call me to come to him. 'Do you hear that? Is n't that delightful?' And he himself would imitate the sound, — '*Te-te-pop, ka-ka-po-po!*' — and ask, 'Did I do it right?'

There was a lotus-pond in the gar-

den, and we saw a snake in it. 'Snakes never harm you unless you hurt them,' Hearn said; and he shared his food from the table with the snake. 'I am giving you this food so that you will not eat the frogs,' he told the snake. Then he related some of the incidents in his life. 'When I was in the West Indies, studying, the snakes would often crawl up my left arm, over my shoulders, and down my right arm. But I paid no attention to them and kept on studying. Snakes are not harmful; they are not bad.'

We once took a trip in the province of Hoki, to a place called Lake Togo. We wished to stay there for a week, but the inn was crowded with people having a gay time, drinking and making a great deal of noise. Hearn saw them, and at once pulled my sleeve. 'We cannot stay. This is *jigoku* (hell). It is no place for me, even for a second.' In spite of the innkeeper's protests, and his greeting, '*Yoku irashaimash 'ta!* (Welcome!) This way, please!' as he tried to lead the way, Hearn said, 'I do not like it!' and left at once.

Both the innkeeper and the *kurumaya* were surprised. It was a noisy and common inn, and, naturally, I loathed the place, but Hearn called it *jigoku*. He never had the least patience with anything he disliked. I was still young then, and not used to the world, so this peculiarity of Hearn's caused me embarrassment many times. This was Hearn's innate temperament, and I thought it good.

As I remember, it was about this same time that we visited the Kugurido near Kaga-no-ura, in the province of Izumo. This place was a grotto on an island in the sea, about two miles from the land. Hearn was extremely fond of swimming, and he swam all the way, ahead of or behind the boat. He took great delight in giving me an exhibition of the different strokes used in swim-

ming. When the boat reached the cave, the noise of the waves washing against the rocks made a fearful sound, and the drops of water fell down — '*potari! potari!*' The rowers knocked against the side of the boat with a stone — '*kong! kong!*' This was to notify the demon that the boat was coming in. After the noise of the rock — '*kong! kong!*' — we heard a sound, '*chabong! chabong!*' as if something had jumped into the water. The rowers began to tell many horrid stories, pathetic and tragic, about the spot.

Hearn was going to take off his clothes, which he had put on a little while before, but the rowers said, 'Master, do not do so! It is too dreadful to contemplate!' I also said, 'Do not go in swimming in such a place! There are so many horrid fables about it that something frightful may dwell here.'

But Hearn said, 'The water is so beautiful, so dark a blue! The depth is unknown. It may be several million fathoms! It would be great fun!' He was very anxious to go in swimming, but finally renounced the idea. He was very sulky, and, even on the following day, he did not speak because of this disappointment. Several days later he said to me, 'I once swam in a place where they said it was very dangerous, but I escaped without accident. Only I felt as if my body were melting away the minute I went in. I had a bad fever at once. Two of us went in at the same time. Suddenly my companion disappeared, and I noticed the tail of a big shark right in front of me.'

In 1892, when it came the time for the summer vacation, Hearn went to visit the holy shrine of Kizuki. The day after his arrival, he wrote to me and asked me to come, too. I went to the hotel, and found him absent; he was bathing in the sea. His money was in a stocking and scattered around — silver coins and bank-notes were fall-

ing out. Hearn was so very careless with his money that it was almost amusing. He was born that way, and had no mind for so common a thing. Only when his children were born, or when he noticed that his body was becoming weak, did he take note of the state of his finances and begin to worry about his family.

II

On August 27, 1897, we went to Tokyo from Kobé. We heard at first that there were houses assigned to professors of the university, but we wished to live far from the university, in the suburb, and, although we hunted for a house, we could not find a good one.

We received word that there was a good, spacious house in the district of Ushigomé, if I remember rightly. We went to see it, and found that it was one story in height, and built in the old style. I imagine that it had originally been erected for *hatamoto* (a commander of the *shogun's* camp) or *daimyo*. The gateway looked like the gateway to a temple, and, after entering, we found that the house looked more and more like a temple. It had a large garden, with a good-sized lotus-pond. But, once inside, we noticed something very ghostly about the place, and felt strange. Hearn liked it, and said, 'This is a very interesting house.' He thought of taking it, but I could not bear to live in such a place. I learned afterward that it was haunted, and that ogres had dwelt in it. On that account the rental grew less and less, and finally it was torn down. When I told this to Hearn, he said, 'Why did we not go there to live? I was sure that it was an interesting house!'

We moved to Tomihisa-cho. Here the garden was small, but the view was excellent. Hearn was particularly fond of this place. The neighboring

building was a Buddhist temple called Kobudera.

Hearn went about in a *kimono*, feeling proud and cheerful. When any of his intimate friends came to call, he took them to that interesting temple of Kobudera. And the children always thought that papa was at the temple, if he was not to be seen in the house.

Many times while out walking, he said, 'Mamma-san, is it hard to sit in a temple? Isn't there any way by which I could live in the temple?'

I replied, 'You are not a priest, so perhaps you cannot very well do so.'

'I should prefer to be a priest,' Hearn said; 'and how pleased I should be if I could be one.'

'If you should become a priest, how funny you would look with your large eyes and high nose — a fine priest!' I remarked.

'You could become a nun at the same time, and Kazuo [our eldest son] a novice. How cute he would look! Every day we should read the scriptures and take care of the graves. That would be true happiness!'

'Pray that you may be born a priest in the next world!'

'That is my wish,' replied Hearn.

One day, as usual, we took a walk to the neighboring temple. Suddenly Hearn exclaimed, 'Oh! oh!' I did not know what had happened, and was frightened. Then I saw that three large cedar trees had been cut down, and Hearn was gazing at them. 'Why did they cut down those trees?'

'This temple must be very poor, and they must need some money,' I replied.

'Why did n't they tell me about it? I can easily give a little money to help them. I should have been happier to have given them some money and saved the trees. Think how long a time was necessary for those trees to grow from little sprouting seeds!' He was very downcast. 'I begin to dislike that ab-

bot. I am sorry for him because he has no money, but I am more sorry for those trees, Mamma-san!'

Hearn came out of the temple gate in a lifeless manner, as if some great event had taken place. He sat down in the chair in his study, and was very much depressed. 'It hurt my heart to see that sight,' he said. 'There will be no more joy to-day. Please beg the abbot not to cut down any more trees.' After that time he seldom visited the temple.

The old abbot soon went away, and a new young abbot succeeded him. Then all the trees were cut down. When we moved away, there were no trees to be seen, the graves were gone, new tenements had been built, and the whole place changed. What Hearn had called his world of tranquillity vanished in that manner. Those three fallen trees had been the beginning of the end.

I always desired a house of my own, even if a small one, in preference to a rented house, and I wished to build one. When I suggested this, Hearn said, 'Have you money?' and I answered, 'Yes, I have.' Then he said, 'Great fun! I will build a house in the island of Oki'; and when I opposed that, he added, 'We will build one in Izumo province.' We even went in search of land, but I did not like Izumo well enough to build there, and we finally decided to buy this estate and to build additions later.

Hearn always wished to live in the midst of purely Japanese surroundings, and he went to inspect the house himself. It was on the outskirts of the town and had a bamboo grove back of it, and it pleased him very much. In adding to the house, he wished to have a room where he could light a stove during the severe cold of the winter, and he also wished to have his desk face the west. He had no other request, but everything must be in Japanese style; excepting this, he made no suggestions.

If ever I happened to consult him, he would say, 'Well, you do as you please. I know how to write, that is all, and you, Mamma-san, know much better.' He would pay no more attention, and if I insisted, he would add, 'I have no time'; and he left the entire affair to me.

'When that house is all ready, you might say, "Papa-san, please come to our new house in Okubo to-day." Then I will say good-bye to this house, and will go to Okubo just as I would go to the university. That is all.' I actually did as he requested. He disliked to lose time. This house was larger than the one in Tomihisa-cho, and at that time Okubo was more rural than it is now; it was extremely quiet, and we heard the nightingales singing in the bamboo grove at the back of the house. Hearn continued, 'It hurts my heart.' I asked, 'Why?' He replied, 'It is too pleasant to last. I pray that we may live here a long time. But what do you think?'

I used to brush out the rooms about twice every day. It was a diversion for me, but Hearn said, 'You have a mania for cleaning.' He hated the noise of cleaning. I always cleaned the house while he was at the university, or, when he was at home, I cleaned it before he got up to breakfast. Otherwise, if I asked him to let me clean, he made me promise to do it in five or six minutes. During that time he walked around the *roka* (corridor) or in the garden.

Hearn avoided society and seemed eccentric because he valued so highly things of beauty and of interest and was fond of them. For that same reason I frequently observed that he wept when alone by himself, and he was irritated or elated in an abnormal degree. His greatest pleasure was to live and write in the world of his imagination. That is why he was a recluse and was chary of his time.

'Won't you do something else for pleasure besides writing in your own study?' I would ask him.

'You know very well that my only diversion is to think and to write. If I have anything to write, I never get tired. When I write, I forget everything. Please tell me some stories,' he would reply.

I would say, 'I have told you all; I have none to tell.'

'Therefore you should go out and see or hear something interesting, and come back and tell me all about it. It will never do for you just to stay at home.'

After we moved to Okubo, the house was much more spacious and the study was far from the front door and the children's room, so we made it a world of tranquillity without a single noise. Even then he complained that I broke his train of thought by opening the bureau drawers, so I made every effort to open the drawers more quietly. On such occasions I always remembered not to break his beautiful soap-bubble (not to destroy his day-dreams). That is how I thought about it, so I never felt provoked when he scolded me.

Hearn was extremely fond of ghost stories, and he used to say, 'Books of ghost stories are my treasures.' I hunted for them from one second-hand bookstore to another.

On quiet nights, after lowering the wick of the lamp, I would begin to tell ghost stories. Hearn would ask questions with bated breath, and would listen to my tales with a terrified air. I naturally emphasized the exciting parts of the stories when I saw him so moved. At those times our house seemed as if it were haunted. I often had horrid dreams and nightmares. Hearn would say, 'We will stop talking about such things for a while'; and we would do so. He was pleased when I told a story he liked.

When I told him the old tales, I al-

ways first gave the plot roughly; and wherever he found an interesting place, he made a note of it. Then he would ask me to give the details, and often to repeat them. If I told him the story by reading it from a book, he would say, 'There is no use of your reading it from the book. I prefer your own words and phrases — all from your own thought. Otherwise, it won't do.' So I had to assimilate the story before telling it.

That made me dream. He would become so eager when I reached an interesting point of a story! His facial expression would change and his eyes would burn intensely. This change was extraordinary. For example, take the story 'O Katsu San of Yurei-daké,' in the first part of the book, *Kotto*. As I was narrating that story, his face became extremely pale and his eyes fixed. That was not unusual, but this once I suddenly felt afraid. He sighed one long breath, and said, 'Very interesting!' when I finished it.

He asked me to say, 'Alas! blood!' and repeat it several times. He inquired how it had probably been said, and in what tone of voice; what kind of night it was, and how the wooden clogs would sound. 'I think it was in this way,' he would say; 'how do you think yourself?' and so forth, — all of this was not at all in the book, — and he would consult with me about it. Had any one seen us from the outside, we must have appeared like two mad people.

The story of 'Yoshi-ichi' in the first part of *Kwaidan* pleased Hearn exceedingly. He made that story from a very short one, with great effort and determination. He wished to make one part of it sound stronger. He thought that 'Mon o ake' (Open the door) was not an emphatic enough expression for a samurai, and he made it 'Kaimon.' (This latter word means 'Open the

door,' like the former, but would be more fitting in the speaker's mouth.) While we were working on this story of 'Miminashi Yoshi-ichi,' night fell, but we lighted no lamp. I went into the adjoining room, and called out in a small voice, 'Yoshi-ichi! Yoshi-ichi!'

'Yes,' Hearn answered, playing the part, 'I am blind. Who are you?' and remained silent. In this way he worked and became absorbed in it.

One day at that time, when I came home from a walk, I brought a *miyagé* (gift) of a little clay figure, a blind musician playing a *biwa* (a native four-stringed lute), and, without saying a word, I left it on his desk. Hearn, as soon as he noticed it, was delighted, and exclaimed, 'Oh! Yoshi-ichi!' as if he saw some one whom he was expecting to meet. And sometimes, when he heard during the night the swish of the bamboo leaves in the wind near his study, he would say, 'Ah, there goes a Heiké!' And when he heard the wind, he listened to it earnestly, and said, 'That is the waves of the Dan-no-ura!'

Perhaps I might ask him, 'Have you written that story?' He would reply, 'That story has no brother. I shall still wait for a while. Perhaps I may see a good brother coming. I might leave it in a drawer for seven years, and even then I might come across a good brother.' This is an example of how long it sometimes took him to write one story.

When the MS. — of *Ghostly Japan* — was finished, he was greatly pleased, and had it wrapped very tightly (he was very proud of doing up the MS. securely — sometimes he put in a piece of board, and made it as heavy as a stone). He wrote the address neatly, and sent the MS. by registered mail. He received a cablegram saying, 'Good,' and two or three days later he was dead. He looked forward eagerly to the publication of this book. A little while

before his death, he said, 'I can hear the noise of the tick-tack of setting the type for *Ghostly Japan*.' He was anxious to see it published, but he passed away without that gratification, and it makes me sad, even now, to think about it.

III

It was our custom for the three children to go upstairs and shout, 'Papa, come down; supper is ready!' Hearn always replied, 'All right, sweet boys!' and looked so delighted, sometimes almost dancing about. But there were occasions when he was working so hard that even the children's announcement would not bring any response, and they could get no answer, 'All right!' At such times we might wait and wait, but he would not appear in the dining-room. Then I would go up myself, and say, 'Papa-san, we have been waiting a long time, and all the things will taste bad. I wish you would hurry up. All the children are waiting.' Then Hearn would ask, 'What is it?' I would reply, 'What's the matter with you? This will never do; it is dinner-time. Won't you take some dinner?' 'I? Have n't I had dinner yet? I thought I had finished it. That's funny!'

That is the way it would be, and I would continue, 'You had better wake up from your dream! The tiny children will cry.' Hearn would reply, '*Gomen nasai!* Pardon me!' and follow me to the dining-room. On such occasions he was funny or absent-minded; he would forget to divide the bread with the children, and would say 'No,' and begin to eat fast. If the children asked for bread, he would come to himself and say, 'Pardon! Pardon! did n't I give you any?' and begin to cut the bread. While cutting it, he would lose himself again, and eat the piece himself.

Before meals he took a little whiskey, but later wine was suggested on account

of his health. When absent-minded he often mistook the whiskey for the wine and poured it into a glass to drink, or put salt in his coffee; and when the children drew his attention to it he would say, 'Really! Is n't Papa stupid!' and become lost in thought again. Often I had to say to him, 'Papa-san, it is about time that I should ask you to wake up from your dream!'

Hearn's habitual voice was dainty, like a woman's, and his way of laughing was also very feminine; but sometimes he would become very energetic and excited in a dainty (*sic*) talk and would express himself very powerfully. He had two ways of laughing. One was dainty, and the other was uproarious, disregardful of everything. This laughter made the whole family laugh, and it was so amusing that even the maid could not help laughing.

There used to be a conch-shell on a table in the study. I brought it back as a *miyagé*, because it was so large, one time when I went to Enoshima with the children. Hearn blew into the shell, and it made a big noise. He was pleased, saying, 'It sounds so well because I have strong lungs. What a funny noise!' he added, puffing out his cheeks. We came to an agreement. Every time he wished a charcoal fire for lighting his pipe, he was to blow this conch-shell. When he found no fire, he would blow and make a big noise that would vibrate in sound-waves, like '*po-wo*.' Then it was heard even in the kitchen. We would keep the house so quiet, not making the least noise, and then would come the roar of the conch-shell. Particularly in the evening it sounded extraordinary. I took special care to have a charcoal fire always ready for him, but he wished to blow the shell; so the minute he saw that the charcoal was gone, he blew delightedly. It must have been fun for him. Often we were bringing the

fire, and were already near his study, when we heard him blowing. The maid used to say, laughing, 'There goes the shell!'

One summer Hearn and I went to a dry-goods store to buy two or three *yukata*. The salesman showed us a large variety. That pleased Hearn immensely. He bought this one and that one, while I kept protesting, saying, 'There is no need of buying so many.' Finally, he bought about thirty pieces, and astonished the clerks in the shop by saying, 'But, you see, these are only one and a half or two *yen*. I do so wish you to wear different kinds of *yukata*. Only to see them on you will give me great pleasure.' That is the way in which he would act when he liked anything.

While reading a local newspaper, I noticed an article about an aged peer who loathed Western fashions and liked everything Japanese. The maids in his house had the *obi* (girdle) tied in just such a way, the coiffure arranged in just such a way, and the *kimono* long and flowing in the most old-fashioned way, as at court. There were no modern lamps in the house, but old-fashioned paper lanterns; no soap and no Western innovations. Even the daily newspaper was excluded, and the old-fashioned customs were observed by the household servants. On that account no one cared to enter his employ, and would say, '*Mappira gomen*' (I beg to be entirely excused).

When I read that account to Hearn he said, 'How interesting it is!' and he was greatly delighted. 'I simply adore a person like that; he would be one of my best friends. I am consumed with desire to see that house. I have nothing Western about me.'

To this I replied, 'You may have nothing Western about you, but look at your nose!'

And he said, 'Oh! what can I do with my nose? Pity me because of this, for

I, Koizumi Yakumo, truly love Japan more than any Japanese.'

He disliked superficial beauty, and paid no attention to what was in vogue; he hated anything modern, and loathed pretentious kindness. He did not believe in false teeth or artificial eyes. 'They are all false,' he would say; and disliked them all. He hated the Christian missionaries as he found many dishonest people among them; but he owned three Bibles, and told his eldest son that that was the book he must read a great deal.

I often recall memories of morning-glories. When the end of autumn drew near, and the green leaves were beginning to turn yellow, there was always the last morning-glory of the season blossoming so lonesomely by itself. When Hearn saw that lonely flower, he admired it. 'Will you please look at it? What beautiful courage and what honest sentiment! Please give it a word of praise. That dainty flower still blooms until the end. Just give it a word of praise!'

That morning the morning-glory ceased to bloom. My mother thoughtlessly pulled off the blossom and threw it away. The following morning Hearn went over to the fence and was greatly disappointed. He said, 'Grandma's a fine woman, but she performed a sorry deed to the morning-glory.'

One of the children made fingermarks on a new *fusuma* (sliding door) with his small, untidy hand. Hearn said, 'My child spoiled that beauty!' He always felt keenly against mutilating or damaging beauty of any kind. He used to teach the children that even a picture you could buy for half a penny would be valuable if it was kept a long time.

Hearn used to tell me to be suspicious of people. He was exceedingly honest, and was easily fooled; he knew this himself, and that is why he used to talk as he did. He was a very critical man.

For instance, when he was doing business with publishers in foreign countries, and because he was so far away, the publisher would take the liberty of deciding the arrangement of such things as book-covers and illustrations without consulting Hearn, who was very particular about all details. At such times Hearn was often made furiously angry. When he received a letter from the publishing-house, he would immediately write back a fierce (*sic*) answer in anger, and order it to be mailed at once; but then I would say, 'Yes,' and hold it over a mail. Two or three days afterward, when he had become calm, he would regret that he had written too severely, and would ask, 'Mamma-san, have you mailed that letter?' I would answer, 'Yes,' and watch to see whether he really regretted it. If so, I would give him the letter. He would be immensely pleased, and say, 'Mamma-san, you are the only one!' and would begin a new letter in a milder tone.

Hearn preferred women of quiet disposition to those of lively temperament. He liked bashful, downcast eyes better than those of Westerners. He liked the eyes of Kwannon and Jizo (Buddhist divinities). When we were having our pictures taken, he always told us to look downward, and he himself had his picture taken in that attitude.

Just before our eldest boy came, he thought that children were lovely, and borrowed one and kept it in our house.

At the time of our eldest son's birth he was very pleased, although extremely anxious. He hoped that my delivery would be easy, and felt sorry for my suffering. And he said, 'On such an occasion I ought to be studying,' and he went out to the *hanarézashiki* and worked.

When he heard the new-born baby's first cry, he was affected by a very queer feeling — a feeling that he had never

experienced in all his life. When he saw the baby the first time, he could find no words, and later told me that he had had no breath, and he often spoke of it in retrospect. He loved the baby very much.

The following year he went to Yokohama alone (his only other trip by himself had been once to Nagasaki, where he had intended to stay for a week; but he came back after one night, saying, 'Never again!'), and returned with a great many toys. We were all surprised when we saw so many, and among them we found some for which he had paid five and ten *yen*.

When our daughter Suzuko came, he felt that, in his old age, he would be unable to foresee the girl's future, and he said, 'What pain is in my heart!' He worried over it with more sorrow than rejoicing.

During his latter years he spoke of poor health; he depended on me, was devoted to me like a baby to its mother, and would wait for my return. When he heard my footstep, he would say jokingly, but with great delight, 'Is that you, Mamma-san?' Should I be a bit late, he would worry, thinking that the *kuruma* had tipped over, or that some other misfortune had befallen me.

When he wished to hire a *kurumaya*, his first question was, 'Does he love his wife?' And if my answer were in the affirmative, he would say, 'That is all right!' There was one person whom Hearn held in high esteem, but was greatly worried because he had such a stern expression toward his wife.

Just before Hearn's death a famous personage asked for an interview. There was, however, a man of the same name in England who had the reputation of abusing women, and Hearn thought that this person might be the one, and intended to refuse the request. Then he discovered that it was some one else and decided to meet him, but

died before the interview. He became so angry with any one who abused the weak — women or children. I cannot mention them here individually, but there were many people who were once very intimate with Hearn and from whom he afterward became estranged because of these same reasons.

I may name again some things that Hearn liked extremely: the west, sunsets, summer, the sea, swimming, banana trees, cryptomerias (the *sugi*, the Japanese cedar), lonely cemeteries, insects, '*kwaidan*' (ghostly tales), Ura-shima, and *horai* (songs). The places he liked were: Martinique, Matsué, Miho-no-seki, Higosaki, and Yakizu. He was fond of beefsteak and plum-pudding, and enjoyed smoking. He disliked liars, abuse of the weak, Prince Albert coats, white shirts, the city of New York, and many other things. One of his pleasures was to wear the *yukata* in his study and listen quietly to the voice of the locust.

We often took walks together, crossing the bridge of Ochiai to the neighborhood of Arai-no-yakushi. Every

time that Hearn saw the chimney of the Ochiai crematory, he would think, as he said, that he himself would soon come out as smoke from that chimney. He always liked quiet temple grounds. Had there been a temple, a very small and dilapidated building with walls overgrown with weeds, it would have been an ideal resting-place for Hearn's body. But such a place was hard to find quickly. His wish was to have a small tombstone invisible from the outside — he always spoke of that. But it was finally decided that the service should be held at the Kobudera temple, and he was buried in the cemetery of Zoshigaya.

He and I took a walk together to look at gates in the neighborhood of Zoshigaya, as we wished to alter our own front gate. It was about two weeks before his death, and it was the last walk that he and I were to take together. The work of altering our gate was begun two days before his death, and after his death we hurried to have it ready in time for the funeral.

A WORD IN MEMORY

A REMEMBRANCE OF HARRY ELKINS WIDENER

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

To have been born and lived all his life in Philadelphia, yet to be best known in London and New York; to have been the eldest son of a rich man and the eldest grandson of one of the richest men in America, yet of so quiet and retiring a disposition as to excite

remark; to have been but a few years out of college, yet to have achieved distinction in a field which is commonly supposed to be the browsing-place of age; to have been relatively unknown in his life and to be immortal in his death — such are the briefest outlines

of the career of Harry Elkins Widener.

It is a curious commentary upon human nature that the death of one person well known to us affects us more than the deaths of hundreds or thousands not known to us at all. It is for this reason, perhaps, at a time when the papers bring us daily their record of human suffering and misery from the war in Europe, that I can forget the news of yesterday and live over again the anxious hours which followed the brief announcement that the Titanic, on her maiden voyage, the largest, finest, and fastest ship afloat, had struck an iceberg in mid-ocean, and that there were grave fears for the safety of her passengers and crew. There the first news ceased.

The accident had occurred at midnight; the sea was perfectly calm, the stars shone clearly; it was bitter cold. The ship was going at full speed. A slight jar was felt, but the extent of the injury was not realized, and few passengers were alarmed. When the order to lower the boats was given, there was little confusion. The order went round, 'Women and children first.' Harry and his father were lost; his mother and her maid were rescued.

In all that subsequently appeared in the press, — and for days the appalling disaster was the one subject of discussion, — the name of Harry Elkins Widener appeared simply as the eldest son of George D. Widener. Few knew that, altogether apart from the financial prominence of his father and the social distinction and charm of his mother, Harry had a reputation which was entirely of his own making. He was a born student of bibliography. Books were at once his work, his recreation, and his passion. To them he devoted all his time; but outside the circle of his intimate friends few understood the unique and lovable personality of the man to whom death came so

suddenly on April 15, 1912, shortly after he had completed his twenty-seventh year.

His knowledge of books was truly remarkable. In the study of rare books, as in the study of an exact science, authority usually comes only with years. With Harry Widener it was different. He had been collecting only since he left college, but his intense enthusiasm, his painstaking care, his devotion to a single object, his wonderful memory, and, as he gracefully says in the introduction to the catalogue of some of the more important books in his library, 'The interest and kindness of my grandfather and my parents,' had enabled him in a few years to secure a number of treasures of which any collector might be proud.

Harry Elkins Widener was born in Philadelphia on January 3, 1885. He received his early education at the Hill School, from which he was graduated in 1903. He then entered Harvard University, where he remained four years, receiving his bachelor's degree in 1907. It was while a student at Harvard that he first began to show an interest in book-collecting; but it was not until his college days were over that, as the son of a rich man, he found, as many another man has done, that the way to be happy is to have an occupation.

He lived with his parents and his grandfather in their palatial residence, Lynnewood Hall, just outside Philadelphia. He was proud of the distinction of his relatives. 'We are a family of collectors,' he used to say. 'My grandfather collects paintings, my mother collects silver and porcelains, Uncle Joe collects everything,' — which indeed he does, — 'and I, books.'

Book-collecting soon became with him a very serious matter, a matter to which everything else was subordinated. He began, as all collectors do,

with unimportant things at first; but how rapidly his taste developed may be seen from glancing over the pages of the catalogue of his library, which, strictly speaking, is not a library at all — he would have been the last to call it so. It is but a collection of, perhaps, three thousand volumes; but they were selected by a man of almost unlimited means, with rare judgment and an instinct for discovering the best.

Money alone will not make a bibliophile, although, I confess, it develops one.

His first folio of Shakespeare was the Van Antwerp copy, formerly Locker Lampson's, one of the finest copies known; and he rejoiced in a copy of *Poems Written by Wil. Shakespeare, Gent*, 1640, in the original sheepskin binding. His *Pickwick*, if possibly inferior in interest to the Harry B. Smith copy, is nevertheless superb: indeed he had two: one 'in parts as published, with all the points,' another a presentation copy to Dickens's friend, William Harrison Ainsworth. In addition he had several original drawings by Seymour, including the one in which the shad-bellied Mr. Pickwick, having with some difficulty mounted a chair, proceeds to address the Club. The discovery and acquisition of this drawing, perhaps the most famous illustration ever made for a book, is indicative of Harry's taste as a collector.

One of his favorite books was the Countess of Pembroke's own copy of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, and it is indeed a noble volume; but Harry's love for his mother, I think, invariably led him, when he was showing his treasures, to point out a sentence written in his copy of Cowper's *Task*. The book had once been Thackeray's, and the great novelist had written on the frontispiece, 'A great point in a great man, a great love for his mother. A very fine and true portrait. Could artist

possibly choose a better position than the above? — W. M. Thackeray.' 'Is n't that a lovely sentiment?' Harry would say; 'and yet they say Thackeray was a cynic and a snob.' His *Esmond* was presented by Thackeray to Charlotte Brontë. His copy of the *Ingoldsby Legends* was unique. In the first edition, by some curious oversight on the part of the printer, page 236 had been left blank, and the error was not discovered until a few sheets had been printed. In a presentation copy to his friend, E. R. Moran, on this blank page Barham had written: —

By a blunder for which I have only myself to thank,

Here's a page has been somehow left blank.

Aha! my friend Moran, I have you. You'll look

In vain for a fault in one page of my book!

signing the verse with his *nom de plume*, Thomas Ingoldsby.

Indeed, in all his books, the utmost care was taken to secure the copy which would have the greatest human interest: an ordinary presentation copy of the first issue of the first edition would serve his purpose only if he were sure that the dedication copy was unobtainable. His Boswell's *Life of Johnson* was the dedication copy to Sir Joshua Reynolds, with an inscription in the author's hand.

He was always on the lookout for rarities, and Dr. Rosenbach, in the brief memoir which serves as an introduction to the Catalogue of Harry's Stevenson collection, says of him: —

'I remember once seeing him on his hands and knees under a table in a bookstore. On the floor was a huge pile of books that had not been disturbed for years. He had just pulled out of the débris a first edition of Swinburne, a presentation copy, and it was good to behold the light in his face as he exclaimed, "This is better than working in a gold mine." To him it was one.'

His collection of Stevenson is a monument to his industry and patience, and is probably the finest collection in existence of that highly-esteemed author. He possessed holograph copies of the *Vailima Letters*, and many other priceless treasures, and he secured the manuscript of, and published privately for Stevenson lovers, in an edition of forty-five copies, an autobiography written by Stevenson in California in the early eighties. This item, under the title of *Memoirs of Himself*, has an inscription, 'Given to Isabel Stewart Strong . . . for future use, when the underwriter is dead. With love, Robert Louis Stevenson.' The catalogue of his Stevenson collection alone, the painstaking work of his friend and mentor, Dr. Rosenbach, makes an imposing volume, and is an invaluable work of reference for Stevenson collectors.

Harry once told me that he never traveled without a copy of *Treasure Island*, and knew it practically by heart. I, myself, am not averse to a good book as a traveling companion; but in my judgment, for constant reading, year in and year out, it should be a book which sets you thinking, rather than a narrative like *Treasure Island*, but — *chacun à son goût*.

But it were tedious to enumerate his treasures, nor is it necessary. They will ever remain, a monument to his taste and skill as a collector, in the keeping of Harvard University — his Alma Mater. It is, however, worth while to attempt to fix in some measure the individuality, the rare personality of the man. I cannot be mistaken in thinking that many, looking at the wonderful library erected in Cambridge by his mother in his memory, may wish to know something of the man himself.

There is, in truth, not much to tell. A few dates have already been given, and when to these is added the statement that he was of retiring and studious

disposition, considerate and courteous, little more remains to be said. He lived with and for his books, and was never so happy as when he was saying, 'Now if you will put aside that cigar for a moment, I will show you something. Cigar ashes are not good for first editions'; and a moment later some precious volume would be on your knees. What collector does not enjoy showing his treasures to others as appreciative as himself? Many delightful hours his intimates have passed in his library, which was also his bedroom, — for he wanted his books about him, where he could play with them at night and where his eye might rest on them the first thing in the morning, — but this was a privilege extended only to true booklovers. To others he was unapproachable and almost shy. Of unfailing courtesy and an amiable and loving disposition, his friends were very dear to him. 'Bill,' or someone else, 'is the salt of the earth,' you would frequently hear him say.

'Are you a book-collector, too?' his grandfather once asked me across the dinner-table.

Laughingly I said, 'I thought I was, but I am not in Harry's class.'

To which the old gentleman replied, — and his eye beamed with pride the while, — 'I am afraid that Harry will impoverish the entire family.'

I answered that I should be sorry to hear that, and suggested that he and I, if we put our fortunes together, might prevent this calamity.

His memory was most retentive. Once let him get a fact or a date imbedded in his mind, and it was there forever. He knew the name of every actor he had ever seen, and the part he had taken in the play last year and the year before. He knew the name of every baseball player and had his batting and running average. When it came to the chief interest of his life, his thirst for

knowledge was insatiable. I remember one evening when we were in New York together, in Beverly Chew's library, Harry asked Mr. Chew some question about the eccentricities of the title-pages of the first edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Mr. Chew began rolling off the bibliographical data, like the ripe scholar that he is, when I suggested to Harry that he had better make a note of what Mr. Chew was saying. He replied, 'I should only lose the paper; while if I get it in my head I will put it where it can't be lost; that is,' he added, 'as long as I keep my head.'

And his memory extended to other collections than his own. For him to see a book once was for him to remember it always. If I told him I had bought such and such a book, he would know from whom I bought it and all about it, and would ask me if I had noticed some especial point, which, in all probability, had escaped me.

He was a member of several clubs, including the Grolier, the most important club of its kind in the world. The late J. P. Morgan had sent word to the chairman of the membership committee that he would like Harry made a member. The question of a seconder was waived; it was understood that Mr. Morgan's indorsement of his protégé's qualifications was sufficient.

It was one night, when we were in New York together during the Hoe sale, that I had a conversation with Harry, to which, in the light of subsequent events, I have often recurred. We had dined together at my club and had gone to the sale; but there was nothing of special interest coming up, and after a half hour or so, he suggested that we go to the theatre. I reminded him that it was quite late, and that at such an hour a music-hall would be best. He agreed, and in a few moments we were witnessing a very different per-

formance from the one we had left in the Anderson auction rooms.

But the performance was a poor one. Harry was restless, and finally suggested that we take a walk out Fifth Avenue. During his walk he confessed to me his longing to be identified and remembered in connection with some great library. He expanded this idea at length. He said, 'I do not wish to be remembered merely as a collector of a few books, however fine they may be. I want to be remembered in connection with a great library, and I do not see how it is going to be brought about. Mr. Huntington and Mr. Morgan are buying up all the books, and Mr. Bixby is getting the manuscripts. When my time comes, if it ever does, there will be nothing left for me — everything will be gone!'

We spent the night together, and after I had gone to bed, he came in my room again, and calling me by a nickname, said, 'I have got to do something in connection with books to make myself remembered. What shall it be?'

I laughingly suggested that he write one; but he said it was no jesting matter. Then it came out that he thought he would establish a chair at Harvard for the study of bibliography in all its branches. He was much disturbed by the lack of interest which great scholars frequently evince toward his favorite subject.

With this he returned to his own room, and I went to sleep; but I have often thought of this conversation since I, with the rest of the world, learned that his mother was prepared, in his memory, to erect the great building at Harvard which is his monument. His ambition has been achieved. Associated with books, his name will ever be. The great library at Harvard is his memorial. In its *sanctum sanctorum* his collection will find a fitting place.

We lunched together the day before he sailed for Europe, and I happened to remark at parting, 'This time next week you will be in London, probably lunching at the Ritz.'

'Yes,' he said, 'very likely with Quaritch.'

While in London Harry spent most of his time with that great bookseller, the second to bear the name of Quaritch, who knew all the great book-collectors the world over, and who once told me that he knew no man of his years who had the knowledge and taste of Harry Widener. 'So many of your great American collectors refer to books in terms of steel rails; with Harry it is a genuine and all-absorbing passion, and he is so entirely devoid of side and affectation.' In this he but echoed what a friend once said to me at Lynnewood Hall, where we were spending the day: 'The marvel is that Harry is so entirely unspoiled by his fortune.'

Harry was a constant attendant at the auction rooms at Sotheby's in London, at Anderson's in New York, or wherever else good books were going. He chanced to be in London when the first part of the Huth library was being disposed of, and he was anxious to get back to New York in time to attend the Hoe sale, where he hoped to secure

some books, and bring to the many friends he would find there the latest gossip of the London auction rooms.

Alas, Harry had bought his last book. It was an excessively rare copy of Bacon's *Essays*, the edition of 1598. Quaritch had secured it for him at the Huth sale, and as he dropped in to say good-bye and give his final instructions for the disposition of his purchases, he said, 'I think I'll take that little Bacon with me in my pocket, and if I am shipwrecked it will go with me.' And I know that it was so. In all the history of book-collecting this is the most touching story.

The death of Milton's friend, Edward King, by drowning, inspired the poet to write the immortal elegy, *Lycidas*.

Who would not sing for Lycidas? —
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept.

When Shelley's body was cast up by the waves on the shore near Via Regio, he had a volume of Keats's poems in his pocket, doubled back at 'The Eve of St. Agnes.' And in poor Harry Widener's pocket there was a Bacon, and in this Bacon we might have read, 'The same man that was envied while he lived shall be loved when he is gone.'

THE REAL PARIS. II

BY ERNEST DIMNET

I

WHOEVER lives long enough in Paris will find that its real attraction is not the variety of its amusements, but the pervading feeling which he must experience there, that he is in the thickest of French life, whether literary or artistic, political or moral. Literature is the passion of French people, and whatever French education may be, it certainly trains the boys to rise above commonplace interests.

J. J. Weiss tells us in his fascinating volume, *Le Théâtre et les Mœurs*, how he heard John Lemoine — then a famous political writer and member of the French Academy — recall how near a revolt his class at the Collège Stanislas was on the day after the first performance of *Hernani*, because the professor, who had seen the play, spoke slightly of Hugo. These boys were only thirteen years old. Things have not changed. Read out a few stanzas with real harmony or true feeling in them to a class of French boys, or tell them about the inspiration of a Lamartine or a Musset, or about the methods of composition of some great writers, or contrast Racine, whom they worship, with Shakespeare, who has to be gradually revealed to them — you will see bright eyes and thrilled countenances. The very mention of artistic beauty will invariably awaken attention.

Now, the background of French literature is Paris, and to most provincial boys who are reading for the *baccalauréat*, Paris means the enchanting

city where great men have flourished. I know of one who, the first time he visited Notre Dame, paid little attention to the monument, though he felt the thousand influences emanating from its beauty, but stood a long time on the threshold, looking at the pulpit from which Bossuet and Lacordaire had preached, and imagining in endless procession the great men who had crossed the very stone on which he stood. The distinction of intellectual superiority is more fascinating to the French than worldly success, wealth, or power may be to other nations; and it is a fact that, at the very moment when some people may imagine the newly-arrived student a prey to dissipation, he is spending his leisure seeking illustrious people, prowling round the theatres to see famous dramatic authors, or patiently standing under the drafty arches of the Institute on a Thursday afternoon, to see the last Academician walk in.

The Quartier Latin is still full of literary cafés, like the *Café de la Source* or *La Closerie des Lilas*, where the elements of poetic beauty are endlessly reconsidered, where the bases of new but final systems are laid, and where dozens of magazines are published to support them are started. The passionate devotion to beauty which caused the commotion incident on the production of *Hernani*, to which I referred above, is as alive to-day as ninety years ago. The present writer saw with his own eyes, a short time before the war, two or three hundred Racinians, with eggs and baked apples, — the time-honoured literary hand-

grenades, — awaiting the moment when a lecturer, who was known to speak disrespectfully of Racine and his adherents, should come out of the Odéon.

Art has seldom excited these violent feelings, but, as the number of painters and sculptors increases in the Montparnasse neighborhood, the expression of their opinions becomes more public and decided; and the many Americans who have studied at the *École des Beaux-Arts*, or in the *Grande Chaumière ateliers*, can testify to the impassioned nature of artistic conversations.

As for politics, students have reveled in them for five generations, and they are not likely to relax their interest. There were indeed in the last ten or twelve years small fractions which pretended to be as much above politics as most French people think they are above politicians, and declared Nick Carter or Jack Johnson and the happenings at the Velodrome of far greater consequence than the proceedings of the Chamber of Deputies; but this attitude was forced and did not convince everybody. Once or twice, particularly when a certain professor intimately connected with a political party publicly denied that Jeanne d'Arc was more than a name embellished later by a legend, the would-be sportsmen promptly dropped their impassibility and appeared in the streets with the caps and big sticks pertaining to solemn occasions.

Besides, politics, which had gradually come in the last decade, largely through the influence of the *École des Sciences Politiques*, to be the discussion, not of partisan theories, but of the relations of France with her friends or enemies, are sure to show this feature more and more markedly after the war, and will be little else than an aspect of patriotism.

Inclined as the French are, sometimes in an excessive degree, to theories and speculations, they are not merely

intellectual, and only a superficial acquaintance with them can lead to the belief that they take little or no interest in moral issues. Remember that France was for many centuries a Catholic country, one might say *the* Catholic country; that the faith of the Middle Ages found its highest expression in the cathedrals and the crusades which are specifically French; that Jeanne d'Arc is representative of her nation as well as of her epoch, and that mysticism of the rarest description flourished on French soil. Religion does not easily perish when it has been planted so deep.

It is true that French politics have long been so clumsily anti-clerical (contrast Italy) as frequently to seem atheistical; and it is a fact that barely half the French population takes any practical account of religion. The religious waves which surprise the visitor to Anglo-Saxon countries so much, the American and English interest in all that relates to the invisible, even when it takes the form of an ephemeral curiosity or a fad, do not exist in France, because religion with French people invariably goes back to Catholicism, and Catholicism does not admit of novelties; so religion there frequently appears to the casual observer as a creed long since emptied of its living sense, or as a mechanical habit. This arises from the tendency, almost universal with non-Catholics, to regard the laity alone as the mirror of religious feeling in any country, and, except in rare and very noble exceptions, to look upon the clergy as mere professionals.

But it is not so in France. Thousands and thousands of young men who, in America or England, would go in for altruistic work and would give the impression that the spirit of the Gospel is wonderfully alive in those countries, are leading the lives of the recluse or of the unnoticed parish priest. It is the same with women. Parisian society,

certainly appears frivolous, but many thousands of young women belonging to it are seen there no more because they have vanished in convents. Visible or not, these exceptional Christians are the sons and daughters of France.

But religion does not appear only in people who give up everything for it. Religious movements of rare intensity have been seen among the laity. For the first thirty years of the nineteenth century, nominally under the influence of Chateaubriand and the Romantics, but in reality owing to deeper and simpler causes, France shook off the incredulity of the preceding age, and went back to a mediæval devotion remarkably free from any ritualistic or reactionary admixture. The much more recent movement known as the *Sillon* movement was a return to the Gospel, with a passion for all that is legitimate in modern thought. And has not the present war shown that numberless officers and soldiers found the source of their capacity for sacrifice in faith? Indeed, I have never been able to hear the French flippantly mentioned as ungodly, without conjuring up in my mind the numberless homes where belief is the background of every action and the solid base of conjugal or filial love, and without wondering at the levity which denies or ignores it, simply because Voltaire, the naturalist writers, semi-educated atheists, and money-making theatrical managers have succeeded in achieving loud success.

In fact, aversion to religious practice is nearly always a misunderstanding: the idea of God is wrecked in the disaster of a philosophy from which it is perfectly independent, or the Church is made to suffer for prejudices she has long outgrown. Were it not for this confusion of issues, there would probably be in France a smaller amount of materialism than elsewhere; for idealism in some form or other is visible in

most Frenchmen, and readers of this magazine, in which M. Barrès's paper on the spirituality of French soldiers first appeared, must be convinced of it. Tolstoism, Nietzscheism, the blend of Epicurism and Stoic fortitude in Maeterlinck's doctrines, and, finally, Americanism and Dilettantism, which successively took the fancy of the public before the vital contest between patriots and internationalists engrossed universal attention, did so only because they were explanations of the world intimately connected with a rule of life, and were, after all, substitutes for religion.

II

The idealistic tendency of the French is visible even in their conversation. Their gift as conversationalists is well known and has frequently been described. Madame de Staël analyzes it, with the fondness of an adept, in twenty passages of her works. To-day the longing for something more substantial than brilliance inclines us to see the other side of the medal and to point out the defects which accompany it. It is not denied that French people feel too much pleasure in talking, that they sometimes put off serious affairs for the enchantment of discussing them, and that 'Do it now' is frequently forgotten for 'Talk it out first.' Frenchmen will prolong a conversation long after everything has been said, in the more or less conscious hope that somebody will sum it up in an epigram, in one of those highly polished speeches which have the unexpectedness of the solution of a riddle, and at the same time delight the mind as a work of art might do; above all, it is only too true that the French — high or low, and the fault is glaring in their Parliaments — seldom take the trouble to carry into effect the resolutions which to other people would seem inevitably to follow the conclusions

drawn from the discussion. I have often heard admirable debates teeming with pregnant things, from which an American, with his national taste for betterment and reforms, would derive light enough and energy enough for years of social work; with the French who took part in them, they were only a mental exercise, with the underlying belief that truth always works its way, and somebody cannot but be found who will accomplish what seems so evidently reasonable.

But, in spite of this barrenness, it must be admitted that the conversation of the French gives a high idea of their mental and moral character. Englishmen who love humor are not witty; exceptions make you feel almost uncomfortable, until you discover that the person is an Irishman; they hate bookish topics too, and they are especially averse to showing their feelings or expressing themselves with undue eloquence. They love honest fun when they are lazy, and honest facts when they are energetic. They want to be sure about their data, mistrust words, and leave it to their common sense and their taste for fair play to steer them clear of wrong steps or wrong imaginings, so long as they see things with completeness and accuracy.

On the contrary, the Frenchman will show himself in the smoking-room what another man would appear only in his public speeches; he has a preference for the highest topics of philosophy, politics, or morals, and he approaches them by their noblest sides, warming up to his subject and not shrinking from rhetorical or poetic language. He deals with every question as if it were of vital interest to him to see all its aspects. Taine accuses him of being on the lookout for formulas rather than for the reality of things, and it is a fact that generalizations seem attractive to him; but here Taine, as we often do, saddles

his own fault on his countrymen. The truth is, that the French handle and rehandle, turn inside out, scan and scrutinize questions, in the honest desire not to leave a corner of them unexplored, not to be deceived by appearances; and they often succeed in throwing pure light upon them. In fact, French conversation is what French literature frequently appears to be—a sometimes heartless, sometimes impassioned analysis, but tending constantly to clarity, and carried on in perfect sincerity and absolute disinterestedness.

The conclusion of all this must be that there is certainly enough in Paris that is good and of good repute, for American parents not to be afraid to see their sons go there. I feel sure that the young men will be happy, too. To begin with, a great many of them will have known France before, under circumstances which neither the French nor themselves can ever forget. Their week-end trips will be to quaint old towns which they will have learned to love while camping in their vicinity; or to tragic cities like Rheims, or Amiens, which they will have defended at the risk of their lives, and where their voice will have better claims to be heard than that of many natives. Then they will find Paris full of their own countrymen, thousands of whom lived there before the war and never dreamed of going back to America until they had done their bit, which often meant doing wonders; while thousands of others came over at various stages of the war, and filled every place with the renown of American intelligence and generosity.

But even if Paris should lose all these well-wishers, or if the student had never set foot on French soil before, he would not feel a stranger. In spite of deep differences in their way of seeing life and using it, the Americans and the French show curious similarities. Whatever the reason may be, probably from

the strong proportion of Celtic blood in the veins of Americans, the two peoples exhibit resemblances which strike all observers. A friend of mine recently asked a French soldier on leave how he liked the Americans whom he saw at the front. The man fumbled a while for adequate expression, but finally concluded with marked emphasis, '*C'est des hommes tout-à-fait comme nous!*'

On the other hand, French visitors to America invariably record their surprise at the features which American and French conversation have in common. Eloquence and pathos seem rather superfluous luxuries in a New York as well as in a London drawing-room, but emotion and the free expression of feeling are not banished from American conversation, wit is as frequent as humor, brightness is a requisite, freedom from prejudice, or even traditionalism, is a principle, satire does not offend, and a curiosity as to all kinds of intellectual issues is habitual even in women, perhaps chiefly in women.

It is not astonishing, therefore, that Americans in Paris should become so French that the adaptation is sometimes mystifying. A reviewer — who probably would not have regarded St. Gaudens as an American — once upbraided the present writer for including Griffin and Stuart Merrill in a list of French poets. Yet, what else are they? and who, meeting the former would dream that he was not born French until he was pleased to say so? This is not a mere question of appropriating the language, which most Americans find easy; neither is it the society man's or woman's delight in annexing the more showy sides of a civilization. This flexibility may be charming in men from whom it is not expected, but I have sometimes deplored it in the many American women who, having become French by marriage, wed even French prejudices; it is a way of looking at

things from a thoroughly French point of view, or a capacity for seeing the subtlest French *nuances*, which people apparently nearer of kin, Italians for instance, never acquire.

American artists — there are hundreds in Paris, and the École des Beaux-Arts might easily be said to be an American institution — are hardly regarded as foreigners: the effort would be too great. Their very talent, invariably making for quiet distinction rather than for the display of force, is French. Was not Whistler a perfect Parisian? Many American artists speak French among themselves, because their mind is full of associations which make that medium a necessity. The same thing might be said of American literary men or women who have their homes in France. The author of *Ethan Frome* is also the author of *Sous la Neige*, which no translator could have written as well. Henry James would never have been so subtly analytical, had it not been for a French culture which he had the coquetry not to display, but which is felt in every page. And apart from artists or writers who may be supposed to be exceptionally receptive, I have already seen young American officers, nay, American privates, whom a few months at Fontainebleau or in the Foreign Legion, or in the ambulances at the front, had made delightfully French in smile, gesture, and intention, even when their tongue was still American.

I have no doubt that the Sorbonne Association of American Students will not appear much more foreign than the Provençal, Breton, or Alsatian associations. Nobody, of course, would advise young men from the United States not to be anxious to be a great deal together, or to preserve their national characteristics. Mr. Whitney Warren will have to build for them a *Maison Américaine*, as it will be called, which will be in the purest spirit of eighteenth-

century gracefulness, and will teach the Paris Municipal Council what is meant by a French style of architecture; it will be by far the best-equipped European sample of its kind, and the students will be proud of it and happy in it; it will be a headquarters of sports, a renowned altruistic centre, of course, with a glow of Christian feeling over it which will be worth many sermons.

But this home will only help the young American through his first trying weeks, and it will not prevent him from merging into the busy university, even the busy Paris life. He will find welcoming comrades, many of whom will have been his fellow soldiers, and homes which will have learned to receive a guest, or rather will have unlearned the old French belief that the essence of home-life is Spanish privacy; and he will find welcoming professors. The Sorbonne, which used to be all brain, has acquired a heart in the past fifteen years; there is a family feeling about it; and I was not a little surprised, a year or two ago, to find it alive and cherished in an English women's university. In short, Paris is ready for that give-and-take spirit which is the soul of social relations, and nobody will appreciate it more than the American undergraduate.

I was coming back from America in the autumn of 1908, when I made on the boat the acquaintance of two American students, one an architect, the other a painter, who had been in Paris a few years. It was my first visit to the United States, and I was wondering whether the sight of low-lying Cherbourg would make me feel the agony of joy which I had noticed in many passengers on my ship as we entered New York Bay. I must admit that it did not. The sound of my native language and the appearance of careless freedom about the harbor, and shortly after-

wards the vision of a Normandy village in its plenteous orchards, did give me a pleasant sense of proprietorship, but no enthusiasm.

But it was not so with my two companions. The moment the train moved out of Cherbourg station, — a wretched train, with no dining-car, no drinking water, and no light until we got to an enterprising junction, — they took their station in the corridor, and began to love everything they saw flashing past, interlarding their English with a lot of excellent French which they had never let me hear till then; and, as we went on, looking more French from minute to minute. At Caen they had commented in artists' language and professional mimicry on the wonderful sky-line we could see, as if they knew the place by heart, which they probably did; and it was the same every time we passed a church or a château worth remark.

But when we approached Paris, — it was then dark, — and the Paris glow filled the heavens, and the Paris lights on Montmartre Hill lent a glamour to the Seine, these young men forgot my and the other passengers' presence and even existence; they waved their hats out of the window at mysterious presences, they shouted and sang, and they stamped with the excess of joy, crying in French to a tune of their own, '*Voilà Paris! Voilà Paris!*'

I have never forgotten that scene of mad delight. At the moment, it made me feel melancholy, for these young men seemed to get more out of beloved Paris than I did myself. But I remembered days when the sight of the Paris lights would have thrown me — did throw me — into the same excitement, and I found pleasure and a subject for hope in this astonishing appreciation of my native country by Americans. This pleasure and hope I have never felt more keenly than to-day.

'UP TO THE GOOD MAN'

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MR. SQUEM

BY ARTHUR RUSSELL TAYLOR

PETER B. SQUEM, representative of Mercury tires, was on a trip with his car — an Ariel roadster, blindingly yellow save for the broad purple streak about its body, and with red-rimmed wheels. He enjoyed using this vehicle, which the Ariel people advertised as 'the uttermost expression of modernity,' and whose coloring was Mr. Squem's own idea. 'I guess it will make the yaps sit up,' the sales-agent had remarked on delivering the car; and he was right. It made everybody sit up, and the more after the purchaser had added a pink top, with the final happy touch of a portrait of himself looking out of the oval window at the back. 'They get me coming and going, you see,' said Mr. Squem. Below the portrait was a line or two apropos of the merits of Mercury tires.

At the hotel he had persuaded a breakfast-table acquaintance to ride with him to a town some twenty miles distant, instead of waiting an hour for a train; and the gentleman, after a startled look at the car, — it occurred to him that a camel would be considerably less conspicuous, — had tucked himself in and the two had got under way. The host had an agreeable sense of rhyming with his car. A Sunday paper had shown him illustrations of the very latest in automobile togs, and as a consequence his coat, goggles, and cap were all strictly contemporaneous — if not, indeed, a little more so.

He had a good deal of pleasure in 'letting her out.' It was not enough that the car should be a thing of unique — of almost piercing — beauty. It must be there with the goods. Mr. Squem had received from a 'lady friend' at Christmas, a gift of cigars — individually wrapped in silver paper and reposing in a mistletoe-emblemed box, with 'The Season's Greetings' in gold tracery on top. A dainty thing, yet those cigars when lighted — so Mr. Squem imparted to a friend — tasted like something long dead.

He was glad now, as always, to demonstrate the Ariel as being no such proposition. So he 'let her rip,' and they came, a yellow flash, doing a full mile a minute over the pike, and with the culverts through which they passed clashing like cymbals in their ears. And then — a sudden cave in a summer road down at the side, a swift whirl of the wheel, and the car desperately ploughing at right angles off into a field, shaking like a Newfoundland, rearing like a broncho, heavily smashing at last into a stump.

The two sat motionless for five seconds after the jar. Then Mr. Squem said with feeling, —

'You want to hump yourself and be damn sure to thank the Lord for this — same as you rap on wood. I always do.'

To which curious bidding to prayer, his companion, after a moment's pause, unsteadily rejoined, —

'A close — close — call! It might have been death.'

'Sure, just what I meant,' said Mr. Squem, 'Thank the Lord and get it over. Some crimp in the car, all right. Look at that radiator. We'll have to hoof it for help.'

There was two miles of the hoofing.

'I've got a hunch,' said Mr. Squem, as they began to step off, 'that I don't sell tires to-day. This siding we're coming to, well, they'll flag something they call a train at about eleven, and you can get out; but it's on the cards for me to telephone the Dutch town for some kind of a car-tink, and then roost here till he comes. Some picnic! You know those community mausoleums? They got the idea for 'em from this burg I'm going to be hung up in.'

He paused to light a stogy, then added, —

'Thank Pratt, I can do something besides fight flies.' And rummaging in the pockets of his billowing automobile coat, he produced, to the considerable surprise of his companion, a copy of the *Contemporary Review*. 'A fellow was telling me in Poughkeepsie last week,' he said, 'that this has some class. It sure ought to have. They want four bones a year for it, and it has n't got a smell of a picture in it — not a smell.'

'I want to take off my hat,' said the other, 'to your nerve, your wonderful spring back from the shock we've just had. You know I'm all shaken up. It's going to last a long while with me — that awful pitching down the field and the car on the edge of going over. And then that gully — did you see it? — showing just beyond that stump that saved us. We were mighty close to eternity. We were within an ace of death.'

'It was up to the Good Man,' said Mr. Squem with an air of dismissal, 'and we're here.'

'But it was death, you know,' persisted the other; 'death just as close as death comes to the trenches. *That* was what we were against. How can you pass it off as you do?'

'Same as I passed off the small-pox I skipped last year,' answered Mr. Squem, 'the time I got into the pest-house at Keokuk by mistake. What's the good of going around and thinking about it? What I'm thinking about is how to get out of this mess — that's the job, not thinking about death.'

'But heavens, man, we've had something to make us think about it! Just *make* us think about it! Lots of people think about it without anything at all to make them, and here you are with your nerves as steady as a clock.'

'Nothing doing,' interrupted Mr. Squem.

'Well, lots do,' said the other, apparently glad to talk. 'Anyway, don't you have to sometimes, if you think at all? It's only thin, surface living that doesn't sometimes. I remember a poem, whose writer, being full of thoughts of his own death, ends two of the verses, —

'I wonder what day of the month,
I wonder what month of the year?'

Mr. Squem's reception of this was laconic. 'Some nut,' he said. Then, emitting a yell, he caught the other by the collar and violently dragged him to the middle of the road, pointing in explanation, a second later, to a rattlesnake, in coil and ready to strike, perilously close to the path.

'Good God!' exclaimed the guest. 'Can anything more happen to-day?'

Mr. Squem volunteered no opinion on this head, but with deliberation and coolness proceeded to dispatch the ugly reptile with stones, after which he evidently considered the incident entirely closed, and remarked, —

'I don't know if you're a preacher —'

'Lawyer,' said the other, his voice shaking.

'I was n't going to say anything if you *was* a preacher — people don't. We got to have men around to believe things the rest of us can't, and then bat 'em out to us, overdose us — see? — with things we ought to believe *some*. Yes, we just call them "Reverend" and let them talk. It's all tommy-rot, thinking about death, and it's the best horse-sense not to ever think about it, at least until it gets here — and then a quick deal. I was to see Mack Leonard before he died last week, — it was cancer, — and he says to me, "I've just shook hands with God, and I'm ready when He is." That's all right — just business, you understand. But until the time sure comes, I figure the job is my business, and nothing else — and the rest is up to the Good Man.'

'A new euthanasia,' said the lawyer.

'What's the name of a sleeping-car got to do with it?' queried Mr. Squem.

The guest, whose name was Robinson, very decently insisted upon waiting for Mr. Squem, so they did not flag the train. The two put in the morning smoking and playing cards in the office of the New Aldine Hotel — the most out-at-elbows of all the dingy buildings of the settlement. During the forenoon the entire population, save one sorely disappointed bedridden man, filtered in to see the visitors and speculate as to why in the world they were there, one native conjecturing to another that Mr. Squem might perhaps be Mr. Schwab, minded to buy the town. The dinner, when it came, was not exactly an orgy, the ham being quite salt, the potatoes quite hard, the coffee quite indefinite in flavor, and the pie quite popular with numerous energetic flies. This last circumstance woke an old memory in Mr. Squem.

'Makes you think,' he said, 'of that

guy at the railroad eating-joint. "What kind of pie?" they says; and *he* says, "Blackberry." "Oh," they says, "that ain't blackberry," and blew on it. And, believe me, it wasn't. It was custard!'

With such table-talk and with pleasantries at the expense of the frowzled waitress, — Mr. Squem demanding chilled grape-fruit and other such delicacies, and making up for her perturbation with a dollar bill at the end, — the meal passed, and at two a car-tink arrived in a large automobile from the Dutch town. The distance to the invalid Ariel was soon covered, such of the population as could walk footing it in wake of the car — it was not every day that such things happened. The expert went over the roadster and said it could travel to the hospital on its own wheels, and a farmer's team dragged it slowly, and with many a bump, back to the road.

Seven dollars was the fee for this service. 'Dirt cheap,' the farmer had assured Mr. Squem, who, in answer, remarked, 'You got everything, every darned thing, but the bristles.'

Then the automobile man attached the roadster by chains to his own car and the start was made.

On the journey, pursued at something more than twenty miles an hour, but characterized by Mr. Squem as 'Some toad funeral,' Mr. Robinson did some thinking. He was still inwardly rocking from what had happened — the 'close-up' to death of the morning, and the weaving head of a rattlesnake, which insisted on getting into his field of view, had repeatedly made goose-flesh rise upon him through the day. He was much put out by the collapse of his philosophy before the situation. He remembered — and did not like to remember — a paper on 'The Cultivation of Self-Sufficingness,' which he had recently read before a group of cool and emancipated spirits like himself, its

upshot and burden being that, to the soul stripped of superstitious fancies and firmly grasping life, the soul reposing upon itself and its strength, nothing could really happen. He had drawn freely upon Emerson and the Upanishads in the representation of this view, which had immensely regaled all the cool and balanced spirits on the premises — elect samples of the poised who had regarded it as a tribute to themselves.

And now — it made him sick — he had been shaken and beaten down and pulled about. He had lost balance, and been afraid — was still afraid! It was rough on the self-sufficingness theory, and especially rough on Eustace Robinson. And it had all been so different with this Mr. Squem, an entirely unreflective, not to say absurd, being, of at most twelve mental years, who had been not the least thrown off balance, not the least afraid; who, using the most primitive materials, seemed somehow to have fashioned a weather-proof cosmos — one that met test by acting and working like a cosmos, and not like a bad umbrella.

Of course one might be amused — Mr. Robinson had been considerably amused — by the naïveté of the man and by the architecture of his shantytown cosmos.

'The Good Man!' thought the lawyer. 'Ridiculous! The Good Man!' — and smiled. But the smile did not stay. Something told Mr. Robinson, suddenly jolting again toward death, suddenly seeing again something hideously weaving in his path, that Peter Squem was not ridiculous; that what was ridiculous was himself.

It may be that this nettled him.

'I've been thinking,' he said as they lurched along, 'of what you said this morning about some things being up to the Good Man.'

Mr. Squem took a look at the Ariel

trailing along behind. 'Who the devil would they be up to?' he asked.

'That's just it — just it. Who? That's where the trouble comes in. Some of us think that it's really that that's behind the War.'

'All you got to do,' said Mr. Squem cheerfully, 'is to use the brains God gave you, and not be a quitter. Speaking of the War —'

'Wait a minute. You know, of course, that there can't be a forty-million-mile-high giant — a big good *man* — running things down here. We can't think that sort of thing — that sheer, childish anthropomorphism — any more.'

'I know a nigger barber in Paoli,' said Mr. Squem, 'who'd give you five dollars — five anyway — for that word! What's the reason you can't think that? The underpinning is sure a man — or something like a man. Everybody says, "He," don't they?'

Mr. Robinson suddenly reflected that Mr. H. G. Wells was doing just this very thing.

'Sure, it stands to reason,' continued Mr. Squem; then, 'Ease her up, George, here's a bridge.'

'Well, counting that out,' said Mr. Robinson, 'and letting the man part go, what is there to prove that He's good? Look at the world! (a bright woman said to me not a week ago that a cow could have arranged a better universe than this); think of the horrible snake you killed this morning!'

'He's up to the Good Man for fair,' said Mr. Squem with something like pity in his voice. 'Nobody else can take care of him.'

'Do you know,' queried Mr. Robinson, 'that Flammarion, the astronomer, said, not long ago, that this is a world not much worth fighting for any way —'

'Quitter!' interrupted Mr. Squem. 'Look here, let's get down to brass

tacks. I'm not living in a world that has n't got the best that's in *me* behind it — see? If that is n't so, everything's bug-house! I'm not letting anything smaller 'n *that* get back of things and run the works, understand? I'll ask some gent to kick me — and real hard — when I do, though honest I'd be too punk for anybody to kick. Things don't look good? What does that flim-flam man know about 'em? I know — come on the road a week with me, just one little week, and see. A quitter bets the boss is no good, — anybody can lay down and squeal, — I'm playing up — I've got to, to have any use for myself. Either the boss is all right or everything's bug-house. And I'm no quitter, and no fooling with the works for me! Think that and *you're* bug-house. I say He's all right — no, the boss of these works is no bonehead and I put every cent of my pile on the Good Man.'

Then the perfectly tragic thing happened. A mite of a child — she could not have been more than three — darted through the gate of a yard they were passing and out into the road. She was a winsome thing, dainty and fairylike — Titian's Virgin of the Presentation grown small. Her hair streamed behind her, her white frock fluttered in the breeze she was making, as she chased a scrap of a kitten. The kitten frolicked toward the centre of the road, and the child, with eyes for nothing else, headed

suddenly full on the car. There was no time, — no way, — only the gleam of a tiny white object in front, and then a quiver of the heavy machine.

In another moment three horror-stricken men leaped from their seats, and, a few feet behind, Peter Squem gathered in his arms a most lovely but no longer living thing.

'Poor Lambie!' he said, with his face torn into depths whose wonder the lawyer felt in the thick of the horror. 'Poor Lambie!'

'Some one must take her in there,' said Robinson, pointing to the house behind the trees; 'take her in and *tell* them. God knows I can't — I can't!'

'I never could,' said the driver shaking like an aspen; 'I've got one her age. I'd die.'

Peter Squem bore the little burden through the gate and up the path. He did not knock at the door, but turned the knob and entered. A sweet-faced woman came down the hall.

'I've got the baby,' he said. 'She ran into the car. I wish it had been me — but it was her. You've got to take on, and you're going to ache to die — for a long, long time — just ache to die. But you want to remember,' — and the reeling mother, looking into his eyes, had the feel of arms beneath her in an overwhelming flood, — 'you want to remember that it's going to be all right somehow — all right some-way. It's up to the Good Man.'

CANON SHEEHAN OF DONERAILE

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

A VERY unusual personage was Canon Sheehan of Doneraile, author of *My New Curate*, a novelist of clerical life, who was infinitely more than that. He was not of the type of Ferdinand Fabre, or of Anthony Trollope, or of Mrs. Oliphant, whose *Chronicles of Carlingford* ought to be read as pendants to *The Warden* or *The Last Chronicle of Barset*. He was more spiritual than any of these, though that was not difficult.

Irish of the Irish, though not Celtic of the Celts; thinking that he knew the United States because his countrymen helped to populate them, his only real bond with our country was his constantly deepening friendship for Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Unconsciously, — and all his letters about Holmes are not given in this *Life*,¹ — he found everything that was good in America symbolized in his friend, and everything evil in his fears for the workings of a disorderly democracy.

What Canon Sheehan dreaded most was disorder or lack of discipline. This, perhaps, accounts for his admiration of German methods of life and education, and his rather pessimistic comparison between them and the Irish 'ways.' In the eighties he writes, 'Germany is a huge barrack, where every adult must pass through the ordeal of a severe and rigid discipline, to form part of, eventually, a colossal and irresistible force that may crush the French on the one hand and the Slav on the other.'

¹ *Canon Sheehan of Doneraile*. By DR. HERMAN J. HEUSER. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

He was born in 1852, in the town of Mallow. He seems to have been born 'thinking' — a more thoughtful human creature never existed. For an imaginative child of his type, who found it easy to believe that the Irish fairies respected the Church, being only little kind creatures too much in love with nature, the priesthood seemed to be a foregone conclusion. The Church sanctified all beauty; the Church answered all questions.

A great tall student came on his vacation from the seminary of Maynooth. 'One summer night the seminarist took the sleepy boy on his shoulders and wrapped him round with the folds of his great Maynooth cloak that was clasped with brass chains running through lions' heads, carrying him out under the stars, as the warm summer air played around them.' — 'A bit of a dreamer,' he says he was; and then the fair-haired, delicate boy began to dream of the priesthood. He lived through the Fenian outbreak; he was an ardent patriot; the fighters for Irish freedom were his heroes in his boyhood, which seems to have been a pleasant one, even after the death of his parents, when he was nearly eleven years of age.

At St. Colman's College, preparatory to the Irish Ecclesiastical Seminary of Maynooth, the students were strong Fenians. It was in 1867 that a small rebel force was surrounded in the Kilcloony wood, within sight of the ice-glistening Galtee mountains. Peter Crowley, the hero of these boys, kept at bay an English regiment by dodging

from tree to tree and firing until his ammunition gave out. He was at last killed. 'We caught another glimpse of the funeral cortège as it passed the sergent's lodge. Then we turned away with tears of sorrow and anger.'

It is curious enough to note that this youth, so full of sympathy with the movement of which the Church officially disapproved, could later see both sides of many Irish questions, admire the English character and methods of life, and rejoice to the day of his death in the fact that the intercourse between Protestants and Catholics was becoming more agreeable. Maynooth was in 1869 under the presidency of Dr. Russell, the man who had, Newman says, 'perhaps more to do with my conversion than anyone else.' But the point of view of education taken in this celebrated seminary, and the uncertainty of the discipline, chilled the mind of the enthusiastic young cleric, who was constantly discovering, and bravely bearing the discovery, that life was a very disappointing thing.

While there was at Maynooth no danger that dangerous books, such as Talleyrand read during his preparation at St. Sulpice, would affect the students, there was a danger, which the liberal-minded Madame de Sévigné considered greater, of his reading no books at all — that is, no books coming under the name of 'eclectic literature.' Many of the teachers at Maynooth were French, and at one time the use of the French language at table gave rise to a league among the other professors to speak 'Irish' only. Owing to the disabilities forced on the Catholics before emancipation, the older Irish priests had been sent to France for their ecclesiastical education. When one recalls memories of some of these gentlemen, — sometimes a little Jansenistic in their point of view, — the French touch in their manners, in their

ideals of life, and in their sympathies was a gain; but the spirit of the younger clergy was against it, and the differences with the Vatican and the school of Bonetty, Rosmini, and others intensified the determination of the elders to make the course of study at Maynooth as drastic as possible.

'Far back in the sixties literature had to be studied surreptitiously and under the uncongenial shadow of Perrone or Receveur. It was a serious thing to be detected in such clandestine studies, and I dare say our superiors were quite right in insisting that we should rigidly adhere to the system of pure scholasticism, which was a college tradition.'

Young Sheehan, however, fastened on Carlyle, and this accounts for his leaning toward German literature, from which he singled out particularly Jean Paul Richter, whose formula, 'I love God and little children,' greatly appealed to him. Kant, Schelling, and Fichte interested him. A classmate afterwards described him as a man who scarcely uttered a word, but read the heavens and thought. His two sisters, whom he loved intensely, had died, after having entered religious congregations. Their loss seemed to add to his reticence; but, then, what he seemed to envy the English most was their 'reserve'; he contrasted it sharply with the habit of the Irish of wearing their hearts upon their sleeves. Indeed, the quality which he disliked in all Americans, excepting always his friend Justice Holmes, whom he found perfect in every respect, was 'effusiveness.'

On receiving holy orders, in 1875, he was sent to Plymouth — a part of the 'English mission.' This, and the fact that he had not taken a chance to study at Rome, were at first disappointments to him. The Plymouth parish meant hard work — there was little leisure for communing with his thoughts, for analyzing the 'too human qualities

of Shakespeare or the paganness of Goethe.' He had not then acquired the English accent which his admirers in Doneraile tolerated as a '*défaut de ses qualités*.' Dr. Heuser, who is such an admirable biographer that any discriminating man about to die might, saluting him, choose him in advance, insinuates that Canon Sheehan's brogue gave an additional charm to one of his first sermons against Calvinism. Parts of the novel *Luke Delmage* are undoubtedly autobiographical.

Dr. Heuser quotes a passage appropriate to a first sermon. One young lady declared that, when the young preacher overcame the roughness of his Irish education, he would be 'positively charming.'

One old apple-woman asked another, 'What was it all about, Mary?'

'Yerra, how could I know! Shure it was all Latin. But I caught "the grace of God" sometimes.'

'Well, the grace of God and a big loaf — shure, that's all we want in this world.'

A rough man in his factory dress concluded that it was 'a new hand they'd taken on at the works here.' An enthusiastic friend declared that the sermon knocked them all into 'a cocked hat'; but the Vicar-General maintained silence. At last he said, 'Have you any more of these sermons?'

'Yes, sir, I have a series in notes.'

'Burn them!'

Luke Delmage is indicative of Sheehan's manner of life in Exeter. His visit to Lourdes interested and repelled him; he liked piety, but he objected to the mixture of books of piety and the romances of George Sand and Dumas on the bookstalls; and an American tavern-keeper, of great religious fervor, declared that 'Paris was a hell on earth.' This made him sad — for France. Returning to Exeter, where he worked scrupulously, he began to study

the difference between the Saxon and the Celtic temperaments; it puzzled him; he knew that his fellow countrymen did not seriously object to some cheerful lying in ordinary affairs; but, while the English were too contemptuous to stoop to lie in private life, in public, where a point was to be gained, 'they will lie like Satan.'

He returned to Ireland, however, filled with admiration of the 'straight, deliberate, and well-poised methods of the English.'

'Where did you get that imperial accent?' he was asked. He seemed 'so solemn and grand' that an anxious nun wondered whether the poor would like him. The poor did like him, as the annals of the parish of Doneraile will show. Socially, his political creed might be summed up in his own words: 'That injustice begets injustice; that fear has been the cause of the world's greatest crimes.' He was very frank as to the merits and demerits of his country; there is not space for the proofs of his insight; but to those — who is not among them? — puzzled by the complexities of the present Irish situation, *Canon Sheehan of Doneraile* offers some light. To hope to understand Ireland, we must see it from the inside; and, even then, one feels as Marion Crawford felt about the fair sex — one sees clearly for only five minutes at a time!

With the intention of drawing the attention of the Irish to their own faults, and, at the same time, showing their virtues to the world, he began to write *Geoffrey Austen*; and in 1895 he became parish priest of Doneraile, in Ireland. One must read some of the delightful passages in *My New Curate* to discover how the young priest felt when he was installed in Doneraile — 'the place,' in the opinion of a slightly cynical bishop, for 'a poet and a dreamer.'

In *Geoffrey Austen* Canon Sheehan's attempt to show the faults in Irish edu-

cation met with censure that almost frightened the young reformer. It might be summed up in the repartee to some of Sir Horace Plunkett's well-meant criticisms: 'They may be true, but it is n't for the like of you to say them!' However, Canon Sheehan's fright wore off, and the success of *My New Curate*, in spite of some further objections from super-sensitive Celts, gave him confidence. It was due to the discriminating and energetic encouragement of the author of *Canon Sheehan of Doneraile* that Father Dan, in *My New Curate*, was created. He who knows this book, *Geoffrey Austen, Luke*

Delmage, and *The Triumph of Failure*, will find the clue to many difficult meanings and receive light from a singularly fine mind.

In a literary sense, Canon Sheehan's faults were in his lack of understanding of 'the upper classes' in the artificial social sense, and, when he wrote verse, in his inability to understand that poetry is not merely philosophy and theology loaded with rhymes.

This *Story of an Irish Parish Priest as Told Chiefly by Himself in Books, Personal Memoirs and Letters* is, to use the outworn phrase of the last century, a really precious 'human document.'

THE HOUR

BY AMORY HARE

By my window, on my knees,
I watched the planets turning;
I could feel the upward yearning
Of the little cedar trees.
In the silence of the dim
Twilight before dawn,
When the night was almost gone,
Like drowsy cherubim
Clouds floated up and sailed
The blushing sky, and smiled
All rosy like a child;
Then drew away, and paled.
So passed the holy hour
When dawn, by darkness wooed,
At heaven's portal stood,
And morning came to flower.

THOUGHTS OF A TEACHER OF GERMAN

FIVE years ago I was a man of acknowledged prestige in our small college campus. I am the same man, with the same principles, the same ideals, but my position is not the same, my attitude toward my work is not the same: the life of it has fallen away.

I am not a German by birth, not even by close descent. My father was a Methodist minister and had practically none of the German tongue at his command. It was not until my undergraduate years in a little Methodist college in the Middle West, that I became interested in languages. Later, I studied in France and Germany. The interest became a passion. It was the culmination of a long cherished ambition when I at last went through the sacred ceremony of receiving my doctor's degree in Munich, the rites representing years of toil and moil and persistent sacrifice.

Upon my return to my Alma Mater, however, it was Latin and not German that I began teaching. I liked Latin, but I loved German, the language and literature. So, when a position opened in the department of German, I went into that department, and in time became head of the work. It was a comparatively small department, where the professor did practically all of the instructional duties except with the beginning classes.

About this time I married a young woman of German parentage, who matched and mated my eagerness in my study; and, together, we wove a wonderful woof of romance and poetry and philosophy with which to hang about the sanctum of our work. Our student boys and girls, year after year,

were to become imbued with what we believed to be German *Idealismus*, industry, simplicity, inspiration, lofty idealism. Our home would be the centre of their social activities; we should have current periodicals, old books, songs, music of the old composers, tales to be told, all these in the language whose *Klang* we so much reveled in; everywhere the German atmosphere, and now and then our German *Kaffee* and *Kuchen*. The more we planned and studied, the more we loved our work, the more we felt it a mission.

And this indeed became our work — a mission. We built up our department; it became popular. Our departmental library received an endowment which made it the best in the state. We opened our home informally to the German Club, formed of all students working in German. We patiently studied each individual, and once or twice, through each of the four years, we tried to get into confidential contact with each student in all of our courses, not in a slushy, sentimental sort of way, but by a personal interest in each, by some means entirely out of the pale of campus curricula. We often spent hours in devising some tactful and unobvious way. We did it purely out of love for our work.

Years passed. It took no great amount of bias or personal vanity to realize that the German Department had become the strongest in the school. It was openly acknowledged to be so. Our students studied with devotion and enthusiasm. Der Deutsche Bund was one of the leading social-educational clubs of the institution, and our Christ-

mas and Easter *Feste* were sparkling affairs, genuine and ardent. A spirit of comradeship and sympathy became traditional. And, considering that not more than three out of every hundred students coming to our campus were of German families, or had previously understood or spoken German, this influx of interest and coöperation spelled something significant of success for our years of aim and effort.

Then came the war. September, 1914, saw little change in enrollment. Classes were about the same in size as those of the semester preceding. Work opened propitiously. This year was to see the campaign for our long-dreamed German House, a consummation most devoutly to be wished for the complete atmosphere, the unified background of our ultra-Deutsch experience — a bit of romantic Germany, of Germany at her highest and best, set down in a German garden at the marge of the little old campus.

In 1912 I had spent my sabbatical leave of absence in Germany. To be quite frank, I had then been a little worried — a trouble subtle and intangible, an impalpable premonition of things not quite right in the country of the Rhine. As it had not done before, the *Erhebung* of everything German, the constant reiteration of German virtues, *Deutschtum*, rasped upon one's sense of what was right and proper. It was, as I had never felt before, an everlasting refrain of *Deutschland über Alles*.

Later, some very inconspicuous reports in the *Berliner Technische Welt* had surprised me — descriptions of some technical developments. It recalled the sharp contrast to our little Middle Western town, which I always felt at the sight of the ubiquitous soldier in Berlin. And yet, German student though I felt myself to be, I had no idea of war, absolutely none. Bern-

hardi was no secret. But many of us felt that Bernhardi was merely one of those Prussians who out-Prussianed Prussianism. Rohrbach and Von Bülow were not far removed. Otfried Nippold's collected evidences of 'irrefutable proof' of war-agitations were merely sporadic utterances characteristic of some visionary writers of the time. There have been in all countries alarmists. There were, to be sure, the dangerous philosophies of Nietzsche and Treitschke. But the age was seething with a variety of extreme — some even rabid — theories. Some readjustments were inevitable — economic, educational, social, religious. But any real menace to world-peace was unthinkable. So I calmed any subconscious perturbation. Nevertheless I was uneasy, subtly and intangibly uneasy.

I entered into the work that September of 1914 with less of spontaneity and elasticity. August for me had been a month of trial. Austria's declaration after the Sarajevo affair, and all the lightning-like sequence of portentous events that followed, left me stunned. Not that I then saw the full sweep of the menace; but just from the connotation of it all, my teaching found me stiff and unresponsive. In the following June, the spring of 1915, twenty-three of my seniors left school, with splendid training for teaching high-school German. At least four were full of vision, a-thrill with the joy of work to be done. They had been so deeply immersed in the *Idealen* of the masters of German literature; so engrossed with the history of the development of liberty and the progress of the earlier German states; so overwhelmed with the range and beauty of the writings of Schiller and Lessing and Goethe, that the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns somehow seemed remote. Occasionally we took up newspaper reports for discus-

sion in the classroom, but much of the opinion was then either neutral or very slightly biased.

By the next September there was a slight fall in the enrollment of the freshmen sections, though the upper classmen continued their work in about the same proportion as in preceding years. A few, however, shifted from a major to a minor in German, and wisely did their thesis work in a subject other than the Teutonic language and literature. I say wisely, for the developments of those months just passed and of the two years just to follow became an unfaltering finger, pointing the way toward an increasing loss in the popularity of German in the American schools. German lost then that which generations cannot replace. Consciously or unconsciously, the student for years and years, of years upon years, will remember the Germany of the second decade of the twentieth century, and turn to a language other than that of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. Indeed, it may take centuries to remove the stigma, to take away the stench of blood from the language of the Boche.

Except himself, no one can conceive of the poignancy of the feeling that the teacher of German now experiences. I have seen the ambitions, the hopes, the day-long, night-long efforts of twenty years sapped of life and vitality through the world-lust of the Prussian. I have known the bitterness of seeing so much of the beautiful in thought and expression spurted over with the life-blood of Democracy. And I am sick.

Imagine the futility of teaching German idealism, Goethe's *Mehr Licht*, or

Ein Mann, der recht zu wirken denkt,
Muss auf das beste Werkzeug halten.

Imagine trying to impress upon a class the idyllic beauty of *Hermann und Dorothea*, the lyric and spiritual qualities of the second part of *Faust*, the universal brotherhood of Lessing's *Nathan*

der Weise; imagine these with the letters of FRIGHTFULNESS now world-written by the hand of the Hun! I am not choleric. I believe I can see sanely. But the exclamatory is all that expresses this irreparable injury.

I began bravely this difficult work of teaching German since 1914, by the hypothesis that the best in Teutonic literature is a revolt against this very militarism we are now fighting, and for a time I deluded myself with the great good that could be accomplished by emphasizing this in such men as Schiller, Lessing, and Goethe, as well as in some of the things from such moderns as Wildenbruch and Theodor Sturm. But the newspapers made current events too vital for one to spend his hours shoring up the tottering structure of German popularity. Eighteenth-century nobility was overcast by twentieth-century inhumanity.

The heart of me passed out of my work. It became a lifeless routine. Something of bitterness burned within me. I felt as if the Germans had cheated me, robbed me of something good and beautiful. At moments I was full of dumb incredulity. I recalled the kind and heartfelt cordiality of those people of my student days. And yet I knew only too well the ingrained system of the Gymnasium and the Cadet-Schulen, the implacable military training. That it is, through which Kultur and Schrecklichkeit have blotted out the Sprache of *Wilhelm Tell*, of those little prose-poems like *Immensee* and *Höher als die Kirche*, which students everywhere have read and loved. When Dr. Dwight Hillis tells us of the 'Zwei' scrawled drunkenly above two little crucified Belgian babies, — a laconic and sardonic *Zwei*, — we begin to comprehend what Welt-lust is doing to the language of Luther and Leibnitz, of Heine and Herder, of Grillparzer and Grimm.

Shall German continue in the grade schools and in the high schools? Shall the German staff be maintained in colleges where there are not enough students to keep them employed? These are the questions that the foremost educators, the press, the people of the time persist in bringing forward. It is doubtless a problem that will be with us for a generation. After a generation the thing will largely solve itself. The most radical declare for a complete boycott. Others are represented by Theodore Roosevelt, who, declaring that 'America is a nation and not a polyglot boarding-house,' reiterates the prudence of eliminating German from all elementary schools, and reserving it solely for a purely utilitarian language in secondary institutions.

'We cannot trust Germany enough to neglect her language,' declared one of my colleagues recently. 'There must be many of us who keep close enough in touch with her tongue, to keep apace with her hands so efficient in diabolical designing.'

German as a language has not passed, is not passing. But German as a favorite study, as a foster-tongue which we affectionately cultivate, is no more. The Hun has seen to that. It takes but a composite study of the departments of German in the colleges and universities of this year to comprehend the astounding falling-off of students. We need merely to contrast the growth of courses in French language and literature, in history and drama and science, to realize that the 'language of the courts' has become the elected language of the time. In the state university of one of our commonwealths, known the country over as a state spotted with 'little Germanies,' the classes in German have dropped to a mere handful of lukewarm students, while the French classes have grown seventy-five per cent. And there is a

rumor, not yet officially verified, that all of the instructional staff in German have been granted leave of absence for the year 1918-1919.

Be that as it may, we do not need to turn to campus gossip for substantiating the prevalent distaste for *Deutschtum*. I, this year, have seen pathos and tragedy in the careers of many of my fellow teachers in other schools. Young women are devoting day and night to replacing their German by a heroic turn to French. Three men who had gained renown and honor some time ago in research on German subjects, are now floundering in a series of economic lectures of which they but recently learned. One professor I know has been sacrificing for eight years, burning more than midnight oil and energy, preparing for the publishers a book, big in both content and extent: a study of the environmental and hereditary influences that shaped the peculiar characteristics of Uhland. He has given the work up. And he is like a man lost.

Another young associate professor and his wife, as much devoted to his work as he, came to our campus three years ago brimful of enthusiasm. They were as much rapt in the contemplation of the new long-dreamed-of home that they would soon build, as we had been in materializing our *Deutsches Haus* for the campus home of our boys and girls. They treasured everything that would help to realize their hopes more quickly. They were too happy to realize just how they were yielding up in every form to make possible the home they longed for. Now, while they are at last in position to have their own hearth, to revel in the joy of their own inglenook, they will not build. He has given up his German teaching and will leave for work with the Red Triangle.

I am still teaching German. I have

seen my department fall from the most popular to one regarded with uncertainty and even with distrust. There is no longer the zest in the *Lieder* or times of *Conversations* at the meetings of Der Deutsche Bund. In reality the German Club no longer exists. We have held meetings to interpret Pan-germanism, the doctrines of Hurrah and Hallelujah, the explanations of Von Jagow, Dernburg and Bethmann-Hollweg. That has been largely the gist of our work this year, — disclosures, divulgements, a campaign of anti-autocracy that verges now and then into a *Hasz*-programme, — not an ideal course for college students.

Theoretically, I ceased teaching German in 1915. What I am doing now is nondescript. I should leave the whole work, I am convinced; but it is not

easy for a college professor who has spent the prime as well as the strength of his maturity in a subject, to enter into a new field of work. At times I feel that I would stake everything that has heretofore been my pleasure and my happiness to be able to go now into technical or scientific work. It may be that I shall soon find it impossible longer to remain in the chair of German. I have a small farm. I am learning, in an elderly, hazy sort of way, all I can get in scientific agriculture, and to this I may turn.

But the soul of me cries out against that system that has robbed me and thousands of others in my position of the joy and inspiration and the sense of a mission in teaching to aspiring college students the idealism of *Licht*, *Liebe*, *Leben*.

RELIGION IN WAR-TIME

WITH SIDE GLANCES AT MR. WELLS

BY WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING

I

THE decks of the new Cunarder on this particular evening were wet, blowy, and pitch dark. We were chancing it at full steam ahead; but to the lay sense there was no token of direction as the ship settled down to the steady churning of the night. Here in the drawing-room we could fancy ourselves ballooning about in the midst of space, the universe unrolling itself equally in all quarters from this genial focus.

'The trouble is,' remarked McGill, Canadian banker, 'the trouble is that church people are not enough in earnest about their own faith.'

'Out of touch,' muttered Waterman.

As a man of leisure, — rare object on shipboard in these days, — Waterman seldom took the trouble to interpret his oracles.

But Andrews, accredited to the British Embassy at Washington and wise at thirty, was manifestly impatient with these conservative expressions of

discontent. 'How much religion do you think there is at the front to-day? None at all. I mean it literally. The chaplain is the most useless and the most unhappy man in the service.'

'Out of touch.'

Waterman removed his pipe for the purpose of launching this comment with greater force, and then resumed his smoking and his silence. Andrews went on without swerving:—

'I have a friend, a chaplain, one of the head ones at the front, — could n't be a better, — been there three years. He tells me, confidentially, that there is no market for his goods. He is going to give it up, first chance, and try holding services in London, anniversaries of battles and that sort of thing.'

'Religion! what is there in it for the Tommies? What they have got to go on is the simple principle of playing the game. That's it — that's their religion: to play the game! If they don't, some of their own comrades will have to pay, and they know it: that is what keeps them up to it. All the rest, creeds and prayers and so on — well, it has no application, that's all; they've no time for it, no appetite for it.'

I remarked that 'playing the game' might qualify as a code of ethics, but hardly as a religion. If this is all, we might better accept the first statement, that there is no religion at the front.

And to judge from what I had casually seen in a few sectors here and there, the statement might easily have been true. But religion seldom appears to the eye, particularly during business hours in the war-zone. The realistic observer runs a high risk of losing the only important facts; it is necessary to look behind behavior to the motives that are sustaining it. If, in spite of numerous good reasons for not playing the game, men still play it, the likelihood is that there are some deep-lying reasons at work.

'Which only shows,' interposed Andrews, 'that the idealistic observer runs the opposite risk — that of seeing what is not there.'

'You mean,' I said, 'that soldiers have no convictions, or, at least, make no heavy use of them?'

'I mean that it is simply poor psychology to talk of "deep-lying convictions," if you are thinking of what keeps a soldier in the game when every common impulse is prompting him to get out of it. What keeps him there is plain human nature — instinct: that's the word — instinct.'

Andrews warmed to his subject:—

'There's an unrelenting something that runs through the race and won't let a man give up; and the race that has most of it wins. You know, these Tommies of ours — something takes hold of them, they'll tell you: a curious mad glee at flinging themselves into the face of hell; they stop feeling things; they go on like possessed; maybe it is the race gets into them. At all odds, it is quite different from religion as the churches see it.'

Andrews seemed uneasily aware that in talking about 'the race' in that metaphysical tone, he had begun to wear the edge thin between his 'plain human nature' and religion. I ventured a doubt whether the churches would be willing to leave 'instinct' out of religion: they would probably want to add something to it. These blind impulses and capacities for devotion need something to tie up to. Religion supplies them with this when it supplies them with a creed. And an instinct plus a creed is a conviction — is n't it? I was inclined to stand by the word.

But Andrews was obdurate. 'Damn meagre creed, if you are going in for the actual state of mind of any representative fighting men, — take Tommy Atkins, — take your fellows, whatever

you call them, — something better than Yanks, I hope.'

'How much of a creed does it take to make a religion?' I pursued. 'Nothing very elaborate: say, a belief that the world we live in is itself alive and not dead; that the life in it is good and not bad — in short, a belief in a God; and a belief that our own personal lives with their meaning may go on after death.'

'That would hardly satisfy me,' — it was McGill who entered this caveat. But Waterman, presumably as a sportsman rather than as a theologian, roused himself to pronounce, 'Let it pass'; while Andrews uttered a tolerant, but defiant, 'Well?'

'Well,' I found myself echoing, 'if you accept this as a sort of common denominator of current convictions in our civilian world, why do you think the average soldier more destitute of such ideas than the average citizen he evolves from — or don't you think so?'

'Yes, rather. And why? Because war, especially this war, makes the men who are in it distinguish their dreams from their facts and their facts from their dreams.'

'Very likely,' I said; 'but which are the facts and which are the dreams?' Andrews scrutinized me.

'If the creed we speak of is a dream,' I continued, 'I should certainly expect it to come off the worse for war; but if your hard-fact realism —'

'Bring on the evidence, then. What results *are* our men coming to?' Andrews pressed his point.

'Who knows?' I rejoined; 'who knows enough to make a sweeping statement? What one finds here and there is what one might well expect: men are driven both ways, some one way and some another. Neutrality is what disappears: spiritual neutrality goes the way of political neutrality. Taking men as they talk, there is plenty of sporadic

evidence on any side you choose. We have all heard of the boy in training who walked up to his chaplain and said, "See here, I've been thinking this thing over; and I am going to chuck my religion for the duration of the war."

'In Paris I met an old friend who was just then on convalescent leave. I put to him this question point-blank: "Are you coming to think of human beings more as temporary aggregates of head-power and horse-power, or more as souls in the old sense?"

"More as things," he said, after a pause, "things of nature." And he went on to tell of an event a few days old, which was evidently still much on his mind — a collision between two of his comrades in the escadrille, a straight head-on smash between a machine starting out and one just returning. Details don't matter. The wreckage had to be cleared away in haste, and fifteen minutes later they were carrying on as usual — or thought they were. My friend ended his story with an apparently disconnected remark: "I don't know that fighting is doing me any particular good."

'But here is a straw at another angle. You know Lieutenant Colonel Teak. During the July offensive he was in charge of a C.C.S. back of Messines.'

'Yes, but what is an army surgeon likely to know about this?'

'More than most, if he has his eyes open,' I replied. 'No one else sees as much as he does of the subconscious regions of the men's minds. It is the subconscious region in which a man keeps the thoughts he is not thinking of: most people keep their religion there a good part of the time, soldiers most of the time.'

'Well, Colonel Teak handled thousands of wounded during that offensive. "Naturally," he said to me, "we have to tell a good many that we can't do

anything for them. And what surprises me is not that so few are anxious about it, but that most of them take it for granted, apparently, that death is simply a transition, important perhaps, but not terrible, and that they are to live on, elsewhere —”

‘Where?’

It was clear that Andrews regarded the question as equivalent to a refutation. At the same moment, Waterman made the comment, ‘Early training,’ — equally conclusive, — and McGill began a speech: —

‘No matter what you say, gentlemen, I doubt whether there are any genuine skeptics at the front, or anywhere else at this moment. We all live and act on a faith which we may superficially question or forget; but it is there. It is Christianity.’

‘Why Christianity? Why not something more simple and universal, something less partisan and less incredible to the mass of men? Here is H. G. Wells — I don’t know what you may think of his philosophy, but his voice at this moment is certainly earnest and commands respect. Is n’t there a good deal of sense in his plea for simplifying our ideas of religion?’

I was hoping to get all this said, not by way of stating my own views, but by way of bringing McGill into the current of contemporary criticism. But he went on through my words: —

‘Behind all our efforts and aims, in war and elsewhere, there is a standard, a hero if you like. And there is one figure that none of us can escape. I make no bones about it, gentlemen, I am a simple man. I take Jesus of Nazareth; I take the scriptures; I find my religion there. I am a man of business — I want something definite. Where does Mr. Wells get to? Where does G. K. Chesterton get to? Where do all you philosophers get to? You land us in vague abstractions. They

sound well; but when you come down to substance and meaning, what is it? You leave us to fall back on the concrete religion of the Gospels. And whether they confess it or not, it is in force — I am as sure of it as that I am sitting here — it is in force with our boys in the trenches. It is what they take hold of, or try to. And if religion falls down anywhere under strain, the trouble is that we — mark you, I do not say the church or the clergy: everybody tries to take a fall out of *them* — the trouble is that we are not enough in earnest about it.’

It was a fine avowal; and McGill, as if to signify that he regarded the matter settled, passed around the photographs of his family.

Andrews, who had been unable to decoy McGill into a discussion of just where he *was* sitting, assured him that he had not the slightest objection to Christianity, regarding it simply as a pictorial version of normal instincts — ‘fraternity, humanity, and all that sort of thing.’ But McGill’s honest, clear-cut features indicated that he neither trusted nor understood the diplomat’s method of making himself at home in Christendom, and that, as a man and a Scotchman, predestined to orthodoxy, he was resolved to accept his theological fate, as the best available proposition.

II

In discussing the religion of the soldier, Andrews and McGill had shed some light on their own, and on the general status of religion in war-time. No one now shuns ultimate questions, no one feigns indifference, few assume final knowledge. This alone is a gain. Surely there is an awakening in the fact of war, as there is in the fact of love; and at this moment the terrible awakening of the one is as universal as the gracious awakening of the other.

But there is no greater certainty in the one than in the other how durable the awakening will be, or what meaning it will bear. Here were Andrews and McGill, sufficiently representative men, stirred by the present shakings of the world just enough to — talk, and to summon themselves, not to openness of mind, but to a tighter, more 'loyal' grip upon their opposing prepossessions. And have not Andrews and McGill been confronting one another, mutually impervious, these fifty years, confirming one another in their contrasting fixities, helping the world's need of new vision not one jot? The war had begun to reach and mobilize their wills; it had not yet penetrated the fastnesses of their intellects. They were ready to make many sacrifices, only not the most difficult sacrifice, that of mutual understanding.

As for the men in the trenches, their image was still vivid with me, and I thought I knew how to estimate the report of widespread religious awakening among them. We have to face the fact that there is nearly nothing, either in the landscape of war or in the business of war, to sustain for long a religious attitude of mind.

There are undoubtedly moments in every soldier's career that stand out from the rest with an approach to religious significance. Enlistment. There is probably no one critical decision which men make in so great a variety of tempers; and yet I venture to say that almost always there is something that sets this particular act of dedication apart in the mind of the decider. It becomes a subconscious asset; it tends to put him on fundamental good terms with the invisible universe as with visible society. And it is likely to serve as an unuttered argument to the effect that God, if there be a God, will not be too hard on him, whatever happens.

There are men, and I believe not a few, in whom the doing of this one deed deflects the whole balance of existence into generous and devoted ways. An abrupt release from self-absorption has for most human beings the force of a discovery.

And then there are bound to be later moments, erratic, incalculable, when the simple starkness and incredibility of the whole affair sets the mind off on a flight of rebellious freedom, denying that *this* can be a complete or fair account of the realities of the world. Or when a touch of searching fear reminds one of the loneliness of every personal self in that vast impersonal mill of misery and death, and one achieves another denial — the denial that this apparent loneliness is real, because existence itself is a companionship with an unseen but inescapable will. These elementary denials are the first point in all religion.

But time is the enemy of all such moments — time and habit and the fact that the war-world, well fitted to raise ultimate questions, is incomparably poor in the stuff for their answer.

For what the soldier habitually faces has little of revelation in it: chiefly a unique proportion of the tedious and relentlessly wearing, and at times, of the menacing, sordid, ghastly, painful. The *cafard* which seizes in time the most adventurous spirits is not simply a homesickness due to the starvation of most appetites above the animal level: it is a type of mental dismay, inability to achieve a sense of footing and reality in a habitat immeasurably inauspicious. If one were looking for speculative questions, here is the ancient and lightly labeled 'problem of evil' in an aggravated form: but the soldier knows in advance what sort of thing is to be said about it. To endure *this* is the concrete filling of those soldierly virtues whose

names he has sufficiently heard: to go through with it is what is expected of him. His effort is less to think it through than to *see* it through. Deathly weariness, the intense concern for the physical routine, the prevalent type of passion, the value that accrues upon a temper of insouciance — everything predisposes to a lethargy of mind and a dulling of the speculative interest, without which there is no religious vitality.

To say that thought is baffled would be misleading. One might rather say that thought is shunned, that men commonly protect themselves against it by ingenious time-filling and head-filling devices. The soldier's one mental luxury is complete rest in regard to his presuppositions. His life is no more in his own hands. He adopts thoughtlessness and the crude but effective philosophy of 'Smile,' as he adopts a pioneering exterior: they fit the environment, or at least they offer the best impromptu prospect of survival.

The miracle of undepressible spirit (the same, with temperamental variations, in all our armies) has been called a Christian virtue. I venture to doubt whether it is anything of the sort. It is a necessity of life and an inevitable product of the experience which finds that two types of comrade are intolerable: the caver-in and the man who adopts a theoretical or consciously Christian optimism. A core of impenetrable cheerfulness beneath a coat of purely linguistic 'grousing' is a natural solution. No doubt there is instinct in it, as Andrews would insist. More than this, it is youth, plain unbreakable tenacity of grip on life. More still, it is a ready-made philosophy, furnished with an array of saws and jokes, sentinels against the intrusion of ideas. But in any case, it is no soil for reflection, and hence of no direct significance for religion.

And the negative effect of the landscape of war is ably seconded by that of the business of warring. It is false to say that war brutalizes men: war itself does neither one thing nor another. But it is true that fighting demands the overcoming of certain scruples which have stood as bulwarks against the primitive passions; and unless a noble severity enters in their place, some ground will be lost. Absolute disillusionment and a dead realism — no one can truly say that this is the soldier's philosophy. But no one can truly deny that it is a mood into which every soldier is likely now and then to fall. So far, Barbusse is a true witness. Religion is not out of touch with the fighter: the fighter may well be — for much of the time — psychologically out of touch with religion.

And he will at times stand appalled by the gamut of his own nature, dizzy with the clash of the creeds that fit his divergent characters, — the destroying fiend, the good Samaritan, the fatalist, the visionary, — half-persuaded that the sacrifice of his own soul is an integral part of the sacrifice required of him in this contest with public crime.

It is well that the representative of religion should be there, with his silent affirmation that, in spite of appearances, God is in his heaven; or with his concrete reminder, Christ met all this and kept his faith; or with his universally appreciated touch of decorum in the last rites. These are the staples of religion, and they may show which way the die tends to fall. But the occasion is not one for religious progress. For the moment the world must live on its religious capital as on its economic capital; and the outcome will be a test of the solvency of the past decade, not of the productivity of the present. The lost opportunities of the churches — so far as they have been lost — are chiefly those that

existed in the fifteen or twenty years preceding the war.

We shall not find the genuine elements of hope in the situation by glossing over its sobering traits. Nor yet by succumbing to the temptation to say that the soldier is subconsciously religious. Subconsciousness was regarded by Myers and by William James as a region of linkage with the divine; by the Freudians as a region of linkage with animality. It may be both; but one is tempted to conclude that the subconscious taken by itself is of no importance whatever. Certainly, a religion that a man does not know he has, is of no importance.

But it is of immense importance what things are working their way forward out of the soil of confused impressions, intuitions, crude hypotheses, into the form of ideas. If the soldier in general is not a thinker, he is far from having a typical and unchanging mentality. A man in full powers, confronted with a mass of data as strange as those that confront a child, he seems less to be making progress than to be set back at the beginning, to labor through the long racial journey of experience. Reduced by necessity to primitive habits, torn abruptly from the ruts of leisurely philosophizing which we commonly follow with dilatory hopefulness, his undeliberate thoughts take shapes which some wise heads are ready to call atavistic. There are occasional outcroppings of superstition, belief in omens, luck, visions, miracles, reversion here and there even to furtive magic practices. Psychologists of that melancholy breed that interprets the life of the army in terms of the life of the crowd are inclined to interpret the mind of the individual soldier in terms of the mind of aboriginal man.

But the word atavism as applied to

the common soldier deserves all the resentment it would arouse in him if he heard it. It is just his involuntary return to the beginning, not to remain there, but to resume in an original, unsophisticated way the age-long journey of thought, that is most promising for the religion of the future. An idea is not necessarily false because it is primitive. To discover for one's self whatever truth there is in simpler phases of religion may be the best way to revitalize more adequate forms more conventionally held.

Of these simpler phases, there are two that seem fairly common at the front — the one, a sort of primitive mysticism, the other, a variety of religious experience that might be called safety-religion.

There is nothing more primitive in religion than mysticism, understood as the conscious merging of personal selfhood in a higher will. One touches the edge of it in that sense of tribal solidarity which Andrews signalized in speaking of the passion of combat. Such intense consciousness of identification with one's unit, or with the larger strand of history in which one takes part, is not necessarily religious. But it may become so; and if the soldier has any special way of access to God, it is probably as a Will shining through and continuous with the forces there at play, a Will of more than transient or human validity. There are many ways of breaking through the veil of the many to the One. And whoever finds for himself such a way recovers hold upon that thread of primitive mysticism which is the vital and fertile element in all religion.

With this perhaps sporadic and unvocal background of mysticism, I fancy that most men in service take a dip at some time or other into piety of a very different sort — that of personal safety-seeking. The mystic is

capable of a fanatical loyalty, because he seeks nothing but the object of his devotion and asks no questions: his prayer is a prayer of communion that has no further end. But prayer for most men in peril becomes an instinctive petition for personal deliverance; and there is a well-known form of piety in which this self-interested motive forges forward and absorbs all the rest. It fills the line of communicants before action, and leaves it empty afterward; it is consistent with profound moral slumps. It is the side of religion which to many of the sterner-tempered (or, rather, scornfuller-tempered) discredits the whole affair. But most men become aware of the instability of this kind of religion in themselves, make their own silent comments, and move on to a stage less expressive of mere perturbation.

Some, in a brave attempt to adopt the half-truths and false psychology of popular altruism, try to suppress the self that lifted its head in the safety-religion stage, resist the wish to understand or question the Fate in whose hands they are, reach a kind of Stoical rigor of self-control. There are more Stoics in the army than we commonly think. But this austerity of outlook, even if it were within the capacity of everybody, is wholly satisfying to nobody. And the same must be said of a resolute cult of natural beauty sustained by some of the more gifted and poetical minds (like Alan Seeger for example) with a certain greatness of will which still fails to conceal from others or from themselves the heart full of pain beneath, unreconciled and unconvinced.

For our soldiers have been bred in a noble individualism. It is right that they should be unable to satisfy their religious craving in draughts of Roman apathy or in Grecian selective emphasis. The impulse of the safety-religion

was not wholly at fault; and the soldier who has outgrown this stage is likely to become a religious groper until he discovers something better than a negative attitude toward the fact of his own suffering and sacrifice. If he achieves that, he has found his way into the precinct of Christianity, as distinct from religion in general. But if he fails to achieve it, he has nevertheless made the basis for a future religious advance.

For if war itself has not supplied him with revelation in large measure, it may yet have endowed him with a great hunger, and a direct undeceivable eye, for judging the world of ideas to which he returns. Already one is aware of a keen wind astir, seeming to bring with it a demand for substance in place of husks, for contemporaneous insight instead of mere inheritance, which may well warn all doctors of religion of a time of reckoning at hand.

III

But does this mean, as Mr. Wells insists, that we must revise our creeds, and put away our rituals and our priests?

As to the creeds — yes. Creeds, of late, have been at a great discount; but the war has surely dispelled any dull doubts about the fatefulness of the ideas men live by. Yet I doubt whether the revision now needed is what has commonly been meant by that term — a trimming-off of superfluities, a weeding out of errors, a search for a final formula for the 'essence' of the faith — all in the interest of maximal agreement upon a minimal platform. There is no virtue in a minimum of faith. For three centuries it has been the creed of the attacker of creeds that believers have believed too much. We must repudiate this stupid programme of self-impoverishment. For religious

experience, like that of science or art, is cumulative, and mankind normally grows richer with time, not poorer. The revision now needed is rather in the interest of making as much as possible as intelligible as possible.

Organized religion has done itself much injustice by an over-indulgence of the antiquarian temper in regard to religious language. Religion is either of profound and immediate concern to men, because it affects their present relation to the ultimate facts of the world, or it is worthless. Hence, nothing can excuse a willing obscuration of possible literalities by figures of speech, or a veiling of actual issues in the haze of romantic distances. The Church has an infinite concern in metaphysics; and the only persons fit to act as teachers of religion are men who have metaphysical convictions and are capable of 'agonized consciences' over questions of truth and error.

If the Church were put to the awkward choice of excommunicating either its heretics or else those priests who are willing to take their creed in a sense primarily historical, psychological, figurative, pragmatic, or diplomatic, it would far better purge itself of those priests and keep the heretics. It would do well to dispense with the approval of persons who wish to flatter it by a Platonic adherence, for sentimental or æsthetic gratification — the religious philanderers of the day. If it begins its creed with an 'I believe in God,' it will so far define what it means by God as to correct the gentleman who interpreted the clause as meaning, 'I believe in the beneficence of the open-air life.'

The privilege of taking one's creed in a figurative sense has done yeoman service in the cause of churchly cohesion. Those who regard God as a name, solemn style, for the fortunate legality of events in nature, or for the

upward trend of organic evolution, find themselves joined in apparent fellowship with those for whom God is still a personal will, and so forth. To call for literality would threaten the harmony of this alliance, and at a time when we want unity instead of further diversity: it would require the ultra-conservative to face the actual fewness of his numbers; it would require the ultra-radical to face the naked emptiness of a faith which he now decks out in the rich garb of inherited symbolism. I do not say that it would be pleasant; I believe that it would be salutary, and that a genuine rather than a fictitious unity would be reached as a final result. A peace that has to be purchased at the price of not knowing what we think or where we stand with regard to one another, which fosters a general intellectual flabbiness and an inability to persuade men or sway the councils of nations, is surely a deceitful peace and fit to be the mother of wars — as perhaps it has been.

Every true priest makes it his common business to expound the faith in the vernacular. Is it not the obligation of the Church as an organized body to do what these individual agents do, thus relieving the strain of interpretation that now rests so heavily upon them?

In accepting the interpreter's responsibility to be intelligible, the Church would accept the principle that the organ any man has for understanding a language is his own experience. And hardly anything, I believe, will be more fateful for the religious history of the next generation than the success of the Church in expressing its own knowledge of religion, or of Christianity in particular, so that the returning soldier, and others, can *recognize* it, as something of which their own experience has already spoken, whether or not it was known by that name.

Whatever Christianity may be, it is something which makes itself felt in human relationships; and it is just this side of experience in which the soldier's life is peculiarly rich. If warfare has any intrinsic attractiveness, it lies here. And it may well happen that, in that tortuous and grotesque home which war has made for millions of men, just because of the compact, intense, and violently open comradeships which it develops, the 'strongest thing in the world' may make itself felt, and, like a train of invisible powder, run a rapid course, flaring up in some minds with the force of an unforgettable vision.

What that thing is, is not adequately described by the current words, love, sacrifice, service. It will contain these things, but glorified by a spirit which is constantly rising out of and adding itself to the fraternity of the trenches, resembling the maternal more than any other common thing. It is different from gayety or hopefulness; it is a simple disposition to stand *in loco Dei* to whoever is at hand. In its presence, each man feels an unreasoned sense of safety, as of one being personally looked out for; and he likewise feels an unreasoned sense of desolation when the bearer of that spirit is gone. But he is likely to know it for what it is, as having its basis in the deepest nature of things, and as bearing with it a summons to carry it on, as if it were an unfinished strand in some super-earthly mesh threading through the confusion of present business.

For possibly the kingdom of heaven is a mesh of this sort, which 'saves' those who are caught in it, by making them bearers and transmitters of its miraculous power. At any rate, it is the thing for which everywhere the groping mind of to-day is seeking — the justification. In the world of labor, is there anything so startling as the conflict of motives, the inner

hardness of class-warfare mixing and clashing with the finest spontaneity of self-giving, the profound and impeded desire to believe in something that will conquer envy and greed and suspicion. And when its eye falls on the glint of the true gold, it is ready, as by a touch of magic, — the only magic left in the world, — to drop all and give all. It is checked by the fact that, while no social problems can be solved without this spirit, yet by itself it can solve none of them.

But thus, for thousands, in various ways, Christianity is beginning to be a word of possible good omen, and even to have an original, tentative, perplexing, experimental meaning. And the creed which can gather this growing presentiment and experience to itself will establish the foundation of a new social order.

But what is to be the fate of ritual and of the professional priesthood that accompanies it?

As a language of the subconscious, ritual strikes a level of human community wider than the vocal expression of the creed, and hence fit, as the creed is not, to connect the present generation with the most ancient in its worship. Men want in religion what their own thought can use; this they may find in creed and discourse. But they also want that which binds them with humanity at large and at all times: this they find in the language of ritual, the unargumentative expression of feelings, decisions, enactments, the most durable and universal element of religion.

Ritual, moreover, is a compressed and rapid language, able to express much in a simple gesture. One need be no believer in magic to profit from the dedication implied in making the sign of the cross, or in having it made over him. A nurse in a base hospital,

who has had occasion to witness many deaths, contrasts the simplicity of the Catholic rites and their evident value for the men with the semi-embarrassment of the Protestant minister, who must, as person to person, find 'something to say.' The rite ought to bring to the dying man an authoritative gesture of the spiritual life of the race, declaring to him that he in the solitude of passing is accompanied by a divine solicitude.

Such an affirmation cannot be rightly made, it is true, except by a thinker: here Protestantism is right, as against any quasi-mechanical administration of sacraments. But neither can such an affirmation be competently made by any individual on his own authority: here the organization which to any man best represents our spiritual heritage is alone competent, for the reason that it alone can convey to him this meaning.

If religion were merely a concern of each man for himself, we might follow the suggestion of Mr. Wells and dispense with priests and rituals. But religion, as Mr. Wells himself exemplifies, is an affair of each man for every other, a continuous knitting process by which the race finds itself slowly wrought into a concord deeper than the understandings brought about by States, by economic interests, or by the arts and sciences. It necessarily takes the form of propaganda, education, book-writing, and the rest; of appeals to the will, of receiving and signaling human decisions — all visible and aggressive efforts to spread a disposition which is best spread by contact, by a union of idea and example. The difference between the printed appeals of Mr. Wells and the work of foreign missionaries is only a difference of degree, if we overlook the more profound commitment and the more intelligent estimation of his wider bear-

ings on the part of the missionary. If it were not for the responsibility of every man's religion for that of his neighbor, the sharpest of the demands for the revising of creeds and ideas of authority would be wanting. If we expect religion not alone to be true, but also to be a responsible activity bearing its part in every social transition, we cannot dispense with rites or with the priesthood that must administer and interpret them.

But the time has surely come when mankind can accept the principle that the rite is made for man and not man for the rite, and when, without melting differences of expression into a deadly uniformity, community of meaning can be acknowledged beneath much of our ritual diversity. We do not wish sects to disappear, so far as they are signs that men are taking their differences of opinion seriously. But we would gladly wipe out the cleavages between many of our numerous sects which no longer represent actual religious divergences. There is, for example, a rite of baptism, significant and ancient and extremely various in form: if one sect chooses to express its meaning by immersion and another by sprinkling, no good reason appears why they should not do so. But if a question of validity is raised, and if I am excluded from a communion because I have not been immersed, the excluder is making of a variation in language a *vera causa* in a way which has no place in the age that is upon us.

The whole case against the over-material conception of rite is gained when the Catholic churches acknowledge that a genuine Christianity can exist even though there is a discontinuity in the rite of transmission. This acknowledgment is at this moment becoming general; coöperation in fact is breaking the way for agreements in theory. The way to carry the good beginning

on is not the way of iconoclasm, as Mr. Wells would have it, nor yet the way of further demonstrating the possibility of formless and riteless religions of the spirit. The way lies in the direction of a wider appreciation of the meaning of ritual, and the growth of a demand for the freer administering of ritual, much as the unchurched public at present is inclined to regard it as one of its prerogatives to claim the functions of priest or clergyman in celebrating a wedding or a death. The public judgment of the validity of a ceremony not too particular whether its knot is tied by Presbyterian or by Episcopalian, may serve as a rough guide for the clerical judgment. It is a severer public than usual that will now require of our religious institutions, as a primary test of their good faith, that they discover and acknowledge in their organization the unities of faith that underlie the diversities of rite.

The alternative is a grave one. For the world that emerges from the ordeal will not stand at the same point: the wine in any case will be new, and if the bottles are old, the total result will be worse, not better. It is easier for organized religion than for any other institution to justify itself in declining to change; because it is religion that must serve as the region of calm and stability in the midst of general upheaval. But in truth the only change required

of it is that it make itself fit to serve as the pivot of transition, furnishing our returning warriors with a tangible hold on realities deep enough to dignify the sober constructive efforts of peace as well as the lurid occasions of war.

But the consumers of religion, the public in and out of the churches, while holding them responsible for this result, are not in a position to hold over their heads the lofty threat of a destroyed religion, or of abandoned churches, if these things are not accomplished.

For whether they do their work well or ill, we have no other religion and no other church than our own. If they fail us, it is not alone they that fail: it is our civilization that fails, and we with it. It is always possible that there is not enough clear insight and steady resolution in the whole body, lay and cleric, to throw the confused counsels of the moment into proportion, and to lead bewildered and timid minds into effective grappling with the problem. History is the world's judgment seat; and if we deserve to go under, we shall not survive merely because we have conquered Germany. What we demand of the churches, then, we demand of ourselves; and in a wider sense, the word of McGill is the word for the hour. We are not yet enough in earnest about our own faith.

AS A SIGNALMAN SAW IT

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

It may be because, since the beginning of the war, the British sailor has constantly been riding the crest of the wave of great events, that he is so prone to regard even the most dramatic and historic actions in which he has chanced to figure, as little or not at all removed from the ordinary run of his existence, or as only a slightly different screening of the regular grist of the mill of his daily service. Thus, I once heard a young officer describing a night destroyer action in which he had played a notable part as having been 'like a hot game of Rugger, only not quite so dirty,' and another assert that his most vivid recollection of a day in which he had performed a deed of personal daring that had carried his name to the very end of the civilized world was, how 'jolly good' his dinner tasted that night.

It was this attitude which was largely responsible for the fact that, although there were upwards of three or four score officers and men who had taken part in the sinking of the Emden still in her, I spent several days in the Sydney before I found anyone who appeared to consider that stirring action as anything other than the mustiest of ancient history, and, as such, of no conceivable interest at a time when every thought was centred upon the vital present and the pregnant future rather than upon the irrevocably buried past. And, in the end, it was more by luck than by deliberate design that the two actors in the historic drama which I had set myself the task of learning

something of, at first-hand, came to tell me of the parts they had played. The fact that they were the two men who had had what were perhaps more comprehensive opportunities for observation than any others was my sheer good fortune.

It was toward midnight of a day of light cruiser 'exercises' that I first stumbled upon the trail which I had hitherto sought vainly to uncover. With all hands at 'night-defense' stations, and steaming at half-speed through the almost impenetrable blackness, we were groping blindly for an uncertainly located target, in an endeavor to reproduce the conditions under which enemy destroyers might be expected to be encountered in the darkness. Suddenly the sharp bang of a small-calibre gun rang out, followed by the shriek of a speeding projectile; and presently the glare of a down-floating star-shell shed its golden-gray radiance over the misty surface of the sea. Instantly the unleashed searchlight beams leaped to a distant little patch of rectangular canvas gliding along through the luminous fog on our port beam, and a fraction of a second later, — following the red flame-stabs and the thunderous crashes of a broadside, — it disappeared in the midst of ghostly green-white geysers of tossing spray.

It was while, flash-blinded and gun-deafened, I fumbled about on the deck of the signal-bridge for the 'ear-defender,' which the nervous jerk of my head had flirled loose, that I heard a

quiet voice speaking in the darkness beside me, as a hard hand brushed mine in the search.

'You'll find, sir, that cotton wool's a good sight better than one of them patent ear-protectors,' it said. 'I suppose it was one of them "Mallock-Armstrongs" that you plug in. I had a pair of that kind when we went after the Emden, and they kicked out just like yours did at the first salvo. You can bet I was deaf as a toad before we finished polishing her off.

'I was watching the whole of that show, sir, from just where you're standing now,' the voice went on after the lost 'defender' had been found and replaced, 'and it was just behind you that the shell that sheared off our range-finder and killed the range-taker passed on through the screen and into the sea. It was either that shell or else the fragment of another one (I could never quite make sure which) that cut off and carried away one half of a pair of prism glasses hanging there, leaving the other just as good as ever. We still have the remnant in our mess as a memento.'

Flash and roar and that spectral upheaving of foam-fountains in the converging rays of the searchlights crowded most other things out of the next hour or two, and it was only when the night-firing was over and we were headed back for our anchorage in the cold light of the early dawn that I discovered that it was a young signalman who had been standing watch beside me during the exercises. Keen and alert he looked, notwithstanding the sleepless night behind him; and it was easy enough to believe him, when he told me that his had been the honor of being the first man aboard the Sydney to sight the 'strange ship' which subsequently turned out to be the long-sought-for Emden.

'It was just the luck of my chancing

to be on watch with a good pair of glasses,' he said modestly; 'but that was by no means the limit of my luck in connection with the Emden show. When we went to "action stations," I was ordered to come up here and do nothing but keep an eye on the collier which had been standing-by the Emden at first, but which got away under full steam just as soon as it was plain we were going to give her what for. I carried out orders all right as far as keeping an eye on the collier was concerned, but my other eye, and my mind, were on the Emden ring of the circus. I don't really suppose that there was another man aboard the Sydney who had as little to do, and therefore as much time to see what was going on, as I did.

'But that was n't the end of my luck, for I was one of the party that went ashore the next morning to round up the Huns who had landed on Direction Island; and then, after that, I was in the first boat that went to begin salvage operations on the Emden. So you see I had a fairly good all-round kind of a "look see." My training as a signalman made it natural for me to jot down things as I saw them, and I think that I still have a page of memorandum where I made notes during the fight, of what time some of the things happened. If you'd like to see it, sir —'

Then I knew that at last I had in prospect the sort of story I had been looking for; and before going below for my cup of ship's cocoa, as a preliminary to turning in, I had arranged for a yarn in the first dog watch that evening. It was, indeed, good luck to hear the account of the historic action from one who, besides having had such exceptional opportunities for seeing the various phases of it, also appeared to be well educated and to be a trained observer.

I

'I'm sorry I could n't find one of the Emden's cat-o-nine-tails,' were my visitor's first words, when he appeared at the door of the captain's sea-cabin where I awaited him after tea; 'but the fact is that the most of us have taken the best of our little remembrances of that show ashore for safe-keeping, and those "dusters" were the things we prized more than anything else as showing the Hun up for the bully he really is. What did they use them for? Well, if you'd believe their story, it was to dust their togs after coaling ship. We brought back about twenty of them, with the rest of the salvage, and at first we were rather inclined to take it for straight when they said they used them for dusters. Then one of our prisoners got hold of more than his share of our beer one night, and became drunk and truthful at the same time. He confessed that they had been used on the men time and time again, just in ordinary routine, to keep them up to the mark on discipline. He also said that they had been used freely during the fight with the Sydney, and that, when the lashes failed to give sufficient "encouragement," something more drastic was used. But I'll tell you about that in its place. But you see what real prizes those "cats" were, sir, in the way of holding the Hun up to the light so you could see through him, so to speak. My "cat" was a brand-new one, but the most of the lot were black and stiff with blood.

'We'd been rather playing at war up to the time we fought the Emden,' he went on, 'having spent most of the opening months purifying the Marshalls, Carolines, New Britain, and New Guinea, by cleaning the Huns out of them. There had been a few skirmishes ashore, but nothing at all at sea, nor did the prospects of anything of

the kind seem any better in early November than they had been right along up to then. We missed our big fight when, with the Australia, Melbourne, and the French cruiser, Montcalm, we came within twenty-four hours of connecting with Von Spee's squadron when they swept through the South Pacific on their way to South American waters.

With that gone, there did n't seem much to look forward to until we were sent to the North Sea; and we were rather hoping, when we set out from Australia with a convoy in the first week of November, that we might keep going right on to Europe. We knew, of course, that the Emden was still in business, but we also knew that any one ship had about as much chance of finding her in the Indian Ocean as you have of finding the finger-ring you lose in the coal-bunkers. Certainly we did n't expect that going out in force with a convoy would be the means of bringing her to the end of her tether.

'The first and only word we had that a raider was in our vicinity was in the form of a broken message from the Cocos station, which never got further than "Strange cruiser is at entrance of harbor." At that point the "strange cruiser" managed to work an effective "jam," and it was not long before the Cocos call ceased entirely. Although we did not learn it till the next day, this was caused by the destruction of the station by a landing party from the Emden under Lieutenant Mücke.

'The convoying warships were the Sydney, her sister the Melbourne, and a Japanese cruiser, larger and with bigger guns, but slower than we. The Jap, without waiting for orders from the captain of the Melbourne, who was the senior officer of the convoy, dashed off at once, and was only recalled with difficulty. A message which the Japanese captain sent to account for his break, was most amusing. "We do not

trust the skipper ship Emden," it read; "he is one tricky fellow and must be watched." As the job was one for a fast light cruiser, the choice was between the Sydney and Melbourne; and it was because the skipper of the Melbourne did not feel that he had authority to leave the convoy that the Sydney had the call. We worked up to top speed quickly, and were soon tearing through the water, headed for Cocos Island, at over twenty-six knots an hour.

'I don't remember that there was any special excitement in the Sydney that morning. We had dashed off on too many wild-goose chases already, to feel that there was very much of a chance of finding our bird this time. In fact, I don't remember being as nervous at any stage of this Emden show, as in a night attack we made on Rabaul in New Britain, where never a shot was fired. There had been some "Telefunken" messages in the air during the night (undecipherable, of course), but that was only to be expected. Everyone seemed even more inclined to crack jokes than usual, and that is saying a good deal. I remember especially that some of the officers were making very merry over the fact that Lieutenant G — prepared for action by going to the barber and having his hair cut, — something that he did n't do very often.

'It was about seven in the morning when the broken message was picked up, and at eight I was sent aloft to relieve the lookout. It was 9.15 when the ragged fringe of the cocoanut palms of Direction Island — the main one of the Cocos-Keeling group — began to poke up over the horizon, and perhaps ten minutes later that my glasses made out the dim but unmistakable outline of three funnel-tops. Although we had n't studied silhouettes at that stage of the game anything like as much as we've

had a chance to since, that trio of smoke-stacks marked her for a Hun, and probably the Emden or Königsberg. Just which it was, we never knew for certain till after we'd put her out of action and picked up the crew of the collier that accompanied her.

'Just before I went aloft, I heard one of the officers make an offer of a pound to the boy that was first to sight the enemy. I did n't come under that rating myself, but it occurred to me instantly that it would never do to let all that money go unearned. So I leaned over, broke the news to a *pukka* boy who was aloft with me, and told him to sing it out. He got the quid all right, and, for a long time at least, he got all the credit and *kudos* of actually being the first to sight the Emden. When I finally told the captain about the way it really happened, he laughed and said it served me right for trying to dabble in "high finance." I never understood quite what he meant, but always fancied "high" had some reference to me being aloft, and "finance" referred to the quid.

'The first sign of life I saw on the Emden was when she started blowing her siren. This, although we did not know it at the time, was an attempt to call back the party she had sent ashore to destroy the wireless station. Luckily for that lot, there was no time for them to come off. The Emden did not, as I have read in several accounts of the action, attempt to close immediately, but rather headed off in what appeared to be an endeavor to clear the land and make a run of it to the south'ard. It was only when her skipper saw that the converging course we were steering was going to cut him off in that direction, that he took the bull by the horns and tried to shorten the range to one at which his four-point-ones would have the most effect.

'There is no use denying that we

were taken very much by surprise when the enemy fired his ranging shot at 10,500 yards, for we had hardly expected him to open at over seven or eight thousand. Still more surprising was the accuracy of that shot, for it fell short only by about a hundred yards, and went wobbling overhead in a wild ricochet. His next was a broad-side salvo which straddled us, and his third — about ten minutes after his “opener” — was a hit. And a right smart hit it was, too, though its results were by no means so bad as they might have been. I had the finest kind of a chance to see everything that that first shell did to us. It began by cutting off a pair of signal-halyards on the engaged side, then tore a leg off the range-taker, then sheared off the stand supporting the range-finder itself, then through the hammocks lining the inside of the upper bridge, and finally down through the canvas screen of the signal-bridge (behind where you were standing last night), and on into the sea. If it had exploded, it could hardly have failed to kill the captain, navigator, and gunnery lieutenant, and probably pretty well all the rest of us on both bridges.

‘You may well believe, sir, that we were rather in a mess for some minutes following that smash; but I remember that the officers — and especially the captain and navigator — were as cool as ice through it all. The captain went right on walking round the compass, taking his sights and giving his orders, while the “pilot” was squatting on top of the conning-tower and following the Emden through his glasses, just as though she had been a horse-race. I even remember him finding time to laugh at me when I ducked as one or two of the first shells screamed over. “No use trying to get under the screen, Seabrooke,” he said; “that canvas won’t stop ‘em.”

‘It was almost immediately after this that the after-control — located about amidships — met with even a worse disaster through being hit squarely with two or three shells from a closely bunched salvo. I had a clear view in that direction from where I stood, and chanced to be looking that way when the crash came. I saw a lot of arms and legs mixed up in the flying wreckage, but the sight I shall never forget was a whole body turning slowly in the air, like a dummy in a cinema picture of an explosion. As the profile of the face showed sharp against the sky for an instant, I recognized it as that of a chap who had been rather a pal of mine, and so knew that poor old M — had “got his” a couple of hours before I heard it from the surgeon.

‘While I was edging along the deck with the stretcher party, I saw, out of the corner of my eye, what appeared to be a very funny sight — one of the gun-crew of S-2, which was not engaged at the time, dabbling his foot in a bucket of water. When I came back, I saw that it was anything but funny. Two of the crews of starboard guns had been badly knocked about by the explosion of shells striking the deck at the end of their long high-angle flight. Among these was the chap I had seen apparently cooling his foot in a water-bucket. As a matter of fact, it was no foot at all he was dabbling, but only a maimed stump. The foot had been carried away by a shell-fragment, and the brave chap, not wanting to be put on the shelf by going down to the surgeon, had — all on his own — scooped up a canvas bucket full of salt water and was soaking his stump in it in an endeavor to stop the flow of blood. He was biting through his lip with the smart of the brine on the raw flesh as I came up; but as I turned and looked back from the ladder leading up to the bridge, I saw him hobble painfully across the deck

and climb back into his sight-setter's seat behind his gun. I have forgotten now whether it was another wound, or further loss of blood from this one, which finally bowled him over and put him out of the fight he wanted so much to see through to a finish.

'These I have mentioned were the several shots from the Emden which were responsible for our total casualties of four killed and eleven wounded. Of other hits, one took a big bite out of the mainmast, but not quite enough to bring it down. Another scooped a neat hollow out of the shield of the foremost starboard gun and bounced off into the sea, leaving two or three of the crew, who had been in close contact with the shield, half paralyzed for a few moments from the sharp shock. Still another ploughed through a grating, two bulkheads, and the commander's cabin, and finally nipped into the sea, all without exploding.

'After the knocking out of the range-finders, perhaps our most troublesome injury was from a shellhole in the fo'c'stl' deck, through which the water, from the big bow wave the Sydney was throwing up, entered and flooded the boys' mess-deck. By means of the water-tight doors, we managed to confine the flooding to that flat only.

'There is no doubt that for the first fifteen or twenty minutes of the fight the Emden had the best of it. This was probably due mainly to her luck in putting both our range-finders out of action, in what were practically her opening shots. It took her three ranging shots to find us, though, and, once we started, we did the same with her. Our first salvo fell beyond her, the next both short and wide, but two or three shells from the third found their mark. And we were no less lucky than the Emden with our first hits; for where she knocked out our gunnery control by disabling our range-finders, we did the

same to her by shooting away the voice-pipes of her conning tower, from which Captain von Muller directed the action.

'Just as soon as we started hitting the Emden, she stopped hitting us. In fact, I don't think from then on to the end she dropped another shell aboard us. Going aft to see if a small cordite fire had been put out, I noticed the crew of one of the port guns — P-3, I think it was, which was not in a position to train at that moment — amusing themselves by chalking messages on their shells. I don't remember all of them, as there was a good deal of a variety. One shell had "Emden" on it, to make sure it would go to the right "address," I suppose. Another had "Cheerio" and "Good Luck" on it, and another simply "Kaiser." They were a proper lot of "Don't-give-a-hangs," that crew.

'With the Emden's shell no longer bursting about our ears, I had a better chance to watch the effect of our fire upon her. I still have the page of memorandum on which I noted the time that a few things happened during the next hour. I will run through it so you can see just the way the show went. At ten o'clock the range was about 8,000 yards, a distance at which the captain evidently reckoned our guns would do the most harm to the Emden, and hers the least to us. She was trying to close this for some time, but the Sydney was using her superior speed to keep her right there, so that, in a way, she was chasing us at this stage of the game.

'The effect of our fire on the Emden first began to show just after ten, and at 10.04 I made a note that her fore funnel had disappeared. At 10.20 our lyddite caused a big explosion at the foot of her mainmast, making a fire which never was entirely got under control. At 10.34 her foremast, and with it the fore-control, collapsed under

a hard hit and disappeared over the far side. At 10.41 a heavy salvo struck her amidships, sending the second funnel after the first, and starting a fierce fire in the engine-room. At 11.08 the third funnel went the way of the other two; and when I looked up from writing that down, I saw that the fore-bridge had done the disappearing act. Almost immediately the Emden altered course and headed straight for the beach of North Keeling Island, which she had been rapidly nearing during the last hour. The Sydney fired her last salvo at 11.15, and then the captain, seeing that the enemy was securely aground, turned away and started in hot pursuit of the collier.

'This collier, as we learned presently, was a former British ship, the Buresk, which had been captured by the Emden some time before and put in charge of a German prize crew. If her skipper had not felt sure that the Emden was going to do for us, he could easily have steamed out of sight while the engagement was on. As it was, he lingered too long, and we had little difficulty in pulling up to a range from which we could put a warning shell across the run-away's bows. That brought her up, but the Hun naval ensign was kept flying until a signal was made for it to be struck. That brought the rag down on the run, but her skipper prevented it falling into our hands by burning it.

'No sooner was our boarding officer over her side, than a mob of Chinese stokers crowded about him, shouting in "pidgin" English that "puff-puff boat gottee biggee holee. No more top-side can walkee." Rushing below, our men found the sea-cocks open, with their spindles bent in a way to make closing impossible. As the ship was already getting a list on, there was nothing to do but take the prisoners off and let her go down. To make sure that there was no trick about the game, — that

no concealed crew had been left behind to stop the leaks by some prearranged contrivances and steam away with her as soon as it was dark, — the Sydney pumped four shells into her at short range, and she was burning fiercely from fires started by these when the water closed over her. Then, at a somewhat more leisurely gait, we steamed back to see how it fared with the Emden.

'It was now about the middle of the afternoon, and the first thing we noticed — standing out sharp in the rays of the slanting sun — was the naval ensign flying at the still upright mainmast of the Emden. The instant he saw this, the captain made the signal, by flag, "Do you surrender?" To this Emden made back, by Morse flag, "Have no signal-books," which meant, of course (if it was true), that she could n't read our first signal. Then, using Morse flag, which they had already shown they understood, we repeated the signal, "Do you surrender?" There was no answer to this, and again we repeated it. As there was still no answer, and as there was no sign whatever of anything in the way of a white flag being shown anywhere, the captain had no alternative but to continue the action. I have always been glad that I heard the captain's orders to the gunnery lieutenant at this time, for the point is one on which the Hun survivors were even then ready to start lying.

'We were at fairly close range, and I heard Lieutenant R — ask the captain what part of the ship he should direct his fire upon. The captain studied the Emden through his glass for a few moments, and then, remarking that most of the men appeared to be bunched at opposite ends of the ship, — on the fo'c'stl' and quarterdeck, — said he thought that there would be less chance of killing anyone if the fire was directed

somewhere between those two points. Then I heard him give the definite order, "Open fire, and aim for foot of mainmast," and that was the word that was passed on to the guns.

The port guns fired (if I remember right) three quick salvos, and we were just turning to give the starboard ones a chance, when a man was seen clambering up the solitary stick of the Emden, and the word was passed, "Don't fire without further orders." At the same time a white flag, which I later learned was a table-cloth, was displayed from the quarterdeck. A moment later the naval ensign fluttered down, and shortly I saw the smoke of a new fire on the quarterdeck. I surmised rightly that they were following the example of the Buresk in burning their flag to prevent its capture; but what else was going up in that fire I did not learn until I swarmed up to that deck the next day.

'It was an unfortunate fact that our guns, which there had been no time to overhaul, were suffering a good deal from the strain of their hard firing during the battle. As a consequence, their shooting was by no means as accurate as at the beginning of the action, and several of the shells went wide of the point at which it was endeavored to direct them. There is no doubt that they wrought sad havoc among the crowd on the fo'c'stl', and I don't think our prisoners were exaggerating much when they said that those three last salvos killed sixty and wounded a good many more, and also that a number of others were drowned by jumping into the surf in the panic that followed. One could feel a lot worse about it, though, if the whole thing had n't been due to the sheer pigheadedness of their skipper in trying to bluff us into letting him keep his flag up. He has the blood of every man that was killed by those last unnecessary shots on his hands, just as

much as his brother Huns have those of the women and children they have murdered in France and Belgium. Von Muller was brave all right. There's nothing against him on that score. But it was nothing but his pride, and a selfish desire to keep his face with his superiors whenever he got back to Germany, that led him to force us to fire those entirely needless shots into his ship. He thought that he would cut a better figure at his court-martial if his colors were shot down rather than lowered in surrender.

'I've never had any patience, sir, with all that has been said and written about Von Muller's being a sportsman. That reputation was gained wholly through the sportsmanship of the Sydney's officers, who, because they had given the Emden a licking in a fair give-and-take fight, did n't think it was quite the proper thing to speak ill of her captain, even if it was the truth.

'And one other thing, sir, while I'm speaking of this incident. Every time I hear anyone talk about negotiating with the Huns, I tell them that story of Von Muller's bluff about his flag. He pretended not to understand our signals just because it served his purpose not to understand them. But when our guns began to talk, he had no difficulty translating *their* language. Well, sir, the Huns are all alike. They never will understand any language but that of guns, until their bully streak is knocked out of them with guns. It's a dirty job, sir, but that's the only way to finish it.'

II

The lad's fine blue eyes were flashing, and his face red with excitement, and he took out a handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his brow before resuming his narrative.

'It was getting too late in the day to start salvage work on the Emden,' he

went on more quietly, 'and so we did the best we could for her for the present by sending in a boat, manned by prisoners from the Buresk, with food and water and a message to the effect that we would return early in the morning for rescue operations. Then we put out to sea, for we thought we still had to reckon with the Königsberg turning up at any moment, and did n't want her to surprise us as we had surprised the Emden. Crossing the track of the battle, we sighted and picked up three Hun seamen who claimed to have been blown from the deck of the Emden by the explosion of one of our shells, none of them much the worse for their experience. Indeed, the fact that they were not in worse shape rather led us to suspect that they had jumped overboard to *avoid* the explosion of our shell rather than as a direct consequence of an explosion.

'I don't exactly remember whether it was one of these chaps, or one of the English-speaking prisoners from the Buresk, who, by blurting out something about how lucky his mates were who got ashore before the fight started, gave us our first inkling that the Emden had sent a landing-party to Direction Island to destroy the wireless station. There were three officers and forty men, he told us, and this we later learned to be the truth. What he did not tell us, — quite possibly because he did not know of it, — was the fact that, besides being armed with rifles, this party also carried three machine-guns. It was only by chance that our failure to reckon with this latter fact did not get us into serious trouble. Indeed, I think it is more than likely that I would not be here talking to you now but for the happy fact that the little schooner Ayesha, lying in Direction harbor, offered a chance of escape, too promising for the officer in command of the party to resist.

'The rounding up of this lot, of course, had the call over everything else, and at first the captain appeared to be considering putting back to Direction at once, and landing in the night. Lucky indeed it was for us that we did n't, for that — as we learned later from the wireless station people — was just what the Germans had expected and prepared for. Had we gone in there in the night, we would have found the only landing-place covered by machine-guns, and would probably have stepped off into an ambush that would have wiped the lot of us out in a minute or two. Landing at dawn, however, we found our birds flown, and I, for one, was jolly glad to hear it; for they had told us what a resolute fellow the German officer leading the party was, and how determined he had been to make a resistance. This chap, by the way, was Lieutenant Mücke, who later found his way back to Germany by way of Turkey. When I read, three or four months later, of how well he had used those same machine-guns, that he had mounted to receive us, against the Arabs in fighting his way up the coast of the Red Sea, I realized the extent to which we had been asking for trouble, in landing armed as we were. Not expecting any resistance, we had no machine-guns, and I think there were several others who, like myself, had been given only revolvers. Since the Sydney's lucky star was in the ascendant for the whole show, however, no harm came of it.

'You may be sure that the wireless station people were glad to see us, for they had never been sure until they had seen the last of Mücke and his men, just how the Huns might use them in case the latter determined to fight it out to the last ditch on Direction Island. One of them told me that he had visions of being used as a human shield against the Sydney's shells, as the Huns used

the women and children in Belgium. They were a proper devil-may-care lot, those fellows, and I can quite believe the story that they asked the Huns to come and play tennis with them, when they got tired of watching the one-sided fight between the Sydney and Emden.

'As we were in a hurry to get back to the Emden, we did not remain long ashore on Direction. Their doctor came off with us to help with the wounded, and with him came two or three other of the wireless people, to have a hurried "look-see" at the Sydney. These latter intended to return to shore at once in their own boat; but, by some mistake, the whaler was cast off, and the Sydney got under way while the inspector was still in conversation with the captain. They were about to ring down to stop the engines, when the chap, with a good-bye wave of his hand, ran to the port rail and disappeared in a header over the side. A moment later he reappeared, settled his helmet back on his head, and struck out in a leisurely way for the boat which was pulling back to meet him. It was quite the coolest thing of the kind I ever saw; but I did n't appreciate it fully until an hour or so later, when I saw the black triangular fins of countless "tiger" sharks converging from every direction to where the Emden had been casting her dead into the surf of North Keeling Island.

'Scarcely had we entered again the waters through which the battle had been fought, than we began to sight floating bodies. This was only to be expected; but what did surprise us was to come upon a wounded man, in a life-belt, being pushed slowly shoreward by an unwounded mate who had nothing whatever to keep him afloat. Although they had been in the water all of twenty-four hours, both were in fairly good shape when we picked them

up, and the unwounded chap was quite his own Hunnish self again, after he had had a night's sleep and a couple of square meals. In fact, if I remember right, he was one of the worst of several of the prisoners who seemed to think it was their privilege to keep the stewards who were told off to look after them running day and night after "bier."

'As we neared the Emden, I saw that she was flying the International signal for "In want of immediate assistance." We lowered two boats, and in one of these under Lieutenant G — I was sent along, in case there was any signaling to be done. It was a nasty job getting aboard her, for she was lying partly inside the surf, and the swells were running high, even under her stern. As she was at right angles to the seas, there was no lee side to get under, and so we had to do the best we could, boarding her as she was. Lieutenant G — had a hard scramble for it, and only the hands extended him by a couple of the German officers saved him from a ducking. Watching our chances, the rest of us swarmed up between swells, but it was touch-and-go all the time and took a long while.

'Frightful as the wreck of the Emden looked from the sea, it was nothing to the sheer horror of it, as you saw it aboard her. The picture of it is still as clear in my memory as if photographed there. I will tell you first about the ship itself. The great and growing hole in her bows, where she was pounding the reef, could be seen by leaning over the side. Of the fore-bridge, only the deck remained. The chart-house was gone completely. The foremast, though more or less intact to the fore-top, had been shattered at the base by shells, and was lying over the port side, shrouded with wreckage. The fore-control top I could not find at all, and the fore-topmast had also disappeared completely.

From the foremast to the main, which was still standing, was one tangled mass of wreckage, and of this the wireless room, which looked like a curio shop struck by lightning, was the worst mess. Two of the funnels were knocked flat over the port battery, crushing several bodies under them, and a third — the foremost one — was leaning against the wreck of the bridge. All about the starboard battery the deck was torn with gaping holes, and through these one could see that the whole inside of her was no more than a blown-out and burned-out shell. There was one place where it was a straight drop from the quarterdeck to the inner skin of the bottom.

‘But it was the men — the dead and wounded — who provided the real horror. In the first place, there had been something over 350 officers and men in the Emden. When we boarded her, 185 of these were alive, but something like half of them were wounded, most of them very badly. This number included a score or so who had jumped or been blown overboard, and had swum, waded, or been washed by the surf to the beach of the island. Even the unwounded were very cowed and apathetic, the only exceptions I remember being the captain and one or two other officers.

‘By no means all of the dead had been thrown over in the twenty-four hours that had now passed since the battle, and not nearly as much had been done for the wounded as might have been, even considering the difficulties. Some of them had not even been dragged out of the sun, and it was the wounds of these (as I learned later from one of our sick-bay stewards) that were much the worst infested with the maggots, which the tropical heat had started breeding almost immediately, because no antiseptics had been applied. A considerable quantity of med-

ical stores had been uninjured by the fighting, I was told, and the proper use of these would have made the greatest difference in saving the lives and preventing a lot of suffering. I could tell you just what swine it was who was responsible for this; but I’d rather you got the facts from one of the officers. I think our surgeon could tell you something of the way things were.

‘Horrible as were some of the mutilations from shell-fragments, by far the most shocking injuries seemed to have been inflicted by our lyddite. The hair and clothes were entirely burned from some of the bodies. Most of the bodies that had been thrown or blown overboard were being washed in to the beach by the surf, and there was a fringe of them lying in rumpled heaps above high-water mark. This was only about a hundred yards from the bow of the Emden, and some of our men said that they saw the big land-crabs crawling and fighting over them, and also worrying some of the wounded who had crawled a little further inshore, under the coco palms. These men ashore had most of them jumped overboard when those three last salvos were pumped into her; and as it was not possible for us to reach and bring them off till the following day, their sufferings from thirst and from the attacks of the crabs must have been very terrible indeed.

‘Most of the unwounded men who jumped overboard were probably washed ashore before the sharks had a chance to get to them; but the more helpless of the wounded, who went over outside of where the surf was breaking, must have been attacked almost at once. The sea tigers were still fighting over some of the fragments even after salvage work had commenced, and I still shudder when I think of the shock it gave me the first time I saw a floating body start to wriggle, as a shark nosed into

it from beneath. It was a seaman in a white suit and sun-helmet, floating face down; and as the monster seized it, the jerks made it give two or three quick overhead flops of the arms, for all the world like a man striking out to swim the "Australian crawl."

'But perhaps the thing that shocked me most of all, terrible as were the sights on every hand, was something one of the surviving lower officers (I think he was of warrant rank) said to me shortly after I came over the side. Although he was quite unwounded, he was lolling in the shade of a blanket thrown over some wreckage, and making no effort to help in the thousand and one things that might have been done to ease the sufferings of his mates. He spoke fairly good English, and I learned afterwards that he had been a steward on a Norddeutscher Lloyd liner on the Australian run. Raising himself on his elbow, but not leaving his comfortable retreat, he called out to me, "I say, my poy, vy vos it der Zydney every time turn to us stern on 'stead of bows on?" There was the Hun for you! That little point about the way the Sydney happened to turn once or twice had evidently puzzled him, and the question had been occupying his Hunnish mind at a moment when any other kind of a human being but a German would have been working his head off, to make life a little less of a hell for the men who had fought beside him and under him. Sickened by the shambles all round, and half-choked as I was by the horrible reek from the bodies of the dead and wounded, it took all the control I had to keep from putting my foot in the ruffian's face.

'I learned a good many things, in those few hours I spent on the Emden, of the way of the Hun officers with their men; and the cat-o'-nine-tails I have told you of were not the worst. A rather decent sort of chap, who said

that he had learned his English working on a Scotchman's farm in Argentina, took me to a doorway leading to a flat, from which a ladder had descended to the engine-room and stokeholds. Across that doorway was lying the body of an officer, which nobody seemed to have taken the trouble to move. He was the gunnery lieutenant, the chap said, and had been driving up stokers at the point of his revolver, to serve a gun whose crew had been knocked out, when he was killed. The officer's body was somewhat scorched by lyddite, but from the line of the burns it looked as if they were made after he fell. What looked to me very much like a bullet-wound in the side of the head struck me at once as the likely cause of his death. "Did one of his own men shoot him?" I asked; but the chap — seeing a young officer, who I later learned was Prince Franz Josef Hohenzollern, a relative of the Kaiser, approaching — only shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows and walked away. I did n't like to ask about the incident after the men were prisoners on the Sydney; but just the same, there has never been any doubt in my mind as to what occurred.

'Most of my time on the Emden was put in standing by on the quarterdeck, in case there was any signaling to be done; and this gave me a good chance to get a line on a little ceremony which had been carried out there just after she sent her flag down. We had seen them burn that flag, but just what other things went into that fire, we never knew exactly. The nature of some of them, however, I began to surmise when I came upon charred fragments of Bank of England notes lying about among the wreckage and sticking in the cracks of the warped deck. Several coins which I picked up turned out to be English shillings and German marks. I noticed that some of

our lads were pushing the search with much energy whenever they had a chance, paying especial attention to the cracks between the charred planking and the deck. When fire-blackened gold sovereigns began to make their appearance in the Sydney, and kept appearing even after we had been for months in the West Indies and South Atlantic, I understood the reason for their energy.

'When the prisoners were searched on board the Sydney, several of them were found to be in possession of English sovereigns, — one of them gave the paymaster a bag containing over a hundred, for safe-keeping, — which they claimed to be their own. It was not until they had been disembarked at Colombo, that it turned out that one of them had confessed that, among other things thrown into that fire on the quarterdeck of the Emden, was all the treasure she had seized from the British merchant-ships she had sunk during her career as a raider. This included sixty thousand pounds in gold sovereigns and an unknown amount in bank-notes. The latter were consumed, and the gold, after the bags had been burned away from it, was swept into the sea. It was in this way that the few stray coins picked up, lingered behind in the gaping cracks opened up by

shells bursting in the enclosed spaces under the quarterdeck.'

At this juncture a messenger came to summon my young friend to the signal-bridge; but he lingered at the door long enough to say that he had fully made up his mind to go back to North Keeling Island after the war, and have a try at raking up some of that scuttled treasure.

'There's no sand where she was lying, sir; only hard coral reef that ought to catch the coins in the holes and prevent them from being washed away. My only fear is that the coral may grow over and cover it up before I am free to get out there. Do you know how fast a coral island grows, sir?'

I replied that I was not sure about it, but that I seemed to have some kind of an impression that the coral insect could not erect much more than a thirty-second of an inch of island a year; adding that I did n't think that a few inches of coral could make much difference with a big heap of gold like that, in any case.

'Perhaps not, sir,' he assented; 'but all the same I'm hoping that it won't have had time to grow even *one* inch before the war's over. The stuff's no use to a chap unless he can have it while he's young.'

AN ITALIAN INTERLUDE

BY PATON MacGILVARY

February 18, 1918.

'BLOODY WAR' is the slogan of this camp. So say we all as we take another glazed fruit candy sent to the boys from one of the 'girls at home.' Bloody War! All the men live in brick barracks, with iron beds, springs, sheets, pillows, and pillow-cases. Bloody War! All the men eat off china plates, with silver knives, forks, and spoons, have white tablecloths, and kick because they are required to keep their napkins decently clean. They are fed coffee or chocolate, bread and stewed fruit for breakfast. They are fed a splendid soup of macaroni or beans; boiled or mashed potatoes with gravy, fresh meat of leg of lamb, roast beef, beefsteak, lamb chops, or the like; fruit for dessert, with a cup of after-dinner coffee — all this for lunch. They are fed perhaps rice-balls or rice soup, potatoes, boiled cabbage, cauliflower or greens, veal cutlets, fish-balls, meat-cakes or croquettes, with fruit and coffee — this for dinner. And Bloodier War! No two meals are alike, and they have a large variety.

Within a short time, they will all have in this new camp hot and cold running water, showers, tubs, — white enameled tubs! — and a steam laundry plant, with Italian labor to run it.

The poor officers suffer in the same way. They have only a double room each. Each compartment is only about eight feet square, and is electrically lighted, the War Department having cruelly declined to let us have oil lamps. They have only one Italian orderly for every two officers, who makes their

beds, sweeps their rooms, shines their shoes, runs their errands, and tries to help them dress. The American officers in our camp have only one Fiat touring car and three Harley-Davidson motorcycles for their use — and there are fully five American officers.

Oh — Cruel — Bloody — War!

But I venture to say that there is not another camp in Europe or America as comfortable as this — and all because the Italians know how to get things done for little or nothing. The labor of the camp is done by little kids of ten or twelve years old, who do more work in a day than a day laborer in the States; and they are glad to work for five cents a day.

No complaints are ever heard: they are always stifled, with the feeling that this is time of war! Think of the poor fellows who are in worse straits than we! I hope that this tragic letter depicting the terrible conditions here will satisfy your parental feelings. We are living like kings, working like dogs, and getting ready to fight like devils.

March 3, 1918.

Who do you suppose has arrived here to be the new adjutant of the camp? None less than Albert Spaulding, the American violinist. He has brought along a 'cheap \$1000 fiddle,' and such music as we have here is perfectly wonderful. Every other night or so he 'tunes up,' or 'practises,' and gives an informal concert for which he would receive a princely sum at home.

I am working hard under a man who

appreciates work done for him. Our commandant, Captain LaGuardia, Congressman from New York City, is the representative in Italy of the American Aircraft Committee, and therefore is naturally away from camp a good deal of the time. During his absence I act as commandant; when he is here, I am the American Chief Pilot. Although my work here will probably delay my going to the front for a month or so, it gives me such excellent experience and good training, not only in flying, but also along executive lines, that I am not altogether sorry to have this opportunity. You see, the flying I am getting is of such a nature that, when I do get to the front, I shall have had more training than ninety per cent of our men sent there; all of which counts in this enterprise. Even with this delay, if luck goes with me, I shall get to the front along with the first of our men.

It seemed at the outset that the first of us to finish would have to teach a while and then be sent back to the States as instructors, without first seeing the front. The undesirability of this, and the great disappointment, are apparent. I applied through our commanding officer for relief, but without avail. Then I applied for a transfer to France, to some French school, which I thought would send me to the front; but was refused. It looked as if I should not see the front at all. However before anything disastrous happened to my own personal plans, I succeeded in being transferred to our new camp. A terrible unavoidable accident in a fog, in which one of my best friends was killed, left me senior officer here, next to the commandant. I got a good start at camp work by taking up the study of our losses, arriving at an efficiency factor, making a long report, and suggesting changes, which, when adopted, raised our flying efficiency very materially. But this is merely stalling

for time until I secure necessary orders to the front.

I pulled off a little exhibition here at camp the other day — turned out all right, luckily. After a hot argument with some Italian pilots, in which they claimed that the excess strains put on a plane for the half-loop, or wing-loop, prevented the Farman training plane from doing it without smashing up in the air, and in which I claimed, after figuring it out carefully, that there were no unusual strains if the loop was done in a certain way, I took a plane, went away out of sight, practised, came back to camp at fifteen thousand feet, and did ten half-loops in succession — first six and a rest, then four more, ending up at three thousand feet. A half-loop is like a full loop in the first motion, but because of the design of this plane, it is not possible to get up enough velocity to carry it over the top without breaking the machine by excessive speed. Therefore one starts with a little less speed, pulls up into a vertical position where the machine stalls, comes to a dead stop, then topples over sidewise into a large side-slip; the flight position is regained a little later by passing through a very restricted spiral. It is a beautiful manoeuvre to watch — more so than the full loop, and much more thrilling; one of the regular acrobatic performances — it was with us only a question of doing it on the Farman.

I proved my point, but felt rather guilty the next day when another pilot tried to do the same, at eight hundred feet — he needed a thousand for regaining normal position after the fall. He crashed to the ground, absolutely wrecking his machine. But fortunately he did not hurt himself very seriously. He will be laid up for perhaps a month, but is getting along very well now. I shall not try any more of those things on this kind of plane, so you may rest at ease.

March 9, 1918.

MY DEAR H—,

I had a chance to go up to Rome yesterday on business, but it looked such fine flying weather that I turned it down. No doubt there will be other opportunities before long. You know I had a pleasure trip to Rome and one to Naples before I received my commission; and since then an additional trip to Naples, for the service. It is all very interesting, and I feel as if I were doing something to help in the war, although I am not yet allowed the privilege of going to the front. There is nothing like responsibility to give one a new attitude toward life.

In addition to flying, sports of different varieties are indulged in here, between the camps. To-morrow we have a big baseball game; it will be a real surprise. Our camp is new, and an unknown quantity — to others, but not to ourselves; for us it is a certainty. We have a regular pitcher of the Philadelphia Athletics, and our infielders are rather famous college stars. They make up the finest little team I have seen for a long time. On the strength of it, and of the fact that on the first of the month the men received three months' back-pay, the officers of our camp have done a lot on the side, which is a secret to be sprung to-morrow. We have bought a brass band of thirty pieces, pennants and megaphones, for all our men — something, I am certain, that will never be suspected by the rival camp. In addition we have scoured southern Italy for peanuts and lemons, and are going to carry over with us a peanut-and-pink-lemonade stand. The game has received quite a little publicity. Among our guests there will be a general from a nearby military centre; and I know of several colonels and majors who have asked to be invited. The Italian colonel in charge of all the training-schools in Italy will throw the first ball.

It's really hot stuff and will be *some* game, if for nothing else than the surprises it will present, to say nothing of our pitcher, who is such a corker that none of our own men, even with all the practice they are getting from him, are able to hit him; and the best of it is that the other camp have not the slightest idea of his identity, but think that one of our 'weaklings' will be in the pitcher's box.

March 10, 1918.

At present I am in the convalescent ward, recovering from a slight accident wherein the motorcycle, the silly beast, shied at a dog and ran off the road while I was jogging quietly along, at 64 miles an hour. These crazy cycles seem to poke along, after one has been riding in a plane near the ground, making twice that speed. Hence the temptation to run along wide open on 'high.' I had my usual luck — motorcycle almost a complete wreck, but I was gently tossed twenty or thirty feet from the scene of the accident and thus got out of the way. When found, I seemed to be suffering from a sprained left ankle, a rather deep gash down to the bone on my left shin, a dislocated thumb, and a face that is a sight to behold. I never was a beauty until now — it's quite wonderful how the little experiences of life make a new man of you. And really *aviation*, I am finding, has its dangers.

Were it not that the accident occurred 'in line of duty' I should probably be explaining to some stern court-martial why our camp has one less Harley-Davidson. The commanding officer forbade my riding a motorcycle again, saying rather delicately that aviators are too valuable to waste on a Harley-Davidson; but somehow or other I have rather a sneaking suspicion that it was merely a tactful way of saying that motorcycles in Italy are too valu-

able to waste on this particular aviator.

My bad luck with the motorcycle prevented my seeing the baseball game. But the men say it was one of the most exciting games they have ever seen. The score was tied, 0 to 0, until the first half of the last inning, when one of our men knocked a home run. The other side not scoring in their 'ins,' we took the game and about 25,000 lire from the other camp in the way of bets.

When I get around again I am going to do some dual-control instruction for the experience. I rather look forward to it, now that I know it will not be permanent.

I look forward to the time when, at the end of the war, we can make that canoe trip in Canada. But when I return I shall not be content to settle down in the States, till I have had my fling traveling. Convinced though I am that the best business opportunities lie in America, centre of the world's commercial activities, nevertheless I crave for the wandering, the new, the wild. Russia or parts of South America may be my salvation. But before I get through I want a crack at Egypt, Africa, and China.

March 17, 1918.

My life for the past few weeks is about the most exciting I have ever passed. I am able to amble around quite comfortably now, although I was rather sore and bruised for a while. I have taken over a line of dual-control instruction for the experience it will give me.

Riding in a plane, with a new man in whom you have no confidence, — who will do you know not what the next minute, — is far from monotonous drudgery. Every minute one is on the alert and passes through new thrills. I never knew how badly a machine could be flown without wrecking, until I saw some of these new men struggle. It is

interesting, and I like a little of it; but it would not do to spend my life at it. To trust yourself to a new man is indeed to have the utmost confidence in the Fates; but yesterday I put them to a severe test.

I had a great big Swede of a fellow who was up for his first lesson, and in taking off the ground, after a landing about five kilometres from camp, he headed straight for an olive tree. Upon getting close he became scared, — as did I, — but instead of trying to avoid it, he just hung on to the controls with all the strength of a drowning man. I wrenched and tussled to get the controls in time. Finally I got them — but it was too late. The under-side of the wing was stripped of the fabric, and the left *aileron* was torn off, while the machine was inclined dangerously. Somehow or other we negotiated a landing and examined the bus. I decided that the plane, though with a reduced degree of stability, could still be flown; so I left the student to walk home for punishment, while I flew the machine back to camp. It was *some* ride. The *ailerons* on the left side were extremely unsensitive, and the torn fabric of the wing made her have a heavy list, that gave an unusual flying experience.

My arrival at camp was ridiculous. I came home with long streamers of torn linen riding behind, and a tangle of broken wires twirling aimlessly about. The Italians, an animated lot, came running up and jabbered excitedly. The Italian Chief Pilot congratulated me on being still alive, without asking me how it had happened. When at last I was able to get a word in and tell them, their attitude was even more amusing, — a mixture of surprise and disgust for one who would attempt such a stunt. Since my wing-loops the other day, I am afraid that I have lost my reputation with them for being a safe pilot. Besides, I like to fly in rough weather

when they say it is too bad. 'Your life stings,' is an Italian proverb they apply to me now. And this last stunt has not reinstated me in their good opinion. But in battle one has to face such hazards, so why not try them out when the trying is good? The whole adventure was amusing, though I never again want to go through the actual collision. The feeling of being in a machine with a man who, in his excitement, just freezes on to the controls, — to have the commands there and not be able to use them, — that is a terrible feeling.

To-day I had another experience, a trifle more ridiculous. We had made a practice landing in a rather small field, and in order to start off again had to turn round. In turning, the wind in a sudden gust hit us and swerved us out of our course, directly at a canal used for irrigation. I yelled to the cadet to turn off the gas; but he, being in his second lesson and losing his head, puts it on full. We go tearing across to this dike. The machine has not had time to acquire flying speed and cannot jump the ditch, so we roll right in. Sitting down about eight feet below the level of the field, only the top plane of the machine, and a bunch of wreckage that got scraped off on the way over, can be seen from outside.

We picked ourselves up and walked around to make sure we were not hurt, and I went for help, leaving the cadet to guard the wreck. While I was gone, an Italian pilot, spying the calamity, landed, jumped out, rushed madly up and down, waving his arms, covering his eyes as though weeping, and dramatically shouting: '*Dov'è il pilota? O porca miséria! Dov'è il pilota? È morto?*' (Where is the pilot? O terrible misfortune! Where is the pilot? Is he dead?) The poor chap could see nothing but the submerged wreck, and the helpless cadet standing by dejectedly. He could speak no English, the cadet no Italian. The

cadet, thinking him to be bemoaning the loss of the machine, nodded his head in assent.

When I arrived at camp, all was in a state of excitement. Flying had been suspended and everybody was going to the wreck. It had been reported by the Italian pilot that I was dead and my body could not be found. I had come back feeling rather sheepish over my second accident in two days, but I'll stake a dollar to an old shoe, that I did not look as cheap as they. After the excitement had died down, I was promptly cursed for having been the cause of so much idle sympathy; and both the pilot, who had reported me dead, and I, very much alive, were banished from all polite society for the rest of the day. Some of them are now, in the evening, just beginning to forgive us.

These thrills do not often come in such large gobs. None of them are serious or ever result in mortalities — at least not in this camp, so far. Not a day goes by, however, in which some plane is not broken; it is to be expected where large numbers of men are just learning. But it is rather the proverbial lion's share when two such things happen to the same pilot, two days running.

I feel that these last few weeks are the first time I have ever really lived. More has happened than is ever crowded into the most imaginative novel of adventure. It's the kind of life I like.

March 19, 1918.

I am writing this letter on the train bound from Rome to Naples, a situation that I little expected would ever happen. Leaving Rome about four-thirty, we passed through some very beautiful scenery, along the foothills on the western slope of the Apennines. The little Italian towns are extremely picturesque; rather gaudy in their color selections and cramped in their space,

but the models of neatness and cleanliness, — outwardly, — from the best, right on down to the poorest. Outside of Rome the road winds along the old Appian Way, and for many kilometres along the Old Roman Aqueduct, which still stands, a glorious giant monument of those wonderful old people.

This is the first time since we came down to our aviation camp last fall, through Turin, Bologna, and Ancona, that I have traveled in the daytime, and I certainly appreciate the trip. I had no time on this occasion to see the sights of Rome, arriving there early in the morning and leaving in the afternoon. However, from other angles, the trip is the most interesting one I have made. It is purely in line of business, and will call for some rather intensive study, for three or four days, in Naples.

I met in Rome his Excellency, the Honorable Signor Chiesa, Commissioner of Aviation, a charming gentleman who speaks English well, and is very human. From him I received letters of introduction to the Mayor of Naples and the general in charge of aviation matters in this district, and from them I shall get letters to other interesting people from whom I may secure what information I am after.

I met Signor P——, J.'s friend, in Rome, and found him more than advertised. He is an architect and his wife a painter. Each has a studio, but in different parts of the city. They invited me to Signora P——'s studio for dinner to-night, but I could not stay over. However, they invited me to stay for several days in Rome, over Easter, or whenever else I can get up; and I shall accept the invitation with avidity when I have my next leave. Signor P——, besides being a very charming giant, — he is much over six feet, — will be a very useful man to know in my business, so long as I am in Italy, for at present he is very prominent

in the American Red Cross here, and has already sent down many of our medical supplies. Through him I shall be able to get many other things that our camps need. He has the regular cordiality of our friends the B——s, and influence to put across almost anything.

At the station I bought from the station vender, for three lire, a most tasteful little basket of food for supper. They know how to do such things here — everything is the same way — with a finesse and a degree of uncommercial beauty that we get none of in our country. The basket had two large sandwiches of the country's brown bread, one with a large highly seasoned sausage and the other with cold roast beef; a piece of fine cream cheese, a flagon of wine, and some fruit — oranges, apples and nuts. Everything done up individually in neat paper packages, the whole looked so edible that it went down without a murmur, even though the food was rather rank, and I shall worry for some days for fear of ptomaine.

This letter is a marvel of disorganization — I can't seem to coördinate my thoughts and finger-action with the syn-copations of the train motion. My typewriter seems to be causing quite a stir. You know the trains in Europe are all of the compartment variety — this time I happen to have a compartment to myself. The people are very good about not crowding in on a foreigner in uniform, unless the train is full. However, they are lined up against the glass window between the compartment and the corridor, passing many funny remarks in speculation as to who I am. At present one wise geezer has me ranked as at least a brigadier-general! and is defending me beautifully by appointing himself a policeman, keeping the crowd back and orderly. Were it not for the wonderful Italian pass that I am traveling under, I might be taken in as a spy — but my pass says that I am a

very important person traveling on an important mission, and will everybody please be just as assistful as possible, in order to help bring the war to a close! Rather delightful, eh?

March 27, 1918.

I hope you will enjoy these snapshots. I have had no pictures taken in flying togs or with a machine in the background, for the reason you well know. Many who have never flown, or had any intention to fly, have dressed up and had their pictures taken with a machine in the background, to make them out as pilots. I don't want to be mixed up with that bunch. At our camp we hoot a man who has his picture taken that way — the golden eagle we wear is enough for our distinction.

I have returned from a most wonderful trip to Rome and Naples, where I have had a most interesting work to perform. It is in the line of technical engineering, so naturally my previous training helped me get the trip. I was in Naples one of the nights of the aerial bombardment that you must have read about in the papers, and it was all very interesting. I shall tell you about some of my experiences in Naples when I have more time. Among other things I was introduced into Society, and met two princes and any number of other titled people. I have a permanent invitation to the 'Tennis Club,' an exclusive sporting club of the city. I hope some day to be able to make use of it.

How do you like my new calling cards? They were ordered for me by an Italian captain, as being the right thing in this part of Italy!

When I returned to camp, I found that I had been ordered up to France; but much to my disappointment the camp authorities had taken the matter up with headquarters in my absence, and the order was countermanded. This means that I shall lose out on being one of the first at the front — which I had set my heart on. I am now acting commandant of the camp here, and shall be for a month until the return of Captain LaGuardia. Meanwhile I continue some rather interesting and responsible work here. But it is hard luck.

April 7.

What has loomed up on the horizon is blacker than anything that has yet come. Everything that I have done here has been with the idea of going to the front. When I came to this camp with Captain LaGuardia, I was to be here only 'till I was ready for the front.' Now another man is sent over to be permanent camp-commander and I have been slated to be a liaison officer, under the captain, to work for the Joint Aircraft Board. I go to Rome — the most bomb-proof of all bomb-proof places — wearing the most non-shootable of all non-shootable uniforms, to do engineering work and investigation relative to the uniting of Italy's and America's aviation industries. True, the work will be fascinating and instructive. Promotion in that line is said to be more rapid than in any other branch of the service, for one's work is constantly brought before the eyes of one's superiors. But where, in all this time, has gone the fighter? A fine hero I should be at the end of the war, coming home after a job like that!

OFF THE DOGGER BANK

BY AN OFFICER IN THE BRITISH NAVY

May 4, 1917: 5.30 P.M.

I WAS in the midst of letter-writing when the bugle sounded 'Action,' and I dropped my pen and ran to my station. It's very funny to think that I had just been writing what a dull sort of a picnic we were on, and how peaceful everything was — and then suddenly there was the deafening roar of the guns, and the columns of water thrown up by our shells, and peace turned into pandemonium, and the calm oily sea of a few minutes before changed into innumerable small breaking wavelets, — running in all directions, — caused by the wild twisting and turning, at utmost speed, of the two light cruisers and four destroyers that comprised our squadron.

The first cause of this activity was the sight of a long, cigar-shaped, aluminum-colored body, apparently poised in mid-air; the second cause, submarines: a very popular combination with the Boche. The Zepp does the scouting, and then the submarines do the dirty work. He was a long way off when we sighted him; but the air was so clear and the visibility so good, that we at once turned and attacked him, just on the chance of getting a lucky hit, though the odds were twenty thousand to one against it, and, as we expected, the odd chance did n't come our way.

Submarines were being continually reported, — though I personally can swear to seeing only one, — and our fire was distributed impartially between the Zepp and the periscopes, or anything that looked as if it might be a

periscope. Also, we dodged this way and that, and all ways at once, and did n't give them a chance to torpedo us. The submarine Boche likes a nice sitting shot, with no one to harass him — shooting at him seems rather to discourage him.

My station was on the after-control platform; but there was nothing to do there, so I bustled round for a bit, helping to fuse the shells, and then went up to the fore-control bridge, where one could see what was doing. After a while, finding that the Zepp would n't let us close him, we turned and ran away, hoping that he would come after us, which he did; so we again turned and engaged him.

After a while — I suppose about an hour and a half from the time we sighted him — our Zepp friend thought that *he* would do a bit of attacking; and it was really fascinating to watch him manœuvre over the ship, to drop his bombs. I suppose he was actually traveling about fifty or sixty miles an hour, but he was so high up (never less than 15,000 feet) that he seemed to be crawling, and he did n't like to come lower as we were strafing him hard all the time, which, I suppose, discouraged him.

Well, he got nearly overhead, looking like a huge aluminum cigar, with a strip of silver paper (the propellers) flapping in the breeze each side, and then — a long-drawn-out sort of whistle, getting louder and louder, till suddenly a sharp crack, followed immediately by a tremendous crash, and a huge column of dirty-looking smoke

and water, and the first bomb had fallen, about 100 yards off our port beam. A moment or two to note the fall, and, I suppose, correct his sights, and brother Boche let go another big fellow, neatly halving the distance this time, and too close to be pleasant! Then another pause, — of what seemed like minutes but I suppose was really only seconds, — and the third bomb arrived, just missing us on the other side. Then he let us have it good and hearty, and another nine came down in quick succession, several landing practically simultaneously. But we were no longer there. Acting on the principle that no two shots ever go through the same hole, we whipped round as soon as the third bomb fell, straight for where the first two had fallen — but for that, he would have got us, I think. As it was, we were well peppered with splinters, and a chunk of metal about a foot long landed on the bridge, quite close to us; but we had no casualties and no damage was done.

He then left us and turned his attention to a destroyer that was pumping shots at him from a pompom, and dropped a salvo of three, about ten yards from her; but again there were no casualties, and our sausage friend, either discouraged by the gun-fire, or lacking more bombs, made no further attack and started sailing away.

At this stage another Zepp appeared on the scene; and the pair of them hung around for half an hour or so, without trying to attack and keeping well out of range, and then made off, leaving us in possession of the field, though we were bitterly disappointed at not being able to bring them down. Of course we are not exactly built for fighting in the air higher than 10,000 feet. The Germans set as good an example as we can. The Zepp was reported to have descended on their mark. A small submarine was reported to have been seen an hour ago.

The whole thing was great fun — and I mean that quite literally. In fact, I thoroughly enjoyed it, and I think that nearly everyone else felt the same.

So far as the submarines are concerned, the result is doubtful — it is almost impossible to tell for certain unless you can stop and search the spot, and that would have been a somewhat unhealthy proceeding!

I was rather interested in analyzing my feelings during the occasional lulls in the show. I don't want to seem too egotistical, but it was the first time anyone had really, definitely tried to kill me, and so I suppose it was natural to think about it! For the first few minutes, until the first gun was fired, I was excited and had to hold on to myself tight to avoid showing it; after that, my feeling was one of enjoyment, intense exhilaration, and keen interest in all that was going on; and I thoroughly appreciated the beauty of the scene. Blue sea, cloudless sky; columns of white water and foam; the Zepp sailing, apparently peacefully, overhead; and all round him, above and below, tiny rings and spirals and balls of pure white smoke from our bursting shells.

The waiting for the Zepp to dispose himself nicely overhead, and, after the first bomb, the waiting for the successive ones to fall, was not a very pleasant sensation, especially as they came closer and closer; and they seemed to take such a long time to arrive! One could hear them coming, without knowing in the least where they were going to fall! The submarines left me cold: they did n't affect me one way or the other; and when it was all over, I'm glad to say, I found my hand as steady as before it started. Not that there was anything in it to affect one's nerves; but it was my first show of any sort under fire, and I did n't know a bit how they would behave!

As for the sailors, it might have been a Brock's benefit put on for their especial edification and amusement! When the bombs began to get close, I ordered everyone down below under cover (none of our guns would bear then); but I literally had to climb off the bridge and shoo them down myself!

Altogether, friend Zepp dropped fifteen bombs, each, I should think, containing about 100 pounds of high explosive, — twelve at us, and three at one of our attendant destroyers, — before he gave up; but why his mate did n't try and do us in, I can't imagine. We were going to attack if he gave us half

a chance, but he never came within about 20,000 yards, if that, the brute! The Boche is a good fighter when his plans are all cut and dried, but he's an unenterprising blighter.

One thing made me laugh in the middle of the proceedings: I had a distinct feeling of grievance against the people in the Zepp for wanting to do us in — it seemed so unfeeling of them! And all the time I was doing my damndest to strafe *them*, which seemed quite all right to me!

And this is a rough idea of the 'peaceful' day I started writing about this morning! !

AERIAL TACTICS

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF¹

As the days go by, I find much that is novel and interesting about the aerial war, which in reality is quite different from any idea of it that I had had. I will try to give a rough idea of how the upper war is carried on.

The trenches, sometimes visible, often quite invisible from the heights at which one flies, form the dividing line between us and the Boche. Behind them, at distances of from seven to fifteen miles, are the aerodromes — a few acres of tolerably flat land, three or four or half a dozen hangars (often cleverly camouflaged), barracks, and sheds for automobiles. Each side, of course, knows pretty well the locations of the enemy aerodromes. This gives

rise to a certain amount of give and take in the bombing line, which, in the end, accomplishes very little.

It is a curious fact that in certain sectors the aviator's life is made miserable by this ceaseless bombing, while in other places a species of unwritten understanding permits him to sleep, at least, in peace. I have a friend in a far-off escadrille who has to jump out of bed and dive for the dug-outs nearly every clear night, when the sentry hears the unmistakable Mercedes hum close overhead, the shutting off of the motor, and the rush of air as the Huns descend. He knows that as good as, or better than they give—but the knowledge does not make up for lost sleep. In my sector, on the other hand, we could blow the Boche aerodromes to atoms and

¹These letters were written just before the author was transferred to the American service.
— THE EDITOR

they could probably do as much for us, but neither side has started this useless 'strafing.' Just before an attack, such bombing might be of military value; otherwise it only harasses vainly men who need what sleep they get, and destroys wealth on both sides, like exchanging men in checkers without profiting in position. I have heard parlor warriors at home say, 'By all means make war as unpleasant as possible — then it won't happen again.' But there is a limit to this, when nothing of tactical value is accomplished.

The aerodromes are the headquarters of the different squadrons, each of which is specialized in some type of work. Military aviation divides itself into certain groups, requiring different types of machines and different training for pilot or observer. These groups are day-bombing, night-bombing, observation, photography, artillery fire-control, and *chasse*. I would like to tell you all about the different buses used, but of course one is not at liberty to do so. In general, bombing-machines are rather large two-seaters or three-seaters, designed to rise to great heights, where they are very fast, and capable of carrying heavy loads for long distances. They are, naturally, well armed, but depend (for safely carrying out their missions) principally on their speed at altitudes of 18,000 feet or more. Photography, observation, and artillery control machines, on the other hand, must be fast at lower altitudes, handy in a fight, and speedy climbers. They are, so far as I know, always two-seaters, and are really the most important of all aeroplanes. I believe that all the allied designers should work together to produce a single uniform type of two-seater — small, quick to manoeuvre, and very fast up to 15,000 or 16,000 feet. Such machines, flying about their work in small groups, are truly formidable things for single-seat-

er scouts to attack, as they are nearly as fast and handy, and have the enormous advantage of being able to shoot backward as well as forward. With light double-controls for the machine-gun man or observing officer (who would take a few lessons in emergency flying), they could not be brought down by killing the pilot — a most valuable feature.

The Boches have such machines, — particularly the Roland, — which are tough nuts to crack, even when outnumbered. Two of our boys had a running fight with a Roland recently, and dove at him alternately for thirty minutes over forty miles of country. Both were nearly brought down in the process — and they failed to bag the enemy machine, though at the last they did for the observer. This shows the great value of the fast two-place bus. I doubt if people at home are aware of the difficulties of designing a two-seater which one could pronounce, without hesitation, the best. It must have four major qualities: speed, climbing ability, diving speed, and handiness. The need of strength, or high factor of safety, goes without saying. Speed is simply a matter of power and head resistance, and is comparatively easy to attain alone; the rub comes in combining with it the requisite climbing power, and factor of safety. The Germans, in general, seem to believe in a very heavy, substantial motor, which cuts their climbing to a certain extent, but gives them a very fast dive. The Allies' machines, I should say, are slightly faster climbers, but cannot follow a diving Hun. And so it goes — to have one quality in perfection, another must be sacrificed.

Last of all come the single-seaters, whose sole purpose is to fight. Many different types have been tried — monoplanes, biplanes, and triplanes, with different kinds of fixed and rotary

motors. At present the biplane seems to have it (though I have seen an experimental monoplane that is a terror), as the monoplane is by nature too weak, and the triplane (magnificent otherwise!) is too slow in diving for either attack or escape.

The work the different groups perform seems to be roughly the same in the Allied and enemy armies. The day-bombers fly at great heights, sometimes escorted and protected by single-seaters. The night-bombers fly fairly low, never escorted. Photographers, observers, and artillery regulators have a nasty job, as they must fly rather low, constantly subjected to a galling attention from old Archibald. When their mission requires it, they are escorted by *chasse* machines — a job that single-seater pilots do not pine for, because they often go twenty or thirty miles into 'Bochie,' where motor-trouble means a soup diet till the end of the war; and because, at low altitudes, hovering over a slow 'cuckoo,' the anti-aircraft gunners have too good a time.

The single-seaters may be divided into two classes: the first does escort work about half the time, the second does nothing but parade up and down the lines, hunting for trouble. The last are the élite among airmen. Unfortunately I am not one of them, as they are recruited only from tried and skillful pilots. As to fighting, there is a good deal of popular misconception. One imagines picturesque duels to the death, between A (the great French or English ace) and X (his German competitor) — the multitude of straining, upturned eyes, the distant rattle of shots, the flaming spin of the loser. As a matter of fact, a duel between two monoplanes, handled by pilots of anything like equal skill, who are *aware of each other's presence*, is not unlikely to end without bloodshed. Bear in mind

that they can shoot only forward, that the gun must be aimed by aiming the whole machine (to which it is fixed immovably), and that a twisting, climbing, banking aeroplane, traveling at over one hundred miles per hour, is no joke to hit in its small vitals, and you can see that this must be so.

The truth is, that the vast majority of fights which end in a victory are between scouts and two-seaters, and that it needs two scouts to attack one biplane with anything like even chances of winning. Think a moment. The two-seater is nearly as fast and handy as you are; he can therefore avoid you and shoot forward almost as well, and in addition, he has a man astern who can shoot up, sideways, and backwards with most superior accuracy. This disconcerting individual, it is true, cannot shoot straight down when the wings are horizontal, but to enable him to do so, the pilot has only to tilt the machine to the necessary angle.

Now, suppose two French monoplanes sight an Iron-Crossed two-seater. Flying at 16,000 feet, they see French shrapnel in white puffs bursting below them at 2,000 feet, and several miles away. They change their course, and presently, dodging in and out among the fleecy balls, they espy a fast biplane, heavily camouflaged in queer splotches of green, brown, and violet. Coming nearer, they make out the crosses — ha, a Boche! Nearer and nearer they come, till they are 400 yards behind and 600 feet above the enemy, who has seen them and is making tracks for home. Three hundred yards, by the way, is the closest one may safely approach a machine-gun in the air. At this point, A dives on the Boche, to about 250 yards, shoots a short burst, and veers off. The German machine-gunner lets him have a *rafale*, but meanwhile B has dived under and behind the enemy's tail.

There he stays, at a fairly safe distance, with his eye on the rudder above him, ready to anticipate the banks which might enable the gunner to get in a burst. As soon as A sees that B is beneath the Boche, he dives and shoots again. The gunner is in a quandary — if he aims at A, B will slip up and forward, rear his machine into position, and deliver a possibly deadly burst. If he devotes his attention to B, A will be safe to make a dive to dangerously close quarters. There you have the theory of the most common of all attacks — but in reality it is more difficult than it sounds. The three machines are traveling at great speed, and constantly twisting, rearing, and diving. It is the easiest thing in the world to pass another plane, turn to follow it, and see nothing, no matter how you strain your eyes. In passing, your combined speed might be roughly *120 yards per second*, and you are both moving in three dimensions. The object for which you search may be to the side, ahead, above, below; and every second of your search may be increasing its distance at enormous speed.

It is bitterly cold, and I am sitting in our cozy mess-room waiting for lunch, which is at twelve. A dense fog hangs over the aerodrome, and the trees are beautifully frosted.

Just had word that a boy who was at Avord in my time has bagged one of the 'Tangos' — no mean feat. It is the crack escadrille of all Germany — Albatross DIII's, driven by the pick of the Hun fighting pilots, and commanded, I believe, by Von Richthofen — the most famous of German aces. They are a formidable aggregation, recognizable by rings of tango red around their Iron Crosses, and stripes of the same color along the fuselage. For a young pilot to bring one of these birds down in one of his first flights over the lines, is a wonderful piece of luck and skill.

On days (like to-day) when the weather makes flying impossible, the fellows sleep late, make a long, luxurious toilet, breakfast, and stroll down to the hangars, where they potter around their 'zincs,' feeling over the wires, adjusting the controls, tinkering their machine-guns, or perhaps fitting on some sort of new trick sight. Sights are a hobby with every pilot and nearly everyone has different ideas on the subject, advocating telescopic or open, one or two-eye outfits. Then, if one is extra careful, he takes out the long belt of cartridges, feels each bullet to make sure it is tightly crimped in the shell, and pushes and pulls the shells until all are exactly even. 'Jams' are the curse of this game, and no amount of trouble is too much, if it insures a smooth working gun. Some jams can be fixed in the air, but others render you defenceless until you can land.

Each pilot has his own mechanic, who does nothing but look after his bus, and is usually a finished comedian in addition to being a crack mechanic. In truth, I never ran across a more comical, likable, hard-working crew than the French aviation mechanics. They are mostly pure Parisian 'gamins' — speaking the most extraordinary jargon, in which everything but the verbs (and half of them) is slang, of the most picturesque sort. Quick-witted, enormously interested in their work, intelligent and good-natured, they are the aristocrats of their trade, and know it. You should see them when they go on leave. Jean or Charlot, ordinarily the most oily and undignified of men, steps out of the squadron office arrayed in a superb blue uniform, orange tabs on his collar, a mirror-like tan belt about his waist — shaven, shorn, shining with cleanliness, puffing an expensive-looking, gilt-banded cigar. Is it fancy — or is there a slight condescension in his greeting? Well, it is natural — you

can never hope to look so superbly like a field-marshal. A little crowd of pals gathers around, for it is just after lunch; and presently the motor-bus draws up with a scream of brakes and a cloud of dust. The motor has AV in big letters on the side, and its driver (not to be confounded with any mere ambulance or lorry chauffeur) would feel it a disgrace to travel under forty miles an hour, or to make anything but the most spectacular of turns and stops. The driver produces a silver cigarette case, passes it round, takes a weed, taps it on his wrist, and chaffs the *permissionnaire* about a new godmother on whom he is planning to call in Paris.

Presently the captain steps out of his office; the departing one spins about, head back and chest out, cigar hidden in his left hand; 'click' — his heels come together magnificently, and up goes his right hand in a rigid salute. Smiling behind his moustache, our extremely attractive captain salutes in return, and shakes Charlot's hand warmly, wishing him a pleasant leave. He is off, and you can picture him tomorrow strolling with princely nonchalance along the boulevards. What if he earns but five cents a day — he saves most of that, and his pilot presents him with a substantial sum every Saturday night, all of which is put away for the grand splurge, three times a year.

In Paris, you will recognize the type — well dressed in neat dark blue, orange collar with the group number on it, finger-nails alone showing the unmistakable traces of his trade, face, eyes and manner registering interest and alert intelligence. As likely as not you see him on the terrace of some great café — a wonderfully smart little *midinette* (his feminine counterpart) beside him, with shining eyes of pride — and at the next table a famous general of division, ablaze with the ribbons of half a dozen orders.

The 'mecanos' dress as nearly like pilots as they dare, and after flying is over in the evening are apt to appear about the hangars in the teddy-bear suits and fur boots of the 'patron.' Some funny things happen at such times. There is a class of officers, called 'officers of administration,' attached to squadrons and groups of aviation, who do not fly, but look after the office and business end of the *équipe*. They are worthy men and do absolutely necessary work, but somehow are not very swank.

One day it became known that the revered Guynemer was to visit a certain escadrille, and naturally all the officers were on fire to shake the hero's hand — a reminiscence to hand down to their children's children. The administration officer — a first lieutenant — was late in getting away from the bureau, and when he got to the field, Guynemer had landed, left his machine, and gone to have the sacred *apéritif* of five o'clock. Meanwhile, the chief comedian of all the mechanics, dressed by chance in his pilot's combination and boots, and proud to tinker (with reverent fingers) the famous Spad, had run out to where it stood, filled it with gas and oil, touched up the magneto, and cleaned a couple of plugs. The officer, as he came to the hangars, perceived the well-known 'taxi,' with the stork on its side, and a furry figure strolling towards him. A snap of heels, the position of attention, and he was saluting (as he thought) one of the most glorious figures of France. The comedy mechanic — taking in the situation at a glance — strolled magnificently by, with a careless salute and a nod. The officer never inquired who it was he had saluted — but what a tale to pass around the barrack stove on winter evenings! Mistaken for Guynemer! Saluted by a two-striper!

In clothes and get-up the mechanics

follow the pilots' lead, but in language the situation is reversed — we take pride in memorizing, chuckling over, and using at every opportunity, the latest word or phrase invented by these gifted slangsters. An aeroplane is never 'avi-on' or 'appareil,' but 'zinc,' 'taxi,' or 'coucou.' Motor is 'moulin' — to start it, one 'turns the mill.' In the aviation, one does not eat, one 'pecks.' One is not killed — one 'breaks one's face,' though face is not the inelegant word in use. Gasoline is 'sauce'; to open the throttle, you 'give her the sauce.' A motor breakdown is not, as in the automobile service a 'panne,' but a 'car-afe' — heaven knows why! and so on.

Life out here is in many ways a contrast to the last six months. Though only a beginner, a *bleu*, I am Somebody, through the mere fact of being a pilot, and most of all a *pilote de chasse* — a most chic thing to be. I must dress well, shave daily, wear my hair brushed straight back and long, — in contrast to all other branches of the army, — have my boots and belt polished like a mirror, and frequent only the best café in town. These are, of course, unwritten rules, but sternly lived up to — and I confess that the return of self-respect, after months of dirt and barrack life, is not unpleasant.

Our escadrille, composed of ten French pilots, two Americans, and the officers, is really a very decent crowd of chaps of good family and education. Frenchmen of this kind are good fellows and pleasant companions, differing from us only on certain racial points of outlook and humor. Among them are two lawyers (with all the French lawyer's delicate wit, irony, and love of play on words), a large wine-grower (if you can grow wine), a professional soldier from Morocco, a medical student, and my room-mate, a most attractive chap, an English public-school man, whose family are French importers in

London. He has been nearly everywhere, is absolutely bi-lingual, and is the sort of man who is at home in any kind of company.

From time to time, of course, someone is brought down, and though I dislike it intensely, one feels that decency demands one's presence at the funeral. Elaborate, rather fine ceremony usually, where the Gallic emotional nature appears at its best. At the last one, for instance, the captain (brave as a lion, and a man to his finger-tips) was overcome in the midst of his speech of eulogy and burst into tears. Impossible to an Anglo-Saxon, but to me there was something very fine in the sight of this splendid officer, frankly overcome with grief at the loss of one of his men. When the ceremony is over, each pilot and friend comes to pay respect to the departed comrade, takes up in turn an implement shaped like an Indian-club, dips it in holy water, makes a sign with it over the coffin, draped in the Tricolor, and sprinkles a few drops of water on the flag.

At our mess, we have queer little things of glass to rest knife and fork on, while the dishes are being changed; and last night at dinner, when the captain's orderly assigned one pilot to a particularly ticklish mission, an irrepressible American youth who was dining with us, picked up one of these knife-rests (shaped exactly like a holy-water sprinkler), stood up very solemnly, made the sign over his victim, and sprinkled a few drops on his head. Amid roars of laughter everyone at the table stood up in turn and did likewise. A harmless joke to us, but I am not sure of its good taste to a Frenchman.

If I had known France before the war I could decide better a question that constantly occurs to me: 'Has France grown more religious with war?' The educated Frenchman is certainly the most intelligent, the most skeptical,

the least inclined to take things on trust of all men, yet on the whole I am inclined to believe that religious feeling (by no means orthodox religion) has grown and is growing. In peace times, death seems a vitally important thing, to be spoken of with awe and to be dreaded, perhaps as the end of the game, if you chance to be a materialist.

All that is changed now. You go to Paris on leave, you spend two or three days delightfully with Bill or Jim or Harry, a very dear friend, also in on leave from his battery, regiment, or squadron. A week later someone runs up to you with a long face. 'Bill got crowned on Thursday' he says; 'joined a Boche patrol by mistake and brought down before he saw the crosses. Poor old cuss.' You sigh, thinking of the pleasant hours you have passed with Bill — your long talks together, his curious and interesting kinks of out-

look, the things which make personality, make one human being different from another. Somehow your thoughts don't dwell on his death as they would in peace-times — a week or a month later your mind has not settled into taking for granted his non-existence. Next time you visit Paris, you hasten to his former haunts — half expecting to find him absorbing a book and expounding his peculiar philosophy.

Is there a life after death? Of course there is — you smile a little to yourself to think you could ever have believed otherwise. This, I am confident, is common experience nowadays. The belief that individuality ceases, that death is anything but a quick and not very alarming change, is too absurd to hold water. It is a comforting thought and gives men strength to perform duties and bear losses which in ordinary times would come hard.

STUDENTS OF THE SEA

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

I

THE three longest weeks of my life were my three weeks in 'Detention,' and yet, to make a paradox, the time passed with surprising rapidity. With the soft spring warmth now filling the air, and a brush of green over the surrounding fields, those three snow-bound weeks seem long ago. I suppose it is because there have been so many changes since; and every change you make in the Navy seems revolutionary and drastic.

There were about two thousand men in Detention — boys, more properly speaking, for the average age was slightly less than twenty. Each day a bunch of raw recruits began their life there, to fill the places of those who, having passed their period of inspection and having received the various vaccinations, had been transferred to the great camp beyond. For some, an exact three weeks was all that was required; for others, the period was longer; and those who had seen a month in the camp were madly impatient to shoulder their

neatly packed hammock and clothes-bag, and be gone to take up the more intensive training for sea.

My detention period ended on the morning of the twenty-second day, a fine clear still winter morning, with a below-zero temperature that creaked in every footfall on the dry packed snow. For two days I had been ready, 'rairing to go,' as the Texas boys called it; and when the message finally came from the regimental headquarters, I needed only a few minutes to pack and shoulder my belongings, say good-bye to my companions, and take my way.

The Great Lakes Naval Training Station comprises the main camp, a complete naval training establishment of permanent brick buildings, designed to accommodate approximately fifteen hundred men. Surrounding this central unit, are the great recent additions, occupying about five hundred acres, with buildings of semi-permanent construction. These camps bear the suggestive names of naval heroes, and each camp is complete in its equipment, a naval training station in itself. To-day the united camps will accommodate over thirty thousand men; and since the beginning of the war the station has sent more than sixty thousand men to sea. It was to the main camp that I was transferred from Detention.

The next few weeks passed with relatively little incident. I was quartered in one of the big permanent brick buildings, and the days were so filled with ceaseless activity that time passed quickly.

In a great room on the second floor our hammocks were swung in two long rows, quite as they were in Detention; but here I was associated with boys who had all been some time on the station, and more was expected of us. Every morning at five the bugles sounded through the camp: first, one far off and very distant to sleep-filled

ears; then others took up the summons; and before the last notes were stilled the Master-at-Arms was up and shouting, 'Hit the deck, boys!' and we were drunkenly swinging down from our hammocks, a good seven feet, to the floor below.

The company was divided each week into details, each with its particular work to perform. To our detail the floors, always spoken of as 'the deck,' were given to be scrubbed, mopped and dried. Another detail polished the wash-room or 'head,' to immaculate brilliancy. I was on a 'sidewalk detail,' and with half a dozen others cleaned the concrete walks about the building of snow or dust, as conditions demanded.

There was something about those morning hours that most of all identifies to me my sojourn in the Main Camp. Clear, cold mornings many of them were, when with brooms we brushed a powder of snow from the walk, often by moonlight. Often in those cold dark mornings, as we brushed the kitchen steps of the mess-hall we would scent on the warm air from opened windows a rich fragrance that is unforgettable. Breakfast for the petty officers' mess was on the fires, and the aroma of bacon, with its suggested complement of fried eggs, filled stomachs empty from five to a seven-o'clock breakfast with infinite craving. Reluctantly we turned our faces and bent to our sweeping. Then as the moon slowly set behind the mess-hall, the dawn flushed the East with light behind the black silhouette of the Administration building, and with fingers numb with cold we tramped back to the barrack.

Two thousand sailors ate together in each of the two dining-rooms of the main mess-hall. It was a well-ordered crew, but the sound of so many voices, and the rattle of knives, forks, and dishes made a tumult that could be

heard a block. At noon a part of the band played, while we ate, all the popular airs that the boys seemed never to tire of. It was fulsome music, with much brass and a great beating of drums; but it's the way to make 'Over There' send a thrill through you. Mess was served by a white-clad 'mess detail,' and everything was put on the white board tables with a filled plate at each place, before the men marched in. Navy slang is required, and were a bill-of-fare printed, you would see 'Java' for tea or coffee, 'punk' for bread, 'sand' for salt, and something that sounds like 'slumgullion' for any kind of stew.

Our days were filled with drilling in the drill-hall, and, in fact, the greater part of the time of the recruit while on the station is taken up with foot-drill. It is difficult to teach seamanship to landsmen on a station, especially during the winter months; and even were an intensive course in seamanship practical, it could not give the fundamental value derived from these few weeks of drill. It is impossible to describe the change which this work quickly brings in the whole physical and mental bearing of the recruits. From a mob of slouching individuals, a few short weeks of training develops a company of alert and well-set-up men. Back and forth on the smooth floor the companies pass, white-shod legs swinging in perfect synchronism, shoulders thrown back, and chins drawn in above bare throats. On every shoulder the gun-barrels slant in parallel lines; feet beat a drum cadence on the floor. Company commanders and petty officers shout crisp commands; there is a rhythm of drums; the dark blue lines break to form 'Company square,' or 'on right into line.'

On Wednesday we passed in review before the commanding officer. With our leggings and braids scrubbed to

snowy whiteness, we swung down the hall behind the band. There are bands and bands, but the Navy bands play a music of their own; there is a spirit in their fast marches that makes you forget everything; you would follow on anywhere.

Often in the early morning, while we were still sweeping the sidewalks, distant calls and cheers would tell us of a draft leaving for sea; and sometimes we would see the long dark columns marching to their trains. There was no band at their head, but none was needed; and even the intermittent cheers from opened windows brought a vivid realization of why we were here and what it was all about.

Curiously, there is little discussion of the war at the station. There is too much to occupy us, to leave time for speculation. Every one knows he will some day go to sea; a vague realization to most of the boys, for very few have ever seen the ocean, and many have never even seen anything bigger than a row-boat. The general desire is to see Paris, and it is confidently assured that this will be granted, and that at some later date we shall probably march in triumph through Berlin, with the station band at the head playing a Sousa march. Then we will all come home and be comfortable heroes for the rest of our days. Germany is personified in the Kaiser; and whenever he is mentioned it, is usually in relation to some picturesque form of personal violence that the speaker hopes he may wreak upon him. It is a happy-go-lucky crowd, filled with youth and enthusiasm.

In connection with the cheerful unconcern of the average recruit, it is hard not to mention its relation to the effect which the death of one of the boys has upon his fellows. In so large a community sickness is sometimes fatal; and although, considering our

numbers, these occasions are rare, there is now and then a call for a 'firing squad,' if a sailor's burial is to be held in Chicago or some nearby town. At these times the prospect of a trip, despite the occasion, brings many times the required quota of volunteers, and the squad invariably departs with a holiday aspect. On their return the two chief topics of conversation centre on the appearance of the deceased and the meals which the party enjoyed; and the next day we are drilling again, and the world moves quite as cheerfully as before.

In the eyes of our captain we are boys, and, to be sure, our average age is scarcely twenty. In those years between seventeen and twenty character is moulded, and it is here that the navy in general, and perhaps this station in particular, performs its greatest service to the country. From these months of healthful exercise and clean environment comes a strengthening of the moral as well as the physical fibre; there is born a sense of unity, order, and discipline; right and wrong are clearly separated and character is brought forward as an honorable and desirable attribute.

In an essay, 'A Twentieth-Century Outlook,' written not long before his death, the late Captain A. T. Mahan voices an opinion that finds fulfillment in the Great Lakes Station, by a happy coincidence to-day commanded by a man at one time his aide: —

Is it nothing, in an age when authority is weakening and restraints are loosening, that the youth of a nation passes through a school in which order and obedience and reverence are learned, where the body is systematically developed, where ideals of self-surrender, of courage, of manhood, are inculcated, necessarily, because of fundamental conditions of military success? Is it nothing that youths out of the fields and the streets are brought together, min-

gled with others of higher intellectual antecedents, taught to work and to act together mind in contact with mind, and carrying back into civil life that respect for constituted authority which is urgently needed in these days when lawlessness is erected into a religion? It is a suggestive lesson to watch the expression and movements of a number of rustic conscripts undergoing their first drill, and to contrast them with the finished results as seen in the faces and bearing of the soldiers that throng the streets. A military training is not the worst preparation for an active life, any more than the years spent at college are time lost, as another school of Militarists insists.

In connection with the part the Navy plays in preparing boys 'for an active life,' no better illustrations could be found to verify Admiral Mahan's contention than here before my eyes. Foremost come those general fundamental builders of character which are here taught and inspired — subordination, discipline, team-play, cleanliness, and the readiness instantly to obey. With minds and bodies well-ordered, the boys are separated into groups, to specialize according to their past experience or inclination. In the Yeoman School hundreds of young men are learning stenography, typewriting, and the fundamentals of their mother tongue. For paymaster advancements others are taking up studies, including finance, political economy, geography, and mathematics. In the Department of Public Works, engineers, architects, and draftsmen are being made. Here, with the inspiration of the tapering towers, often lost aloft in morning mists, others learn to send 'winged words.' In the hospitals some are taught the merciful arts of healing, and almost a thousand, under the guidance of the world's greatest band-master, are learning to stir men's souls with music. But chief of all, in the many schools for seamanship, they are learn-

ing to guide our argosies from sea to sea, in the peaceful years to come, and to bring back the heritage of the past. Nor must I fail to mention that great school of ground aviation, where several thousand are learning the intricacies of our coming navy of the sky. We have here a vast university, with a curriculum that builds strongly for the future.

II

My departure from the main station to one of the big outlying camps came — as all things seem to come in the Navy — at a minute's notice. It was a Saturday, and I was already in line to march out for thirty-six hours 'shore leave,' when the order came for me to 'shove off' for Camp Perry, to take up the job of assistant company commander in the Sixth Regiment.

The rank of company commander is peculiar, I believe, to the Great Lakes Station. From the recruits, from time to time, men are selected to act as chiefs of companies of approximately one hundred and fifty men. They are to their companies as a captain in the army is to the men under him — a commander in drills, responsible for the welfare, cleanliness and comfort of the men, and responsible further for the condition of the barracks in which they live. In the front of each barrack, facing the company street, is the room of the company commander and his assistant. In the rear, in two long barracks, the men swing the white hammocks from iron jackstays high above the deck. Under them are the company clerk, who checks the muster-roll and attends to the clerical details, and two chiefs of section, who exercise an under-authority over the men and lead their respective sections in drill.

Camp Perry was filled with men who had practically completed their sojourn

on the station, and many of them were serving their second 'hitch,' or reënlistment in the Navy. I had, up to this time, known only the credulous recruit, and my new experience with a crowd erudite in station ways was at first discouraging. In the eyes of a sea-going 'salty' sailor we are all landsmen, and hence 'rookies,' until we have made one cruise; but even among rookies there are grades of distinction, and every man is almost childishly eager to have, at least, a 'sea-going' appearance, although he may never have smelled salt water. Our leggins, for instance, when new, are a rich tan color, but the constant scrubbing of months bleaches them snowy white. Accordingly, the few weeks' recruit soon learns to spend incredible energy bleaching his leggins by artificial means, to approximate the longer enlisted men, and any recipe is eagerly accepted to attain the desired end. I remember, in Detention, how a number of the boys utilized the otherwise futile can of talcum powder provided in our Red Cross kits to powder their leggins each morning. And an enterprising tailor in the nearby city of Waukegan must have acquired a small fortune sewing stiff with cotton thread the brims of our white hats, to give them the desired 'salty' appearance.

There are many types of men here, but they quickly become distinguishable and fall into natural groups. Of these one is the 'hard-boiled' variety that delights in harmless bullying, and when given a little authority, becomes sometimes a burden to the rest of the community. Most of our 'hard-boiled' members have achieved their reputation with the hope that it would give them a bearing supposedly more seafaring. There are a few who are natural bullies, but they are the minority; in the majority of cases, however, the men are without affectation, natural in their

ways and speech, glad to exchange letters from home, and unashamed to show their finer emotions when the occasion arises.

There were about fifteen hundred men in the Sixth, and for the most part they were enlisted in the ground-aviation branch of the service — expert motor-machinists from the great Detroit automobile factories, taxi-drivers, garage-workers, machinists, and a general mixture of various trades combined into one unit. Several of the men in my company wore red 'hash marks' — a diagonal band of red on the sleeve, just above the cuff, each mark signifying an enlistment in the navy. To these was accorded a natural deference due to their long experience, and their habits of dress and speech were quietly observed as a pattern to follow. From them also, in the few idle periods that were allowed us, came tales of foreign ports, of target practice, of the fleet, and of 'shore liberty' in every quarter of the world, with the inevitable windup of a free-for-all to the ultimate victory of the Yankee tar over the crew of some foreign battleship.

Our entertainment is well provided. In the great drill-halls are shown nightly the latest moving-picture films, and on frequent occasions complete theatrical productions are gratuitously staged by the managements of the Chicago theatres. Never, I imagine, have some of the actors and actresses received such ovations. Only a few nights ago I attended a vaudeville performance. Three thousand sailors crowded the front seats in the vast drill-hall. A sailor orchestra played the overture. Then, before the curtain appeared a woman in an evening gown of the rich theatrical vogue, and to the silent hall she sang a new topical song, to the effect that we had crossed the Delaware, we had crossed the Rio Grande, and

we would cross the Rhine. At the last note a roar burst from the audience. Again and again she repeated the last verse; and when she finally left the stage, she was weeping, and the crowd had taken up the refrain under the guidance of the waving arms of the leader of the orchestra.

The manly art of self-defense is not neglected in our curriculum, nor, for that matter, are any of the sports that bring recreation to healthy men and boys. A former champion of the Atlantic fleet, now an ensign, U.S.N., is in charge of the boxing, and from our great numbers is drawn a wealth of pugilistic material. On Wednesday evenings in the winter, and in summer in the afternoons in a natural amphitheatre, the talent of the several camps is matched in the ring; and before the cheering white-clad audience nerve, skill, and determination are matched in clean-cut bouts which give indication of the spirit that is here undergoing training to meet on another day, in more bloody fields, an antagonist who may not play so closely to the rules of the celebrated marquis.

Athletics are an important part of the life of a sailor. On sea there are frequent boat-races between ships of the fleet, and at the station we find equivalent competitive exercise in boxing, track-races, and football and baseball games between the teams of the several camps. In winter the basket-ball team makes a fairly extensive tour of the country, and such trips of the athletic teams have their positive value in attracting young men of virile type to the Navy. Wrestling is another sport that brings to the front the manhood of the boy, and I have seen a thousand faces tense in the white electric light following the snaky twistings of the heroes of the padded ring, impulsive cheers recognizing the subtlety of each particular hold. In the basement of

one of the main buildings is a large white swimming-pool; on the floor above, a complete gymnasium stands open for the use of the sailors; and in another part of the same building is a bowling-alley. Jack's physical fitness and entertainment seem assured.

It would be ingratitude to fail to mention the various buildings maintained through different organizations by public contribution, for the recreation and amusement of the enlisted men. First, if for no other reason than by the scope of its operation, is the Y.M.C.A., and the Great Lakes is fortunate in possessing at least half a score of these practical buildings. In them are provided writing materials and desks, and this alone, I am confident, is responsible for fifty per cent of the 'letters home' — letters that without this simple suggestion might never be written. Here also are big warm stoves, magazines, and occasional moving pictures in the evening. I am sorry that the rules of the station, due primarily to the frame construction of the buildings, prohibit indoor smoking. It is the only thing of the kind that the Y.M.C.A. cannot afford us.

Similar buildings are maintained with equal efficiency by the Knights of Columbus; but there are two other activities which seem to me to deserve perhaps even more detailed mention than the foregoing, because of the fact that the more limited scope of their operations has given them less general publicity.

The Young Women's Christian Association fills an unquestioned place in the life of our station. There is something, truly, in the 'woman's touch' that can be found in no organization under masculine direction; and to boys and men far separated from mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts, the open fires, chintz curtains, and dainty furnishing of the Y.W.C.A. Hostess

Houses give a touch of femininity that is tacitly appreciated. But the even greater function of these houses, presided over by gracious women, whose presence is an inestimable service, is their contribution to the station of a meeting place for men and women; a right environment, where mothers and fathers may meet their boys, and where Nancy may meet Jack for a cup of tea and a sandwich, and listen to something or other on the phonograph while conversation flows on in the quiet channels of decent surroundings.

The other organization that I have in mind is the American Library Association. During the past two months I have been stationed 'west of the tracks,' in Camp Perry, and, later, in Camp Dewey. Midway between is the building of the A.L.A., and here I quickly found a quiet haven for study, in a big, warm, well-aired building, filled with books that met every desire of study or relaxation, presided over by intelligent gentlemen eager to give their help to the war by sharing with the boys their wider intellectual points of view.

III

Our health is a matter of no less concern, however, than our mental welfare, and in this matter the government shares no responsibility with outside interests. Needless to say, our hospitals, dispensaries, and so forth are of the highest order of efficiency; but a description of these is but the description of efficient hospitals anywhere. It is the incidentals that give the pictures. In our barracks our hammocks swing side by side in double rows down the dormitory. To check the spread of colds and contagious diseases, the hospital authorities installed movable cotton curtains, which each night are easily adjusted between the heads of the hammocks. These 'sneeze

curtains,' as they were immediately dubbed, very soon had an appreciable effect on the sickness lists of the regiments.

Happy is the sense of humor of the sailor. Several times each week we are inspected for indications of measles or scarlet fever. As the first sign is a rash on the stomach, it is here that we are inspected. There is a cry by whoever first sees the visiting surgeon, of 'Attention!' then comes the word, 'Belly inspection,' and we fall into line, and with our blouses and shirts pulled up above our breeches march past the doctor. It was a Texan who, with a fine disregard for the majesty of our gold-striped surgeon, secured from the clothing dépôt a paper stencil, such as we use to mark our clothing, and with black paint lettered his bare stomach with 'Good morning, doctor.' There are times when even an officer laughs.

All Texas has certainly enlisted in the Navy, and as our average age is below the draft age, it suggests even to the casual that the spirit of the Alamo goes marching on. Tall and lean, they come from Texas towns, villages, and the open plains. All speak with the rich accent of the south, but most of all they are distinguished by their native manners, which seem to be invariably present. Few of them have ever seen a boat, but all of them are eager to leave their native element and become sailors. They are a splendid class of men, a type that seems to exemplify the ideal American.

Among the men who were directly under me in the regiment was a short sandy fellow who, I learned, had spent a number of years as a sailor on West Coast freighters. Twice ship-wrecked, he had finally retired from seafaring to the less tempestuous occupation of a gold-pro prospector in Alaska. On a periodic trip to a nearby town he had learned that the country was at war,

and without stopping to dispose of his claims, — which held greater possibilities of wealth with every telling, — he hurried to the States and enlisted in the Navy. His chief desire while on the station was to climb one of the four-hundred-foot radio towers and perform a hand-spring on the top; a desire, happily for life and limb, never to be gratified. As it was, his leisure time was completely filled by embroidery and the weaving of mats and fringes from rope-ends.

In the same barracks slept a young ex-minister of the Gospel, whose slight figure and quiet manner contrasted with the rugged physique and picturesque speech of the gold-pro prospector. They were both willing workers, and a friendship sprang up between them, for each found in the other qualities for wonder and admiration. I never heard the history of the minister, but there was in the intensity of his patriotism a promise for his future.

Many of the men were married, and on Wednesday afternoons, which were set apart for visitors, wives and children were much in evidence. One of the men, a dark boyish-looking fellow, with fine wide-set eyes and constantly smiling mouth had particularly attracted me by his quiet willingness. He had been a motor-expert in one of the big automobile factories at Detroit, and threw up a high-pay job to join the Navy. One Wednesday afternoon he proudly introduced me to his wife and three-year-old daughter. Later, the wife told me of her pride in her husband's enlistment and her satisfaction in having been able to find a good position for herself in order to keep up the earning capacity of the family in his absence.

I was listening one morning to a fellow company commander drilling his company in the street before their barracks. The men were listless, and there

was absent from the drill the smart precision that instantly identifies the drill-work of a sailor. Without long patience he finally halted his men, and in a few short sentences demanded their attention. One sentence in particular I shall never forget, for it is a crystallization of the spirit of the Station.

'Don't just do your bit,' he said; 'The men on this station do their best.'

There is another phrase that is in a sense our motto. It is, 'For the good of the ship.' Landlubbers though we are, we are taught by our captain to consider our camp as a ship in which we must take a true sailor's pride, whose reputation is intrusted to us, a sacred thing. All our speech must be nautical, our life is nautical, and although we live on land, our floor is our deck; when on the station, we are on board ship; and to step outside the gate is to 'go ashore.' For the good of the ship we are taught that the Navy in general, and our station in particular, are judged by our behavior and appearance. To go on liberty requires personal cleanliness; to remain on liberty demands exemplary behavior. It is a single but an inclusive creed, that guides the accumulative spirit of youth.

A few weeks ago we passed in review before the Secretary of the Navy. With our regimental colors standing out in a strong cold breeze from the Lake, we formed in the one wide street and

swung into line behind our band. I was marching near the head of the column, and as we turned a bend in the road I looked back at the regiment, extended at right angles to the foremost company. Fifteen hundred strong, four abreast, we filled a long half-mile of road. The sky was blue, and the sun heightened the brilliance of white caps and leggins and caught here and there a flash from gray gun-barrels. In the middle of the column, the red bars of the flag made a dash of color, and beside it the blue regimental flag, with its yellow device of the Aviation, flapped in the breeze. From every regimental street similar columns were emerging. Bands were everywhere playing, the music in wind-torn fragments sounding now and again loud in our ears.

Before the Administration Buildings we finally formed, and for an hour we marched past the reviewing stand. Men from every state in the Union, brought together by a common call, we went past. The great band, massed together, thundered its music. From roofs, flag-staffs, and towers multi-colored signal flags dipped and waved. High against the blue above us was the flag of our country. Here was America, with its answer to the world. Here were the inheritors of Perry, Decatur, Hull, Farragut, and Dewey. Here were men from whose number would come new heroes.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MORE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH

The Swing in the Barn

The swing in the barn is right under
the hay-loft,
And when you are swinging, you smell
the sweet hay.
You start where the shadows at noon-
time still stay soft
And cool, and swing out toward the
hot summer day.

And through the wide open and sun-
shiny barn-door,
It looks like a picture hung up on a
wall;
There's a kind of gold rug on the
dusty old barn-floor;
You hold tight above it, for fear you
may fall.

I guess it's like flying. I know that it
would be,
If I could keep going and going as high
As birds do. I wonder if up there I
could see
The world turning round and the houses
go by.

The Band

When the band comes along the street,
Sometimes it does not play. The drum
Monotonously goes tum-tum,
tum-tum,
tumpety-tum,
To mark the time for marching feet.

But presently a tiny sound
One trumpet makes: and all around
The music-things are raised, and then,
I know the band will play again.

And suddenly, as thunder comes,
The horns and trumpets, flutes and
drums

Crash into glorious noise, that breaks
All over me in little shakes.

And all inside me seems to swell
With feelings that I cannot tell.
And I am glad: I can't see why
Just then I *almost* want to cry.

But when the band is out of sight
And I can hear it far away,
It sounds as my tin bandsmen might,
If they could really play.

The Flag

As soon as we are dressed each day,
We raise the Flag before we play.

Jane raises it. She pulls the string.
I shoot the cannon: and we sing
'America.' We sing it loud,
And cheer as if we were a crowd.

Then we salute the Flag, and make
A little prayer for Jesus' sake: —

*God bless our Flag
And Soldier Men
Who fight for us
Abroad. Amen.*

And after that we feel that we
Can eat our breakfast properly.

US ANGRY-SAXYUMS

THE long train slowed down. A sta-
tion-agent rushed a brown manila en-
velope into a grasping hand extended

from the baggage-car doorway, and the engine recovered speed.

Mistaking it for the local I was expecting, I swung onto a car platform, to find myself a stowaway on a troop train which would not stop again until it reached Chicago.

The car bulged with olive-drab uniforms. The aisles were piled with kit-bags. Boys sat on the seats, on the backs and arms of the seats, on each other, and on submerged luggage in the aisle. There were hundreds of boys on that train.

As those at the door 'squeezed up' a bit to make room for me in the car (the air on the platform was keen), I felt the onrush of words and the chuckle of throaty laughter. The place was charged with compressed volumes of energy.

It came to me as a second thought that the boys, as well as their uniforms, were khaki. It was the Eighth Illinois, Chicago's colored regiment, going to the war. Erect and lithe, with no slouching or shambling, they were being rushed to conclusions because, for the most part, they themselves had chosen that it should be so.

How they loved the uniform! and i' faith, it liked them well! Their brown skins toned with the olive-drab as though a French water-colorist had planned it. The black accent of hair, and the high light of eyes, were but touches of artistic value.

Suddenly, at the far end of the car, voices rose above the rumble demanding 'Babe.' The whole car echoed the demand: everybody wanted 'Babe.'

In response, a huge tobacco-colored fellow, big of girth and over six feet in height, struggled into a space before the door. Those nearby juggled bags and cases to make room for his feet, so that he might plant them wide apart for balance.

Like a Colossus, like a Hindoo idol,

like a bronze statue of Liberty, he waited, his wide mouth puckered, his head held high, the eyes alert like those of a hound listening for the starter's whistle.

'Show us de way, Babe,' urged the car. 'It's all dark. Show us de way.'

Babe's mouth smoothed out and curved into a jack-o'-lantern smile.

'My sangwiches ain't matematicated and mecademized for to show you — all de way,' he answered modestly.

Then came the ping of inspiration. Someone called down the aisle, 'Whar yo gwine, Babe?'

A voice flared through the car — a voice trained to camp-meeting eloquence.

'Whar we-all gwine? We'se gwine to France! Whuffur is we-all gwine to France? We'se gwine to France to fight — to fight for *Libbutty*; to fight for de women an' de lil chillen; to fight fo' de honnah ob de Unitum States; an fur de Glory! Ebery one on us bleegeed to bring somepin' back home wid us fur to make de Glory out en — de Glory ob de Unitum States.'

'Huh,' whined a conscientious objector, 'what has de United States ever done fur we-all?'

Like a war-horse who saith with the trumpet, 'Ah, ha!' Job lambasted his questioner.

'Whar was we-all when de Unitum States was born? Wha' kine o' close was we a wearin' den? Huh? Nuthin' but sunshine! Wha' kine o' close we got on now? De uniform ob de Unitum States. Ain't no sogers in de hul army whar look puttier dan we does.'

'Yah! but how is we been treated in de past?' persisted the tormentor.

'Man, dis ain't de past. Wake up! De pas' is pas'. Forgit it. De Unitum States say we kin show what we kin do fur freedom. Dey gin freedom to us once. We is gwine hab de same chance as de white folks is. We has de same

uniform and de same grub and de same pay. We's gwine hab colored officers and our own camp.'

'Whuf fur dey put us in a separate camp? Dey ought n't be no discrimination in de army,' protested some one.

'What you talkin' about — no 'scrimination in de army, you lil black baby boy? Ain't you know dey ain't nuffin but 'scrimination in de army? Dat's de way armies is built. If you gits to be corporal and I ain't, right dar's whar 'scrimination gwine come in. And, anyway, whuffur you want white folks snufflin' round yo' camp? You listen yer. Every lumberjack whar go to France gwine tote somepin' wif him whar ain't in his ole kit-bag. Dat am his disposition. Eberywhar you go, you gwine tote yo' disposition. An' when it am cold an' measly, an' when de captain he gits biggoty, an' when de grub gits scorched, den when yo' disposition gwine show right fru de uniform. Whuffur you want er white man a lambastin' roun' de camp den? No, suh! not for Babe. When you fru wid a hard day's fightin' an' you come er limpin' back to camp, both hands full an' yo' nose er running, an' yo' set down on er log er wood, an' maybe de cook lem you have a bucket o' hot water an' a whuff o' mustard in, an' you untwis' an' untwine your foots an' plump 'em into dat bucket an', my landy! how de comfort soaks fru you! You lights your briar an' — right den comes erlong a white man. "Yer, you nigger," he say, "you take your huffs out'n dat bowl o' bran mash an' you gif it to me"; an' he totes dat bucket erway fur to comfort hissself.'

'Not my bucket he won't tote away!' asseverated Bildad the Shuhite.

'Den you an' dat white man gwine have what de matches got on 'em — friction. No, sah! I don't want no camp 'cepen' jes' only one whar my color am in style!'

Someone shunted Babe back onto the main track by asking, 'What-all is you gwine do fur to make de glory ob de United States, when you gits to France, Babe?'

'Me? What I gwine do? When I gits to France, — you know, when I gits to France, I's gwine walk right out into No Man's Land, and I's gwine call ober, "Mistah Kaisah! Mistah Bill Kaisah, you come yer!" An' when he come yer, I's gwine put my hand on his shoulder an' I's gwine scrooch down and look in his lil face and I's gwine say, "Mistah Kaisah, *yo' day am come!* You'se been er-messin' roun' long enough, spokin' de wheels in de factory an' pullin' up de gyarden sass, an' rattlin' on de palin's ob de fence, an' — an' hurtin' lil chillums — big man lik' you! hurtin' lil chillums! Mistah President Wilson, he done sont de black folks ob de Unitum States way ober yer to France to tote a message to you. You ain't de boss of de yarf an' we-all ain't gwine be your slaves. Git dat? No, sah!" Dat's what-all I's gwine take home fur to make de glory out'n. Bigger dan lickin' de whole German army. I's gwine let daylight into de nut ob de Kaisah. You jus' wait, Mistah Kaisah. You ain't seed any one fight yit. You wait till us Angry-Saxyums git to France — *Yo' day am come!*'

'Chicago!' suggested the brakeman at the other end of the car, which instantly resolved itself into its component parts.

AN EPISODE

WHEN I was out walking this afternoon, I saw standing at the edge of the wood an old lady — such an erect, bright little old lady. Her arms were full of buttercups. She had evidently lost her path and found herself facing the road, with a step down too high for

her to take. She swept the situation to me with smiling, appealing eyes. I ran at once to give her my hand, and as I looked at her I thought, with a queer tightening of the heart, 'My own best-beloved among women will look exactly like that thirty years hence.' So the clasp of my hand was very warm, and I imagined that she felt the friendly atmosphere, for she quite contentedly put herself *en rapport*.

With a gay little laugh she said, 'Thank you, my dear. I am ninety-four and have taken a long walk for one of my age. Will you direct me to the nearest road to the Hotel Avon, where I am visiting?'

'May I go with you?' I asked.

My request was accorded, and we began to talk the way of all talk this summer of 1917.

'Are you interested in the war?' I asked.

'Why? But of course,' she answered. 'By the way, I am German.'

'German!' I exclaimed amazedly, and gave a quick glance at the proud personality by my side.

She was bonnetless. One sweep of Aubrey Beardsley's pencil, and you would have the line from the top of her head to the tip of her gown. Her forehead was finely modeled; her eyes large, dark, grave, but very vibrant; the nose delicate, the mouth a little tense and sad. One was in the presence of very vital forces. A quick, rushing spirit was there, held in check, one felt, by a fine intellect and a high conscience, and — time was not.

'But impossible,' I said. 'French you might be, or Russian, or American; but German, certainly not.'

'And why not, pray?' she questioned.

'Well, you see, your ancestry must have been a very vivid one; not cautious, you know; not prudent, you must admit, not prudent, exploring in the woods at ninety-four.'

'It is a great delight,' she answered, 'and, for one of my age, a high adventure, to wander off into the woods and along the rocky coast. It is curious how that summer caravansary, the noisy inn, with its restless inaction, makes me feel my years to the full; but in this vast, beautiful out-of-door world I am so very young. One feels Eternity's breath. "As a drop of water into the sea and a gravel stone in comparison of the sand, so are a thousand years to the days of Eternity."' "

She paused and drew the figure 80 in the sand at her feet. Then, with a quick glance at the dial of the watch on her wrist, she tossed aside reminiscences and brought herself, with a rapid summing-up, back to date. Her voice was singularly beautiful and individual and unplaceable. I do not know why, but it made me think of Russian music and pine forests.

She said: 'I was brought to America just eighty years ago by an Irish father and a French mother; and I was born in the city of Nürnberg. But I really am that creature which the newspapers are calling unthinkable, unknowable, unbelievable — those absurd words of which there is an epidemic at present. I am a perfectly unimpassioned, unexcitable neutral.'

She brought her cane fiercely to the ground and gave me a challenging look.

'I am quite sure you are all that.' And we both laughed. 'As for me,' I continued, 'I am chancing it with the Allies; for me they have the right working hypothesis. In fact, I am savagely pro-Ally.'

But how very tame and old I seemed in my vaunted partisanship, compared to my old lady in her fierce neutrality.

'Does not Kerensky fire your imagination?' I went on to say. 'He may be the man of the hour. The Russians are a people with a vision. It is unbelievable.'

She smiled dryly.

'Yes,' I insisted, 'it is most unbelievable to see Russia led by a Jew.'

Again the dry smile. 'And how has he led them?' she questioned. 'How long has he been upon the horizon? Do you know history?'

'I do,' I answered, rather too promptly; for she gave a little sarcastic 'Humph!' which for such a gem of an old lady was not over-kind.

'My dear,' she continued, 'I have lived ninety-four years. I use the word "lived" advisedly—I have lived every moment of them.' I was sure that she had. 'I know that the Russians are beasts, beasts of prey, beasts of burden, but beasts always; very filthy beasts most of them. Vision—to be sure they have vision, but they go mad with it. A most unsound, abnormal race, individuality gone mad.' But suddenly into the old lady's eyes came a far-away look, and she said softly, 'The Russians are a wonderful people, a wonderful people. If they hate with passion, they love with passion; and oh, such an instinct for God! But the man of the hour is the man who has always been the man of the hour—the Ancient of Days. A Jew upon the horizon, lifted up for the healing of the nations. Ah!'—she came back sharply to earth,— 'forgive me, my dear; I too am working for the Allies.'

'But,' I exclaimed laughingly, 'that is shameful. You said you were a German. Have you been leading me on?'

'Not at all. Out of a varied birth-certificate, I elect to be German. Perhaps,' she gave me a little whimsical smile, 'because I so disapprove of them. Perhaps because for the moment, and I'm afraid with good reason, every one in the world is so down on them. Nevertheless it is a sound, sensible, far-seeing race. You know, a bit of German in your make-up may be a good foundation to steady your

vision and learn endurance of dull things. But here we are at my hotel.'

'Are you alone,' I asked.

'Indeed, I am not. I am horribly looked after. There will be on the steps, you will see, a frantic old lady with a shawl, watching the four points of the compass. I have a friend whose sole vocation is to look after me. Ever since, at sixty, I received my *arrêt de mort*, she has gone hovering through my life with a shawl.'

My saintly old lady looked for a moment actually ill-tempered!

As we came in sight of the steps of the hotel, there she was, the other old lady, quite fat and humanly old. She was holding a shawl and looking distractedly in every direction. She tottered down to meet us. But my friend, drawing herself up with a flash of the eyes (would that an artist could have seen her!), exclaimed impatiently, 'No, no, Jane, take that shawl at once into the house!' And she waved her hand imperiously.

The fat little old lady looked utterly miserable, opened her mouth to protest, but decided to do as she was bid.

My friend sighed. 'Alas, alas! you find in me a very wicked old woman. And now, my dear child, I am leaving to-morrow, but we meet again. No, I do not intend to convey that it will be in the next world. I mean most probably in this.'

I thought that very gallant for ninety-four.

We were standing at the foot of the hotel-steps, and below was the ocean, radiant in the sunset. We stood together silently for a moment, each absorbed in her own thought. And as we watched the world transfigured into glory by the compelling passion of the dying sun, there grew into the eyes of this amazing old lady an infinite tenderness, a vast compassion, and she said in her sweet, resonant voice, —

'I do truly believe as the sun so ravishes the world with his glory, so the Lord will draw His people,—and they are all His people,—He will gather them together into one camp, Shepherd and Captain, my Lord and my God.'

The world in its culminating beauty paled, became merely a background for this vital creature in whom at the last all the hopes, ideals, purposes of God strove mightily into birth. She turned, hardly seeing me, and automatically held out her hand. I stooped and kissed it, and she passed quickly up the steps into the inn.

THE LAST COAT-BUTTON

I AM — or was until one day last week — one of those people who boast, 'I have only a few real friends, but I think a great deal of them.' Complacently selective, I had never stopped to wonder whether my happiness and success in life were in any way dependent upon that vast army of casual acquaintances which no one goes about year after year without acquiring: people who do not know one very well perhaps, but who have nothing against one, who even feel a faint thrill of pleasure at a meeting, and impart to one the same faint thrill.

An old knight in the sixteenth century was less exclusive than I.

I found his story in a quaint book in the library, as I was looking up some chivalry data several days ago. It was a stained old folio of parchment, published in sixteen hundred and two, that I was reading, so I surmise that the hero of the little incident lived perhaps in the preceding generation. On the back of the book, hardly legible, are the words, 'The Book of Honor.' The rules for honor — in those days — were very curious.

But the one thing in all the book that stood out, like an accusing finger point-

ing at me, was the incident of the last coat-button.

A ceremonial coat was being made for a certain knight, who, it seemed, had rather original ideas about dress-making. Perhaps he could not write plays, so he had taken out his longing for symbolism in coat-buttons.

At any rate, he had the garment set with gold buttons, one in honor of each of his friends. But the poor bewildered courtier found that there would be a difficulty — no coat that the tailor could make would have room for all the buttons. Here is the account of it, spelling and all:—

'I would (quoth hee) that all my friends might have been remembered in these buttons, but there is not room to contain them all: and if I have not them all, then (said hee) those that are left out may take exception.'

There seemed no way out of the difficulty, until one of the gentlemen standing by, said to him, in the words of the book, —

'Sir, let as many be placed as can be and cause the last button to be made like the character of &c.'

How a button-maker was to make a button which should be like the character &c was not explained in the *Book of Honor*.

However, that solved the problem, to the great delight of the man who was to wear the coat.

The story ends: —

'Now Godamercie with all my heart (quoth the Knight) for I would not have given the cetera of my friends for a million of gold.'

I did not go directly on with my search for data after reading that book. I dawdled. I looked hazily up at the library ceiling for a long time, thinking about many things, and realizing, for the first time in my life, that I would not, either, 'have given the cetera of my friends for a million of gold.'

THE LIVING-ROOM OF THE
FUTURE

It is not so very long ago, counted by years, since our houses, or at least certain rooms in them, contained mementoes; but, in fact, it is a generation. In such times men hung their college groups upon the walls, lined their mantels with beer-mugs, now filled only with memories of good times. Trophies of the track and trail were plentiful, and photographs of scenes visited, of old-time resorts or of friends, were allowed wall-room. In certain houses one would find the portraits of bearded young men in uniform, with here and there a battered musket, a brace of pistols, or a sword hung against the wall, mute emblems of a time that our present conflict is bringing more forcibly to mind.

The present generation has migrated from these homely homes. They have built themselves new houses, or they have moved into comfortable and roomy flats. In either case, the architects have tyrannized over traditions. They have built in periods; they have done more than build. They have proceeded to instruct the owners what sort of furniture to buy, what tone of wall-paper to select, what material the curtains should be made of, and, in some cases, what pictures and bric-a-brac should be displayed and what should be consigned to a dark corner in the attic. In short, the house has been created in every particular by the architect, and the owner inhabits it as he would a suite at some fashionable hotel.

The den is often wainscoted in gum-wood, with panels which prevent the use of the walls for pictures, except for an occasional print, which for obvious reasons must be by some well-known master. Bookcases are built in for just so many books, no more, and certain

styles of bindings are recommended; the selection of titles, being of less importance is left to the owner. The living-room, done in pale gray with chintz hangings, will not set off the old familiar oil paintings left by some maiden aunt or inherited from grand-parents. The flowery bedrooms demand plain walls, and little furniture except the bare necessities.

And so it goes. These new houses require the newest or the oldest, both costly, and neither possessed of the precious personal touch which spells sentiment, or indicates even the slightest veneration for the possessions or recollections of the generation just passing.

How the present conflict will affect our surroundings is interesting to contemplate. It affects us in every other way, and therefore it may alter our very household gods. It has affected our libraries already, for a flood of war-books has spread to our centre-tables and bookcases — many of them to be preserved as lasting records of the great conflict.

Liberty Loan and Red Cross posters adorn hitherto spotless windows, while we ourselves wear tawdry pins in proof of our patriotism.

Maps of Europe are tacked up on those very gum-wood panels in our dens; and for the children's sake, if for no other, we have allowed the food-posters to decorate the pale gray walls of the living-room. With the entrance of our own boys into the war, come photographs of them in uniform, properly framed and hung in such places as allow them to be most frequently seen; and the litter of papers and illustrated magazines shows the avidity with which the daily activities on the front are followed. A few of us will be wise enough to preserve these magazines, and to start making scrap-books of clippings which refer to such phases of

war as concern our own dear boys at the front.

This litter of papers, this craving for mementoes will be more marked as times goes on; and when the war is over, and our soldiers and sailors come back to their homes, we shall hail with joy their miscellaneous collections of relics. Our dens will become museums. To the bearded portraits of Civil-War time will be added the photographs of our clean-shaven men of this generation who also have done their bit. In some cases these portraits will be the only relic of their heroism.

Is it possible that the architects of tomorrow will not make way for such priceless tokens of our costly victory? or is it possible that, when our own boy returns with his German helmet, his pieces of shell, his hand-grenades, his pictures, and a score of relics of hand-to-hand encounter, the den, or library, or

any spot in the house selected, will not be so planned as to receive him with honor, regardless of periods of architecture or styles of decoration? The wheel of fashion will turn, and stop at the indicator marked home. The freedom of the house will be given over to those who return, or to the memory of those who no longer need the shelter of a worldly home, and as a result, individual style will prevail once more. When we pass from the house of one friend to another, we shall find each reflecting the spirit of its inmates and lacking none of the comforts or beauties of the architects' skill. The house beautiful resembles the face and form of man. For real beauty requires character; and a home without home features, a home which does not reflect the spirit and tastes of its inmates, is a mere shelter, no matter how costly.

We hope that the Contributors' Column, to be found near the end of the front advertising section of the Atlantic, will not be overlooked by our regular readers.

—THE EDITORS.